

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

BEING A SELECTION

FROM THE

M. Cory
1791

WORKS OF M. BERQUIN.

rk

*Cito Nequitia subrepat; Virtus difficilis in-
ventu est, Rectorem Ducemque desiderat.
Etiam sine Magistro Vitia discuntur. — SEN.*

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

M, DCC, LXXXVIII.



ADVERTISEMENT,

IT is an object of the highest utility and importance to society, that youth be early initiated in the paths of virtue and honour; no writers, therefore, seem to have a better claim to public favour, than they, who, by combining instruction with amusement, have successfully endeavoured to impress upon young minds a sense of the necessity, the beauty, and indispensable obligation of moral rectitude.

Among the foremost of this class stands M. Berquin, who has deservedly acquired a very uncommon degree of reputation. He has struck out a new path in this manner of writing, and pursued it with such success, that no modern publications in that line can equal his, either in conveying useful instruction, or affording agreeable entertainment.

The glowing and animated pictures of early life and manners, which he exhibits, are admirably fitted, to make a strong impression on the imagination and feelings of youth, and to produce effects, which are in vain expected from dry lectures on virtue and morality.

A judicious selection, by rendering the book more generally useful, will, it is hoped, be favourably received, especially, as the pieces of which the work is composed, are not all of equal merit. The editor has studied, to make choice of such, as seemed to him most striking, best calculated to draw attention; and where the characters and situations seemed best supported, and most conformable to nature. How far he has succeeded, must be left to the judgment of a discerning public.

T H E

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE following work has a double object in view, to amuse children, and at the same time to incline them naturally to virtue, by always presenting it to them under the most amiable form. Instead of those extravagant fictions, those romantic and marvellous tales, which have so long contributed to lead the imaginations of children astray, we here exhibit to them only such adventures as they may be witnesses to in private life every day. The sentiments with which the author endeavours to inspire them are not above their capacities, and he represents them accompanied only by their equals, their parents, their play-fellows, the servants who are always about them, and the enemies familiar to their view. They express themselves in their own native simplicity of language, and in proportion as they are affected by the incidents described, they indulge the free movement of their little passions.— Their punishments are made the consequences of their own proper faults, and their rewards consist in the pleasure which they derive from their good actions. Every thing here disposes them to love virtue for the sake of their own happiness, and to deter them from vice as from a source of sorrows and mortification. It is needless to remark, that this work is equally calculated for children of either sex. The difference of their tastes and characters is not yet at their age sufficiently strong to require to be differently delineated. Besides, care has been taken to bring children of both sexes together as often as possible, in order to produce that union and intimacy which one is so pleased to see subsist between brothers and sisters. The author has endeavoured to introduce a variety in the different pieces which compose each volume. There is not one of them, the effect of which has not previously been tried

on


on children more or less advanced in age and understanding, and every thing has been retrenched that did not seem sufficiently to interest their feelings. This work will contain little dramas, in which children are the principal characters, in order that they may early learn to acquire a free unembarrassed countenance, a gracefulness of attitude and deportment, and an easy manner of delivering themselves before company. Besides, the performance of these dramas will be a domestic recreation and amusement. The parents having always some part to perform in them, will taste the pleasing delight of partaking in the diversions of their young family; and from the gratitude of the latter, and the satisfaction of the parent, both will be mutually attached to each other by a bond of additional tenderness.

Independent of the moral utility of this work, with respect to children, it is obvious that there cannot be a more proper one to instruct them early in delivering their native language with ease and propriety. The greater part of those books which are first put into their hands, are either above their comprehension, or totally remote from their ideas and sentiments. All the objects, on the contrary, here held up to their view, being of a nature sufficiently interesting to excite their curiosity, they will of course take pleasure in the easy study of a work, which may render them familiar to the innocent turn of thought and expression adapted to their age, and applied to describe their amusements, their pursuits, and their necessities.

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THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.


THE CANARY-BIRD.

CANARY-BIRDS to sell! Who'll buy my Canary-birds? Fine Canary-birds! Thus cried a man passing by the house of little Jessy. Jessy heard him: She ran to the window, and looking into the street, saw that it was a bird-seller who carried upon his head a large cage full of Canary-birds. They jumped so nimbly from perch to perch, and chirped so sweetly, that Jessy, in the eagerness of her curiosity, was near falling out of the window, while she endeavoured to have a nearer view of them. Will you buy a Canary-bird, miss; said the birdman to her. Perhaps I may, answered Jessy; but that does not depend on me entirely. Stop a little; I will go and ask my papa's leave. The man promised to stop, and seeing a bulk on the other side of the street, laid down his cage there, and stood by the side of it. Jessy in the mean time ran to her father's chamber, and entered it quite out of breath, crying, come here, papa! quick! make haste!

Mr. Gower. And what is the hurry?

Jessy. There is a man in the street that sells Canary-birds. I dare say he has more than a hundred. He carries a great cage quite full of them on his head.

Mr. Gower. And why does that make you so glad?

Jessy. Ah! papa; because—that is if you give me leave—I should like to buy one.

Mr. Gower. And have you money enough?

Jessy. O yes, in my purse.

B

Mr. Gower.

Mr. Gower. But who will feed the poor bird?

Jessy. I will, papa, myself. You'll see, it will be glad to be my bird.

Mr. Gower. Ah! I am afraid——

Jessy. Of What, papa?

Mr. Gower. That you will let him die of hunger or thirst.

Jessy. I let him die of hunger or thirst! Oh! no, certainly I sha'nt. Nay, I will never touch my own breakfast, before my bird has had his.

Mr. Gower. Jessy! Jessy! you know you are very giddy! and then you have only to neglect him one day.

Jessy promised her father so fairly; she coaxed him so much, and pulled his coat-skirt so often, that Mr. Gower consented at last to his daughter's request. He crossed the street, leading her by the hand; and when they came up to the cage, they chose the prettiest Canary-bird in it; a male, of the most lively yellow, with a little black tuft upon his head. Who was ever so happy as Jessy then? She held her purse to her father, that he might pay for the bird. Mr. Gower then took money out of his own, to buy a handsome cage with drawers, and a water-cup of crystal. Jessy had no sooner given the Canary-bird possession of its little palace, than she ran to every part of the house, calling her mamma, her sisters, and all the servants; and shewing them the bird which her father had been so good as to buy her. When any of her little friends came to see her, the first words were, do you know I have the prettiest Canary Bird in the world? He is as yellow as gold, and has a little black crest like the plumes of mamma's hat. Come, I will shew him to you; his name is Cherry. Cherry was quite happy under Jessy's care. The first thing that she thought of in the morning was to give him fresh grain and the clearest water. Whenever there was any cake at table, Cherry had his part of it first. She had always some bits of sugar in store for him, and his cage was garnished with fresh greens of one sort or another. Cherry was not un-

grateful to all these attentions. He soon learned to distinguish Jessy; and the moment he heard her step in the room, what fluttering of his wings! what incessant chirpings! Jessy almost devoured him with kisses. At the end of a week he began to sing, and produced the most delightful music. Sometimes he swelled his little notes to such a length, that one would have thought he must expire from fatigue; then, after pausing a moment, he would begin again sweeter than ever, with a tone so clear and brilliant that he could be heard all over the house. Jessy passed whole hours in listening to him as she sat by his cage. She sometimes would let her work fall out of her hands to gaze at him, and, after he had entertained her with a sweet song, she regaled him, in her turn, with a tune upon the bird-organ, which he would endeavour to imitate. These pleasures, however, became familiar to Jessy. Her father, one day, made her a present of a book of prints. She was so agreeably taken up with it, that Cherry was something the less minded. He would chirp the moment that he saw Jessy, though ever so far off; but Jessy heard him not. Almost a week had passed, since he had either had fresh greens or biscuit. He repeated the sweetest airs that Jessy had taught him, and composed new for her, but in vain. The truth was, Jessy's thoughts were otherwise engaged. Her birth-day came on, when her godfather gave her a great jointed doll. This doll, which she called Columbine, completely banished all thoughts of Cherry. From morning till night she was busied with nothing but dressing and undressing Miss Columbine a hundred times, talking to her, and carrying her up and down the room.—The poor bird was very happy to get some food towards evening. Sometimes it happened that he was obliged to wait for it till the next day.—At length, one day when Mr. Gower was at table, and cast his eye accidentally upon the cage, he saw the Canary-bird lying upon its breast, and panting for breath. Its feathers were ruffled, and it seemed contracted all of a lump.—Mr. Gower went close up to it; but no more fond

THE CANARY-BIRD.

chirpings ! The poor little creature had scarce strength enough left to breathe. Jeffy, cried Mr. Gower, what is the matter with your Canary-bird ? Jeffy blushed.—Why, papa, I—somehow, I forgot ;—and all in a tremble she ran to fetch the box of seed. Mr. Gower took down the cage, and examined the drawer and the water-cup. Alas ! Cherry had not a single grain, nor a drop of water. Ah ! poor bird ! cried Mr. Gower ; thou art fallen into cruel hands ! if I had foreseen this, I should never have bought thee. All the company rose from table, holding up their hands, and crying, the poor bird ! Mr. Gower put some seed into the drawer, and filled the cup with fresh water, but had much difficulty in bringing Cherry back to life. Jeffy left the table, and went up into her chamber, crying, and made her handkerchief quite wet with her tears. The next day Mr. Gower ordered the bird to be carried out of the house, and given as a present to the son of Mr. Mercer, his neighbour, who was counted a very careful boy, and would pay more attention to him than Jeffy had done. But, to hear the little girl's complaints and expressions of sorrow ! Ah ! my dear bird ! my poor Cherry ! indeed I promise you faithfully, papa, that I will never forget him a single moment as long as I live.—Only leave him with me this once. Mr. Gower suffered himself at length to be touched with Jeffy's entreaties, and gave her back the Canary-bird, but not without a severe reprimand for her negligence, and the strictest injunction as to the future. This poor little creature, says he, is shut up, and therefore not able to provide for its own wants. Whenever you want any thing, you can ask for it ; but Cherry cannot make people understand his language. If ever you let him suffer hunger or thirst again—At these words Jeffy shed a flood of tears. She took her papa's hand, and kissed it, but her grief was so full that she could not utter a word. Now Jeffy was once more mistress of Cherry, and Cherry was sincerely reconciled with Jeffy. About a month after, Mr. Gower was obliged to go into the country for a few days with his lady. Jeffy, Jeffy, said he

he, in parting with his daughter, I earnestly recommend poor Cherry to your care.—Her parents were scarcely got into the carriage, when Jessy ran to the cage, and carefully provided the bird with every thing necessary. In a few hours after, her time began to hang heavy. She sent for some of her little acquaintances, and soon recovered her cheerfulness. They went out to walk together, and at their return spent part of the evening in playing at blind-man's buff and four corners. After that they danced. In fine, the little company broke up very late, and Jessy went to bed quite fatigued. The next morning she awoke by break of day, and began thinking on the amusements of the evening before. If her governess had let her, she would have run as soon as she got up, to see the Miss Marshalls, but was obliged to wait till after dinner.—However, she had scarcely finished it, before she desired to be conducted to their house: And Cherry! he was obliged to stay at home alone, and to fast. The following day was also spent in amusements: And Cherry! he was forgotten again. It was the same the third day: and Cherry! who could think of him in the midst of such diversions? The fourth day, Mr. and Mrs. Gower returned from the country. Jessy had thought very little about their return. Her father had scarce kissed her, and enquired after her health, before he asked, how is Cherry? Very well, cried Jessy, a little confused; and she ran towards the cage to carry him some water. Alas! the poor little creature was no more. He was laid upon his back, with his wings spread, and his bill open. Jessy screamed out, and wrung her hands. Every one in the house ran up, and was eye-witness of the disaster. Ah! poor bird! cried Mr. Gower; how painful has thy death been! if I had wrung thy head off, the day that I went to the country, thou wouldest have had but the pain of a moment, whereas now thou hast endured for several days the pangs of hunger and thirst, and hast died in a long and cruel agony. However, thou art still happy, in being delivered from the hands of so pitiless a guardian. Jess-

6 THE CHILDREN WHO WOULD

fy would have hid herself in the bowels of the earth : she would have given all her play-things, and all her pocket-money, to purchase the life of Cherry ; but it was then too late. Mr. Gower took the bird, and had its skin stuffed and hung up from the cieling. Jeffy did not dare to look at it : her eyes were filled with tears whenever she chanced to perceive it, and every day she entreated her father to remove it from her sight. Mr. Gower did not consent, till after many supplications on her part ; and whenever Jeffy shewed any mark of inattention or giddiness, the bird was hung up again in its place, and every body would say in her hearing, Poor Cherry ! what a cruel death you suffered !

THE CHILDREN WHO WOULD BE THEIR OWN MASTERS.

Camillus. **A**H ! papa, how I should wish to be big ! to be as big as you !

Mr. Orpin. And why should you wish so, my dear ?

Cam. Because then I should not be under any body's command, and might do whatever came into my head.

Mr Orpin. I suppose, then, you would do wonders.

Cam. That I should, I promise you.

Mr Orpin. And do you wish also, Julia, to be free to do whatever you please ?

Julia. Yes indeed, papa.

Cam. Oh ! if Julia and I were our own masters !

Mr Orpin. Well, children, I can give you that satisfaction. After to-morrow morning you shall have the liberty of conducting yourselves entirely according to your own fancy.

Cam. Ah ! you are jesting, papa.

Mr Orpin. No, I speak quite seriously. To-morrow, neither your mother, nor I, nor in short any body in the house, shall oppose your inclinations.

Cam. What pleasure shall we feel to have our necks out of the yoke !

Mr Orpin.

Mr Orpin. That is not all. I do not intend to give you this privilege for to-morrow only ; it shall continue until you come of yourselves, and request me to assume my authority again.

Cam. At that rate, we shall be our own masters a long while.

Mr Orpin. Well, I shall be glad to see you able to conduct yourselves : so prepare to become great folks to-morrow.

The next day came. The two children, instead of rising at seven o'clock as usual, lay in bed till near nine. Too much sleep makes us heavy and listless. This was the case with Camillus and Julia. They awoke at length uncalled, and got up in an ill humour. However, they pleased themselves a little with the agreeable idea of acting in whatever manner they liked the whole day. Come, what shall we do first ? said Camillus to his sister, after they had dressed themselves and breakfasted.

Julia. Why, we'll go and play.

Cam. At what ?

Julia. Let us build houses with cards.

Cam. Oh ! that is very dull amusement. I am not for that.

Julia. Will you play at blind-man's buff ?

Cam. What, only two of us ?

Julia. Well, at drafts or at fox and geese.

Cam. You know I cannot bear those games that oblige one to sit still.

Julia. Well, then mention some to your own liking.

Cam. Then we'll play at riding on a stick.

Julia. Ay, that is a pretty play for a little girl !

Cam. We'll play then, if you like, at horses. You shall be the horse, and I will be coachman.

Julia. Oh yes ! to lash me with your whip, as you did t'other day. I have not forgot that.

Cam. I never do it willingly ; but the thing is, you won't gallop.

Julia. Ay, but that hurts me : So I won't play at such game.

Cam.

Cam. You won't? won't you? Well! let us play at hounds and hare. I will be the huntsman, and you shall be the hare. Come, make ready; I shall set off.

Julia. Pshaw! I'll have none of your hunting. You do nothing but tread upon my heels, and punch me in the sides.

Cam. Well, since you do not chuse any of my games, I'll never play with you again. Do you hear that?

Julia. Nor I with you. Do you hear that too?

At these words they quitted the middle of the room, where they were standing, and retired each into a corner, and there remained a considerable time without looking at or speaking to each other. They were still in a pout, when the clock struck ten. The forenoon would soon pass over; therefore Camillus at length approaching his sister, said, "I must do every thing that you like. Well then, I will play at drafts with you for twelve chefnuts a game."

Julia. I have no chefnuts: and besides, you know you owe me a dozen already. You should pay me those first.

Cam. Yes, I owed them to you yesterday; but I do not owe any thing to-day.

Julia. And pray how did you come to be quit?

Cam. Nobody has a right to ask any thing of those who are their own masters.

Julia. Very well! I shall tell my papa of your cheating.

Cam. But papa has no power over me now.

Julia. If that be the case, I wont play.

Cam. Then you may do as you like.

They go away pouting again to the farther ends of room from each other. Camillus began to whistle, Julia to sing. Camillus tied knots on his whip, and cracked it: Julia dressed her doll, and began a conversation with it. Camillus grumbled and Julia sighed. The clock struck again. They had another hour less to play in. Camillus, in a pet, threw his whip out of the window: Julia tossed her doll into a corner.

They

They look at each other, not knowing what to say. At length Julia breaks silence: "Come, Camillus, I will be your horse."

Cam. There now, that is right ! I have a long string for the bridle. See here. Put it in your mouth.

Julia. No, not in my mouth. Tie it round my waist, or fasten it to my arm.

Cam. How you talk ! did you ever see horses have the bit any where but between their teeth ?

Julia. But I am not a real horse.

Cam. Well, but you should do just the same as if you were.

Julia. I do not see any occasion for that.

Cam. I suppose you think that you know more about it than I do, who am all the day in the stable. Come, take it the right way.

Julia. You have been trailing it about in the dirt all the week. No, I'll never put it in my mouth.

Cam. Then I won't have it any where else. I would rather not play at all.

Julia. Just as you like !

A third fit of pouting, more sullen and peevish than before. Camillus goes for his whip : Julia takes up her doll. But the whip refuses to crack : The doll's dressing goes all wrong. Camillus sighs, Julia weeps. This interval brought on dinner-hour ; and Mr. Orpin came to ask them, if they chose to have it served up. But what is the matter with you ? said he, seeing them both quite dull. Nothing, papa, answered the children, and, wiping their eyes, followed their father into the dining room. The dinner this day consisted of a number of dishes, and a bottle of wine was opened for each of the children. My dear children, said Mr. Orpin, if I had still my former authority over you, I would forbid you to taste all these dishes, and particularly to drink wine. At least, I would desire you to be very sparing of them, because I know how dangerous wine and high-seasoned food are to children. But ye are now your own masters, and may eat and drink whatever you fancy. The children did
not

not wait to be told this twice. The one swallowed great bits of meat without bread; the other took sauce in whole spoonfuls: and they drank full bumpers of wine, without remembering to mix water with it. My dear, whispered Mrs. Orpin to her husband, they will make themselves sick. I fear they will, my dear, answered Mr. Orpin; but I would rather that they should learn for once at their own expence, how much one may suffer from ignorance, than by a premature attention deprive them of the fruits of so important a lesson. Mrs. Orpin saw her husband's intention, and therefore suffered our thoughtless little couple to indulge their greediness. The cloth was now removed. The children had stuffed as long as they were able, and their little heads began to be heated. Come with me, Julia, cried Camillus, and took his sister with him into the garden. Mr. Orpin thought proper to follow them unobserved.— There was a little pond in the garden, and at the edge of the pond a small boat. Camillus had a mind to go into it. Julia stopped him. You know, said she, that we must not go there. Must not? answered Camillus. Do you forget that we are our own masters? Oh! that is true, said Julia; so, giving her hand to her brother, they both went into the boat. Mr Orpin drew nearer to them, but did not chuse to discover himself yet. He knew that the pond was not deep. Even if they fall in, said he to himself, I shall not have much trouble in getting them out. The two children wished to disengage the boat from the bank, and push it out towards the middle of the pond; but they were not able to untie the knots of the rope which held it fast. Since we cannot sail, said the giddy Camillus, we may at least balance ourselves. So, striding across the boat, he began to press it down, first on the one side, and then on the other. Their heads being a little dizzy, it was not long before their legs failed them. They laid hold of each other to support themselves, and fell both plump upon the side of the boat, and from thence into the water. Mr Orpin flew like lightening from the place where he had been hid.

He

He threw himself into the water, seized his rash children, one in each hand, and brought them back into the house, half dead with terror. They felt themselves violently sick, while they were undressing and rubbing with cloths. At length they were put each in a warm bed: they fell alternately into a stupor and convulsions: they complained of a dreadful head-ach and pains in the bowels, were seized with frequent fainting fits, and in the intervals with shudderings, sickness of the stomach, and difficulty of breathing. In this deplorable condition they passed the rest of the day; they sobbed and wept, till at length they fell asleep thro' weariness. Early the next morning their father entered their chamber, and asked how they had passed the night. Very ill, answered both, in a feeble voice; we could not lie easy in bed, and still feel a sickness in the head and stomach. Poor children, how I pity you! But, added he, a moment after, what will you do with your liberty to-day? Ye remember that ye enjoy it still. Oh! no, no, answered both eagerly. And why, my little friends? You said, the other day, that it was so disagreeable to be subject to the direction of others. We have been well punished for our folly, replied Camillus. And shall take warning for a long time, added Julia.

Mr. Orpin. Ye will not be your own masters then, any longer?

Cam. No, no, papa: We would rather be told by you what to do.

Julia. It will be much better for us both.

Mr. Orpin. Think well of what you say; for, if I resume my authority, I inform you before-hand, that my very first orders will be disagreeable to you.

Cam. No matter papa; we are ready to do whatever you shall think proper.

Mr. Orpin. Well, I have here a yellow powder, called rhubarb; it has an unpleasing taste, but is excellent for those who have hurt their stomachs by excess. Since you consent to follow my orders, I command you instantly to take this powder. Let me see you obey!

Cam.

Cam. Oh ! yes, yes, papa.

Julia. I would take it, though it were as bitter as foot.

Mr Orpin gave them the medicine, and the children, without making, as formerly, any grimaces, endeavoured each to excel the other in taking it with a chearful countenance. This remedy happily had its effect, and they both recovered very soon. After that, whenever their parents would terrify them with threats of punishment, they would say, We shall let you be your own masters ! and the children felt more terror from this threat, than many others to whom one should say, I will put you in prison !

JOSEPH.

THere lived once in Bristol, a crazy person whose name was Joseph. He never went out without having five or six wigs on his head at once, and as many muffs upon each of his arms. Though his senses were disordered, he was not mischievous, and must be teased a long time to be put in a passion. Whenever he walked the streets, a number of troublesome little boys would come out of the houses and follow him, crying, Joseph ! Joseph ! how do you sell your wigs and your muffs ? Some of them were even so ill-natured as to throw stones at him. Though Joseph commonly bore all these insults very quietly yet he was sometimes so tormented that he would fall into a fury, and take up stones or handfuls of dirt to throw at the rabble of boys. Such a combat as this happened one day before the house of Mr Denham. The noise drew him to the window, and he beheld with grief his own son Henry engaged in the fray. As soon as he perceived this, he shut down the sash, and went into another chamber. At dinner, Mr. Denham said to his son, Who was that man that you was running and hallooing after ?

Henry.

Henry. You know him very well, papa. It is the crazy man called Joseph.

Mr Denham. Poor man! What can have occasioned this misfortune to him?

Henry. They say that it was a law-suit for a great estate. He was so grieved at losing it, that he has lost his senses too.

Mr Denham. If you had known this man at the very time when he was stripped of his estate, and if he had said to you, my dear Henry, I am unfortunate; I have just lost an inheritance which I long enjoyed peaceably; all my property is gone to support the expence of a law-suit; I have now neither town-house nor country-house; in short, nothing upon earth left. Would you have laughed at him then?

Henry. God forbid! who could be so wicked as to laugh at a man in his misfortunes? I should much rather endeavour to comfort him.

Mr Denham. What, then, is he happier now, when he has lost his reason besides?

Henry. On the contrary, he is much more to be pitied.

Mr Denham. And yet this day you insult and throw stones at an unfortunate man, whom you would have endeavoured to comfort when he was less an object of pity.

Henry. My dear papa, I have done wrong; forgive me!

Mr Denham. I pardon you willingly, if you are sorry for your fault. But my pardon is not sufficient. There is another whose forgiveness you have still to ask.

Henry. You mean Joseph.

Mr Denham. And why Joseph?

Henry. Because I offended him.

Mr Denham. If Joseph had retained his senses, it would certainly be his pardon that you should demand; but as he is not able to understand what is meant by pardon, it were useless to address yourself to him. Yet you think that every one should ask pardon of those whom he has offended?

Cory

Henry.

Henry. So you have taught me, papa.

Mr Denham. And do you know who it is that has commanded us to have compassion upon the unfortunate?

Henry. It is God.

Mr Denham. And yet you have not shewn compassion to poor Joseph: On the contrary, you have aggravated his misery by your insults. Do you think that such conduct does not offend God?

Henry. Yes, I acknowledge it, and will ask forgiveness of him to-night in my prayers:

Henry kept his word; he repented of his fault, and at night asked pardon of God from the bottom of his heart. And he not only ceased to trouble Joseph for several weeks himself, but he hindered also others of his comrades from insulting him. In spite of his fair resolutions, however, he happened one day to mix in the rabble of boys who were following him. 'Tis true, it was purely out of curiosity, and only to see the tricks that they played upon this poor man. Now and then he could not refrain from hallooing like the rest, Joseph! Joseph! and by degrees came to be the foremost in the mob. At length Joseph's patience being tired by the shouts that pursued him, he turned short about, and taking up a large stone, threw at him with such violence that it grazed his cheek, and almost cut off part of his ear. Henry returned home all over blood, and roaring heartily. It is a just punishment on you from God, said Mr Denham. But, replied Henry, Why have I alone been hurt, while my companions, who used him much worse than I did, have not been punished? The reason is, answered his father, that you knew better than the others, what a fault you were committing, and consequently your offence was more criminal. It is very just that a child who knows the commands of God, and of his father, should be doubly punished, whenever he has such a disregard of his duty as to violate them.

T H E

THE LITTLE FIDDLER,

A DRAMA, in one ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. MELFORT,	
CHARLES,	<i>his Son.</i>
SOPHIA,	<i>his Daughter.</i>
GODFREY,	<i>his Nephew.</i>
AMELIA RICHMOND,	} <i>Friends of Sophia.</i>
and CHARLOTTE,	
JONAS,	<i>the Little Fiddler.</i>

Scene, Mr. Melfort's House.

SCENE I.

Charles and Godfrey.

Charles. **H**ARK ye, cousin. You must do me a favour.

Godfrey. Come, let us see what it is ? Thou hast always something or another to ask me.

Charles. It is because you are the cleverer of the two. You know the translation of that fable of Phædrus, that our tutor has given me for a task.

Godfrey. What, have you not finished it yet ?

Charles. How do you think I should have finished it, when I have not begun it ?

Godfrey. You have not had time then to do it from twelve o'clock till four ?

Charles. You shall see now whether that was possible. At eleven o'clock I could not help taking a turn or two in the garden, in order to get an appetite for my dinner. We were at table an hour. Then to sit down and study immediately after one's meals, you know how dangerous papa's doctor says that is. So, as I had

made a hearty dinner, I had occasion for a good deal of exercise to digest it, you know.

Godfrey. Well, now at least you have had exercise enough ; and before dark there is more time than you want to finish your task.

Charles. You do not consider that just now I must go to my writing.

Godfrey. But since your writing-master is not come--

Charles. I shall wait for him. It would be spoiling every thing to confound my hours of business.

Godfrey. Well then, after your writing, you have still some of the afternoon, and the whole evening.

Charles. I shall not have a minute. My sister expects the two Miss Richmonds to come to see her

Godfrey. It is not on your account that they come.

Charles. No. But then I must help my sister to entertain them.

Godfrey. What will hinder you when the young ladies go away ?—

Charles. O yes, indeed ! to work by candle light, and spoil my eyes. Yet my translation must be ready by to-morrow morning.

Godfrey. Well ! whether it is or no, what is that to me ?

Charles. And would you see me, then, reprimanded by my tutor and my papa ?

Godfrey. You always know how to get the better of me. Come, let me see, where is this task ?

Charles. Above stairs in my room, on the table. I will go for it, or rather come you along with me.

Godfrey. Do you go first : I shall follow you immediately. I see your sister coming this way. She wanted to speak with me.

Charles. But do not you go and tell her any thing of this ; you understand me.

SCENE II.

Sophia and Godfrey.

Sophia. Well, cousin, what have you and my brother been conversing about. He has certainly been playing you one of his old tricks.

Godfrey.

Godfrey. No, but he has been making me one of his old requests. He wants me as usual to perform his task for him against to-morrow.

Sophia. And is my papa never to be informed of his idleness?

Godfrey. I shall not undertake that office. You know that ever since your mamma's death, my uncle's health has been so precarious, that the least emotion makes him ill for some days. Besides, his generosity supports me; and he might think that I wished to hurt your brother in his esteem.

Sophia. Well then, I shall talk to my brother the first opportunity—But do you know what I had to say to you? The Miss Richmonds are coming to see me to-day, and you must assist us in our amusements.

Godfrey. Oh! I shall certainly do my best, cousin.

Sophia. Ah! here they are.

SCENE III.

Godfrey, Sophia, Amelia, and Charlotte Richmond.

Sophia. Ah! how do you do, my dear friends! (*They salute each other, and curtesy to Godfrey, who bows to them.*)

Charlotte. It seems an age since I saw you last.

Amelia. Indeed it is a long time.

Sophia. I believe it is more than three weeks. (*Godfrey draws out the table, and gives them chairs.*)

Charlotte. Do not give yourself so much trouble, Master Godfrey.

Godfrey. Miss, I only do my duty.

Sophia. Oh, I am very sure Godfrey does it with pleasure. (*gives him her hand*) I wish my brother had a little of his complaisance.

SCENE IV.

Godfrey, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, Charles.

Charles. (*without taking notice of the Miss Richmonds*) This is very pretty of you, Godfrey, to let me wait

so long, while you are playing the fine gentleman.

Godfrey. I thought I should be the last person in the company to whom you would direct your compliments.

Charles. Oh! do not be angry, ladies; I shall be at your service presently.

Amelia. Oh, pray do not hurry yourself, Mr. Charles. (*Charles takes Godfrey aside, and while the young ladies converse together, draws a paper from his pocket, which he gives him*)

Charles. There it is; you understand me.

Godfrey. Six lines! a great task indeed! are not you ashamed.

Charles. Hift! hold your tongue.

Godfrey. Ladies, if you give me leave, I will just step out for a few minutes.

Charlotte. We shall expect your return with impatience.

Sophia. Since you are going out, cousin, pray bid Jenny bring us in tea.

SCENE V.

Charles, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte.

Charles. (*throwing himself into an arm-chair*) Soh! I shall take possession of this.

Sophia. I think it would have been civil to ask leave.

Charles. Your leave, perhaps?

Sophia. I am not the only person here.

Charlotte. I see your brother counts us as nothing.

Amelia. He thinks certainly that he does us a great deal of honour in keeping us company.

Charles. Oh! I know that you could do without my company; but I could not so easily deprive myself of yours.

Sophia. There at least is the appearance of a compliment. Though, I believe, to say the truth, the tea should come in for the greatest part of it.

Charles. You are very right, my dear sister, in not thinking that I stay at least on your account.

Sophia.

Sophia. Oh! as to that, I have too humble an opinion of my own merit. All that I should take pride in, is, that I am sister to so polite a young gentleman. (*Jenny brings the tea, and sets it before Sophia.*)

Charles. Let me pour it out, pray do.

Sophia. No, no, that is my business; you are a little too awkward. If you want to do something, hand these ladies their cups.

Amelia. Not so much sugar for me.

Sophia. Help yourself, my dear, to your liking.— (*hands her a cup and the sugar basin. Charles takes a cup for himself, and gets hold of the sugar.*) Charles, you have got three great lumps already.

Charles. Why, that is not too much. I like it pretty sweet. (*takes several bits one after another, till his sister gets the sugar basin out of his hands.*)

Sophia. Are not you ashamed, brother? You see there will be none left for us.

Charles. Well, do not you know the way to the sugar canister?

Sophia. My brother would think he had done wrong if he saved his sister any trouble.

Charles. No; but if you went for it, I should have the pleasure of being alone with these ladies.

Amelia. Do you hear that, Sophia? Now will you say that your brother is not perfectly polite?

Sophia. (*having collected all the cups before her, and filled them again.*) Charles, hand Amelia this cup. (*Charles takes the cup, and in handing it to Amelia, spills the tea upon her slip.—They all rise hastily.*)

Sophia. There is an instance of his politeness. (*aside to Charles.*) I dare swear, thou ill-natured creature, that was done on purpose.

Amelia. O dear? what will my mamma say? And what shall we do.

Charlotte. This is only the second time she has had on this slip. Make haste, a glass of clean water.

Sophia. No; I have heard that it is better to rub it with a dry linen cloth. Here is a handkerchief quite clean. (*They go to assist Amelia. Charlotte holds her slip, and*

and *Sophia rubs it. Meantime Charles remains at table, quite unconcerned, drinking his tea.*)

Charlotte. There, it begins to disappear : You must let it dry.

Amelia. By good luck, it is in a fold where one will not think of looking.

Charles. (aside.) That is not my fault.

Sophia. There, look now *Charlotte*, I do not think it will be observed.

Charlotte. If I had not seen the spot before—

Amelia. Very true. However, Mr. Charles, another time I shall beg you to spare yourself the trouble of waiting on me.

Sophia. Come, ladies, let us take our places again. *(going to pour out the tea, she finds the tea-pot empty, looks angrily at Charles.)* Well, this is a piece of ill manners that I could not have imagined. Would ye believe it ladies ? while we were so much concerned, he has taken all the tea. However, stop a moment, I will go and order more

Charlotte. No, there has been quite enough ; I could not drink another drop.

Amelia. The misfortune of my slip has taken away my thirst.

Charles. But I beg you will make no ceremony.—They can soon bring us more.

Amelia. Really I think you should have known beforehand that your brother was to be one of the company.

Sophia. Those who are not invited should at least wait until it were their turn.

Charlotte. Let us not say any more about it. It does not give me the least concern.

Sophia. Well, what shall we do now ? Ah, here is our friend Godfrey. He will help us to fix on some amusement.

Charles. (mimicks her.) Our friend Godfrey !—But ladies I must speak to him before you. *(goes to meet Godfrey, while the young ladies are conversing together.)*

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

Amelia, Charlotte, Sophia, Godfrey, Charles.

Charles. (to *Godfrey*.) Well, have you done it?

Godfrey. There; take it, and blush for your idleness. Well, ladies, have you fixed upon any amusement?

Amelia. No, we waited for you to determine us.

Godfrey. I have got a little musician below stairs at your service. If you give me leave, I will call him up to sing you a song, or to play, if you chuse to dance.

Sophia. A little musician! where is he? where is he?

Charlotte. We must own that Master Godfrey knows how to amuse his company.

Godfrey. At the same time that we amuse ourselves, we shall do an act of charity; for the poor little fellow has no livelihood but his violin.

Charles. And who will pay him? Master Godfrey? He talks and acts as if the king were his cousin, and he has not a farthing all the while.

Sophia. Are not you ashamed, brother?

Godfrey. Let him go on, cousin, he does not offend me. It is no crime to be poor. I am the liker my little musician, who is for all that a very good boy. I will give him six-pence that I have remaining in my purse; and he has promised to play for that all the evening.

Charlotte. We will make a collection to pay him.

Amelia. Yes, yes; we shall club.

Godfrey. Shall I go for him? he waits below at the door.

Sophia. By all means, my dear cousin, and make haste. (*Godfrey goes out, meantime Jenny brings in a cake upon a plate.*)

S C E N E VII.

Amelia, Charlotte, Sophia, Charles.

Charles goes to take the plate from Jenny. Sophia prevents him.) Charles. I was only going to cut it up.

Sophia.

Sophia. I shall save you the trouble ; you would cut it up so well, I suppose, that we should have no more of the cake than we had of the tea. (*She divides it, and hands it round.*)

Charles. (*after taking his share*) Who is to have the piece that is left ?

Sophia. What ! is my cousin to have none ?

Amelia. I would rather give him my part.

Charlotte. And I mine.

Charles. (*with a sneer*) He is exceedingly happy.

Sophia. Can you see nothing but his cake to envy him ?

SCENE VIII.

Amelia, Charlotte, Sophia, Charles, Godfrey, (leading in Jonas by the hand, who has his violin under his arm.)

Godfrey. Give me leave to present you my young performer.

Charlotte and Amelia. He is a smart little fellow.

Sophia. Where do you come from, my man ?

Jonas. I came from the wolds of Yorkshire, Ma'am.

Amelia. La ! what has made you come thus far ?

Jonas. Because my poor father is blind, and cannot work. So we travel the country, and I support him with my fiddle.

Sophia. Well, will you give us a specimen of your performance ?

Jonas. That I will with all my heart : But my skill is not very great.

Godfrey. Play your best ; at any rate it will be well enough for me, and these ladies will be so good as to pardon you if you should play a little out of tune. (*Jonas tunes his violin. Amelia in the mean time taking the plate, presents the remainder of the cake to Godfrey. He bows, takes the plate, and holds it in his hand without touching the cake, while he listens to Jonas. The latter begins by playing the air of the following song ; then sings.*)

I.

PITY the early hardships of a boy
whose tender hands maintain an helpless fire ;
Alas ! no other means can he employ,
But that compassion which their wants inspire.

II.

Pity their lot, who would not importune,
Chill penury implores their scanty boon ;
Long years of toil have dimm'd the father's eyes,
The other's weakness that resource denies.

III.

Oh ! Let their hardships touch the bounteous breast,
Relieve the aged fire and helpless boy ;
A little bread were wealth to the distressed,
Alas ! 'tis all their pressing wants enjoy.

Godfrey. (*giving him his hand.*) Poor child ! then you are both in great distress ?

Jonas. Alas ! we are so ; but with my fiddle I hope we shall never be destitute. If we should be sick, God Almighty will take care of us ; and if we die, we shall want nothing but a little spot of earth, which may be had any where.

Godfrey. But my poor little boy, perhaps thou art hungry. Hold, here, take my cake.

Jonas. Oh ! no, my pretty master eat it yourself ; a bit of bread serves me.

Godfrey. No, you shall have this ; I can eat bread as well as you.

Jonas. Well, Sir, I thank you ; but I will not eat it now. I will share it with my poor father ; he is not used to taste such good things.

Sophia. Your poor father, say you ? here ; you shall give him my part.

Charlotte. And take mine too.

Amelia.

Amelia. And mine.

Jonas. Oh! no, no; keep your cakes my sweet young Ladies. One piece is enough for me. We are not used to fill our bellies with sweet things.

Charles. (*ironically.*) He is right; that would spoil his fine voice.

Sophia. Nobody has asked you for yours.

Charles. Oh, I have dispatched that long ago.

Godfrey. Come, my man; will you taste your cake first?

Jonas. Oh! no Master. Since you are so good as to give it me, allow me to wrap it up in my handkerchief, and take it home.

Sophia. Stop a moment, I will give you a piece of linen cleaner than that, and meantime you may lay your cake in the window.

Jonas. I will, my good young Lady. I come here to play upon the fiddle, not to eat.

Amelia. I should wish to dance a minuet with Master Godfrey. Can you play any?

Jonas. Whatever you please. A minuet, a jig, or a country dance.

Amelia. Let us have the minuet first. (*Godfrey takes Amelia by the hand to dance.*)

Charlotte. Why cannot we both dance, (*advancing towards Charles.*) Mr. Charles?

Charles. Excuse me, Miss, I can't dance.

Sophia. Yet he has learned full two years.

Charles. I am not in a capering humour to-day.

Charlotte. (*curtsying to him.*) So then I am refused.

Sophia. Come, cousin, lend me your hat. (*to Charlotte.*) I shall have the honour, Ma'am, to be your squire.

Amelia. Then if we were to dance a double minuet?

Godfrey. Miss, I am at your service. (*They dance a double minuet, after which Charlotte goes to take out Godfrey.*)

Charlotte. Mr. Godfrey now I will dance with you.

Godfrey. I shall be happy, Miss, to have that honour.

Amelia. And now, Sophia, I will be your squire.

Sophia. As this goes, I find I must lose my cousin;
however,

however, these Ladies have the first title to your complaisance. (*They dance another minuet, during which Charles goes to the window, takes Jonas's cake, and slips out of the room.*)

Sophia. (*to Godfrey, who wipes his face.*) Ah! you give it up; you must own that we have stronger feet than you Gentlemen.

Godfrey. It is because you are much nimbler.

Amelia. (*to Godfrey*) If your cousin had been as complaisant as you, we should soon have overmatched you; for then one of us could take breath while the other two danced. (*They all look round for Charles.*)

Charlotte. Ah! he is gone; so much the better.

Jonas. Shall I play another tune or two?

Godfrey. No; that is enough; unless, Ladies, you would choose more. The poor little fellow will be glad to go and earn something elsewhere. I have already told you how little I have in my purse; and Charles has gone off without paying.

Charlotte. We will all contribute as well as you.

Amelia. Certainly, we mean it. (*takes out her purse.*) There, Master Godfrey, is my purse.

Charlotte. And here is mine.

Sophia. Hold, cousin, here is a shilling: Keep your money, and this will do for us both.

Godfrey. No, no, Sophia, I have a right to pay first, (*They gather the money, and give it to Jonas.*)

Jonas. I will never take all that; this young Gentleman promised me only six-pence.

Godfrey. Take the whole, my man; we are very happy to be able to do you a service.

Jonas. God Almighty reward you. (*to Sophia.*) Now, Miss, if you would please to give me a piece of old linen to wrap up the cake that you have made me take.

Sophia. I had quite forgot it. (*runs to a drawer and takes out a handkerchief.*) There; it is a little worn but it will do very well for your purpose.

Jonas. May heaven repay you for your generosity. (*goes to the window for the cake.*)

Jonas. (*sorrowfully.*) It is not here.

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Sophia. What a sad boy is that ! he certainly has taken this poor child's cake.

Jonas. Do not be concerned, my sweet young Lady. I am only sorry to lose it on account of my poor father.

Godfrey. If Charles were not your brother, his greediness should cost him dear ; but Jonas's father must not be a loser however. My dear Sophia, lend me that six-pence which you were going to pay for me just now.

Sophia. No, cousin, I will have the merit of it all to myself. (*to Jonas.*) There, my lad, is six-pence ; buy another cake for your father. (*Charlotte and Amelia feel in their purses.*)

Charlotte. Hold, here are some more halfpence.

Amelia. Take this too.

Jonas. Oh dear, no ; this is too much.

Godfrey. (*taking him by the hand affectionately.*) How unhappy am I not to have any thing more to give thee ! But I am an orphan, and subsist like thee upon the generosity of others.

Jonas. (*to Godfrey*) I wish that you had not brought me here, or that you would take back your money.

Godfrey. Do not be uneasy as to me. Farewel. Go and try to earn something elsewhere.

Jonas. (*to Sophia, as he is going.*) But, take your handkerchief, my good young Lady.

Sophia. No, keep it if you have occasion for it.

Jonas. May heaven preserve you all in good health and make you still more amiable than you are, (*goes out.*)

SCENE IX.

Sophia, Charlotte, Amelia, and Godfrey.

Sophia. Can you imagine any thing more shameful than the behaviour of Charles ?

Amelia. He should not play these pranks if I were his sister.

Charlotte. I am sorry that he has destroyed all the pleasure

pleasure we had, in doing a service to this poor little boy.

Amelia. However, he is not ill off at present; the cake has been pretty well made up to him.

Godfrey. Very true, thanks to your generosity. But that does not justify the behaviour of Charles. Besides poor Jonas might have had the one without losing the other.

Sophia. It is you, cousin, that have suffered most upon the whole. You have deprived yourself of your share, that my good-for-nothing brother might eat it.—
(a knocking is heard at the door.)

Amelia, Charlotte, Sophia, Godfrey, Jonas.

Godfrey. Here is our little fiddler again. What is the matter, my man?

Jonas. (crying.) Oh dear! oh dear! Help! I am ruined. (The children gather round him.)

Sophia. What has happened to you then?

Jonas. The whole of my poor subsistence—all that I had to maintain myself and my father—see, see here—my little violin—it is broken all to pieces, and your handkerchief and your money—all is gone—he has taken it all from me.

Godfrey. Who has broken your violin? who has taken your money?

Jonas. 'Twas he—'Twas he that took my cake.

Sophia. What, my brother? Is it possible?

Godfrey. Charles?

Charlotte. It cannot be.

Amelia. O the wtetch!

Jonas. Yes, it was he, it was he. As I was going out of the street-door, he came up to me, and asked if I been paid for my playing as otherwise he meant to pay me. Oh, yes, that I have, said I, and even overpaid.—How came they by so much money? says he. Let me see what they have given you. So I, silly fool that I was—I should have remembered the cake; but I thought no more of that I was so overjoyed to carry home so much money to my father. Besides I had not counted it, and was desirous to know the sum. So I laid my

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fiddle down on the ground, beside me, and took out the handkerchief. See here, said I to him, what I got more than was promised me at first; one of the young misses gave it me. I had tied up all my money in the handkerchief, and was going to undo the knot, when he snatched at it. I guessed his roguery. So he pulled one way and I another, when all at once seeing where my fiddle lay on the ground, he stamped on it with both his feet. I loosed my hold, and let go the handkerchief, and so he got it from me and ran away. Both my fiddle and the bow are broke, and now I have neither handkerchief nor money. O my father! my poor father! What will become of us?

Sophia. Why really I do not know.—I have nothing more in the world. O cousin!

Charlotte. Here are some few halfpence. It is all that I have about me.

Jonas. My sweet miss, I thank you; but that will not buy me a fiddle. O my poor father! he had it more than fifteen years.

Amelia. Take this too. It is the very last farthing I have.

Sophia. (*Runs to the drawer.*) Here is my thimble; it is gold. Run and sell it, my poor little man. I have an ivory one that will serve me.

Godfrey. No; keep your thimble, cousin. Stop, my boy, I can extricate you. (*Takes out his buckles, and gives them to him.*) I have another pair of pinchbeck.—You will certainly get twelve shillings for these. I can give them away, for they are my own. My godfather made me a present of them for my birth-day.—(*Sophia offers him her thimble, and Godfrey his buckles. Jonas hesitates.*)

Jonas. No; I will have none of them. My father would think that I had stolen them.

Sophia. Take my thimble at least.

Godfrey. Wont you take my buckles? you will make me angry. Take them, I say.

Jonas. Oh dear! would you have me deprive you of your ornaments?

Godfrey.

Godfrey. Do not be uneasy about about that. God will repay me, perhaps, more than I give you. Your father wants bread : I have no father to maintain.

Sophia. Go, go, and take care of yourself.

Jonas. At least take back your thimble.

Sophia. No ; it is not mine now.

Charlotte. If you ever pass our way, I will do something for you

Amelia. 'Tis in —— Square ; any body will shew you Mr. Richmond's.

Jonas. Oh ! great folks seldom ask me into their houses. I am sometimes, perhaps, taken down into the kitchen.

Sophia. Well, enough of this. Your father probably is uneasy on your account, and ours may return very soon ?

Jonas. How, miss ! your papa ? Do you expect him soon ?

Sophia. Yes, go your ways, else the rogue who took your handkerchief and money, may take this from you too.

Jonas. But I hope you are very sure not to be scolded.

Godfrey. No, no, never fear. Good by !

Jonas. (*As he goes out.*) The good-natured little souls !

SCENE XI.

Sophia, Charlotte, Amelia, Godfrey.

Charlotte. I am very sorry that you have deprived yourself of your buckles, Master Godfrey.

Amelia. You have set us a good example.

Godfrey. I only followed that of Sophia. I should be happy in the opportunity of doing a good action, if it had not been furnished by the mean behaviour of Charles. With what pleasure I shall now look at my pinchbeck buckles !

SCENE XII.

Mr. Melfort, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, Godfrey, Jonas,

The children get close together. Sophia and Godfrey cast a side look at Jonas, and whisper each other.)

Mr. Melf. (to the Miss Richmonds.) Your servant, ladies! I thank you for the honour that you have done my daughter. But give me leave to hear, in your presence, what this boy has to say. He was waiting for me upon the stairs, and cannot leave me, he says, until he has spoken to me before you—(to Jonas.) Come, what have you to say?

Jonas. (to Sophia and Godfrey.) My good young master and miss, I beg you, for heaven's sake, not to be angry with me; but I cannot help speaking, and it would be ill done of me to keep what you have made me take, without the consent of your papa. I know very well that children have nothing of their own to give away.

Mr. Melf. What is all this?

Jonas. I am going to tell you, sir.—This young master called me from his window to come in and play upon my violin for these ladies. There was another little gentleman too along with them, very handsome, but a very ill-natured rogue.

Mr. Melf. What! my son?

Jonas. I beg pardon. That word escaped me. Well; I played my best, what tunes I knew, and this good little company were so kind as to bestow upon me a piece of cake, with a handkerchief to wrap it up, and almost a handful of money besides. I do not know how much.

Mr. Melf. Well?

Jonas. Well, that ill-natured little gentleman took away the cake, which I was intending to carry to my poor father, who is blind. That I should not have minded; but he slips out of the room, and when I was going away, quite overjoyed with my little bundle, he
watches

watches me in the passage, takes the handkerchief with all the money from me by force, and breaks my violin in pieces. Look ye, there it is, (crying.) All my riches, that supported me and my fathet.

Mr. Melf. Is it possible? Such a malicious ill-natured action!—What! my son?

Charlotte. His behaviour in every thing else makes this very probable. Ask Sophia herself.

Mr. Melf. Go, my man; do not let it afflict you: I will indemnify you for this. But is that all?

Jonas. No, sir; only hear me. Being in such trouble, I returned to tell these good little gentlefolks the whole affair. They had not money enough to pay for the damage: so this pretty miss gives me her gold thimble, and this young gentleman his silver buckles. I could not possibly keep them: my father would have thought that I had stolen them. I knew you were coming home, so I waited to return them to you, and here they are.—But I have no fiddle now. O my fiddle! O my poor father!

Mr. Melf. What an account thou hast given me! is it thou, or you, my generous children, whom I should most admire? Excellent boy! in extreme indigence, to lose all; and yet, from the fear of doing wrong, to run the risque of letting a father, whom you love, perish with hunger.

Jonas. Is it so great a matter, not to be a rogue? No, no; one never thrives on ill-gotten bread. It is what my father and mother have often told me. If you would only please to buy me another fiddle, that will make amends for all. Whatever more the thimble and buckles would have bought, God Almighty will repay me.

Mr. Melf. Your father and you must be endowed with extraordinary uprightness of heart, not even to suspect the depravity of others! God will make use of me as an instrument to impart his blessings to you.—You shall stay here, and for the first you shall wait upon Godfrey. Afterwards we will see what we can do better for you.

Jonas.

Jonas. What ! wait upon this little angel of a gentleman. Oh ! I should be delighted (*bows to Godfrey.*) But no (*sorrowfully*) I cannot leave my father all alone. Without me, how would he do to live ? What ! should I be in abundance, and he die for want ? Oh ! no.

Mr. Melf. Excellent child ! and who is thy father ?

Jonas. An old blind labourer, whom I supported by playing on the fiddle. It is true, he seldom eats, nor I neither, any thing else but a piece of bread with some milk. But God always gives us enough for the day, and we take no care for the morrow : he provides for that also.

Mr. Melf. Well, I will take care of thy father, and, if he chuses, I will get him into an alms-house, where old and infirm people are well maintained. You may go and see him there whenever you please.—(*Jonas, after an exclamation of joy, runs about the room, quite transported.*)

Jonas. O goodness ! What, my dear father ! No ; that will make him die with joy. I cannot stop any longer, but must go for him, and bring him here.—(*Runs out. Sophia and Godfrey take Mr. Melfort's hands. They wipe their eyes.*)

SCENE XIII.

Mr Melfort, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, and Godfrey.

Mr Melf. O my dear children ! how happy would this day have been for me, if, while I admire the generosity of your sentiments, the idea of my son's unworthiness did not intervene to poison my happiness ! But, no ; it should not affect it. God has given me another son in thee, my dear Godfrey. If you are not so by birth, yet you are by the ties of blood, and by congenial worthiness of heart. Yes, you shall be my son. But where is Charles ? Go, seek him, and bring him further to me immediately.—(*Godfrey goes out.*)

Sophia. It is almost an hour since we saw him. While
the

the little boy was playing a minuet to us, he disappeared with his piece of cake.

Godfrey. (returning) He was seen going into a confectioner's not far off. I have told John to go for him.

Mr Melf. Children, step into my study. I wish to know what answer he will have the assurance to make me. When I want your testimony, I shall call you.

Charlotte and Amelia. Then we shall take our leave.

Mr Melf. No, my dears! I will send word to your papa and mamma, that you will spend the rest of the evening with us. Probably the generous little Jonas and his old father will be our guests also. I have occasion for something to assuage the cruel wound that Charles has given my heart, and I know of nothing more salutary than the conversation of such amiable children as you.

Sophia (listening.) I thing I hear Charles coming. (*Mr Melfort opens his study-door. The children withdraw.*)

SCENE XIV.

Mr. Melfort.

I have long dreaded a discovery of this disagreeable nature, but could never have suspected him of any thing so horrid. It is, perhaps, still not too late to correct his vices. Alas! why am I obliged to try a desperate remedy?

SCENE XV.

Mr. Melfort, Charles.

Charles. What are your commands, papa?

Mr Melf. Where have you been? Were you not in your chamber?

Charles. Our tutor is gone out. Godfrey was below stairs. So, after having studied all the afternoon, I grew tired of being alone.

Mr Melf.

Mr. Melf. Why did not you go, as well as Godfrey, and join the little company that I found with your sister?

Charles. And so I did: But those misses treated me so ill—

Mr Melf. How? you astonish me.

Charles. At first they drank tea, but without asking me to have a drop. On the contrary, they shewed me all the spite in the world. Then Godfrey picked up a little beggar brat in the street, and brought him to play the fiddle to them. He gave him some of the cake that was brought up to them, and me not a bit. They danced, but not one of the ladies would dance with me, though there were three of them, and no gentleman but Godfrey. What could I do here? I went down to the door to look at the people passing by.

Mr Melf. Only to the door? What was it then that passed at the corner of the street, between a little fiddler and you? I have been told that you beat him, and broke his violin, and that he went away crying.

Charles. Yes, that is true, papa; and if I had not been very good natured, I should have got a constable to put him in bridewell. You shall hear, sir. When I saw him go out, I said to myself, I must give this poor creature something too for his trouble, for I know that Godfrey has nothing of his own, and a beggar is but ill paid with only a morsel of cake. So I took some money out of my purse which I gave him, and he drew out a handkerchief to put it in. I perceived that it was one of my sister's handkerchiefs; you may see the mark. I begged him very civilly to return it, which he would not. So I took him by the collar, and we struggled together, and by accident I put my foot upon his fiddle.

Mr Melf (*with indignation*) Hold your tongue, base liar! I cannot bear to hear you.

Charles. (*drawing near to him, and going to take him by the hand.*) Why, my dear papa, what makes you angry?

Mr Melf.

Mr *Melf*. Be gone, wicked creature, out of my sight ! you shock me. (*He calls the children from the study.*)

S C E N E XVI.

Mr *Melfort*, *Sophia*, *Amelia*, *Charlotte*, *Charles*, *Godfrey*.

Mr *Melf*. Come hither, my children ! I will see none but those who merit my affection. As for you, quit my presence for ever. But no, stop. You shall receive your sentence first. (*To Sophia and Godfrey.*) You have heard his charges against you.

Sophia. Yes, papa ; and if it were not necessary for our own justification, I would say not a word against him, for fear of increasing your anger.

Charles. Do not believe any thing that she will tell you.

Mr *Melf*. Be silent. I have already had a proof of thy detestable falsehood. Lying is the high road to theft and murder. Thou hast already committed the first crime, and perhaps wantest only strength to attempt the other. Go on *Sophia*.

Sophia. In the first place he has done no business at all this afternoon. It was *Godfrey* that wrote his translation for him.

Mr *Melf*. Is this true ?

Godfrey. I cannot deny it.

Sophia. Then he spilt a dish of tea upon *Amelia's* slip ; and while we were busy in wiping it, he remained at table, and emptied the tea-pot. there was not a drop left for us. These young ladies are witnesses (*pointing to the Miss Richmonds.*) as to the cake—

Mr. *Melf*. That is enough. All your baseness is discovered. Go up into your chamber for this day : to-morrow morning I will put you out of the house. I will give you time enough to amend before you return, and if that experiment does not succeed, there are not wanting methods to dispose of incorrigible reprobates, who disturb society by their misdeeds.—

Godfrey,

Godfrey, tell John to see that he keeps his room. You will give orders in the mean time, that your tutor be sent to me as soon as he returns.

Sophia and Godfrey. (interceding for him.) Dear papa! Dear uncle!—

Mr *Melf*. I will not hear a word in his favour. He who is capable of taking from the poor by force the earnings of his industry, of breaking the instrument of his livelihood, and of seeking to justify such actions by falsehood and calumny, should be turned out of the society of men. I thank God that he has left me still two such excellent children as you. You shall be my consolation henceforward, and with you, I will endeavour to make myself as happy this evening as the father of so unprincipled a son can be.

THE SWORD,

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

LORD ONSBURGH.

AUGUSTUS,

his Son.

HENRIETTA,

his Daughter.

ELDER RAYNTON,

YOUNGER RAYNTON,

ELDER DUDLEY,

YOUNGER DUDLEY,

CRAPE,

*Friends of Augustus.**a Servant to Lord Onsburch.*SCENE. *The Apartment of Augustus.*

SCENE I.

Augustus.

A HA! this is my birth-day! they did well to tell me, otherwise I should never have thought of it. Well, it will bring me some new present from papa.

pa. But, let's see what will he give me? Crape had something under his coat when he went into papa's room. He would not let me go in with him. Ah! if I were not obliged to appear a little more sedate than usual, I should have forced him to shew me what he was carrying. But hift! I shall soon know it. Here comes my papa.

SCENE II.

Lord Onsburgh (holding in his hand a sword and belt).

Augustus.

Lord Onsb. Ah! are you there, Augustus? I have already wished you joy of your birth-day; but this is not enough, is it?

Aug. Oh! papa—but what have you in your hand there.

Lord Onsb. Something that I fear will not become you well. A sword; look ye!

Aug. What! is it for me! Oh! give it me, dear papa; I will be so good and so diligent for the future.

Lord Onsb. Ah! if I thought that! but do you know that a sword requires a man? That he must be no longer a child who wears one, but should conduct himself with circumspection and decency; and, in short, that it is not the sword that adorns the man, but the man that adorns the sword.

Aug. Oh! never fear me. I shall adorn mine, I warrant! and I'll have nothing to say to those mean persons——

Lord Onsb. Whom do you call those mean persons?

Aug. I mean those who cannot wear a sword and a bag; those who are not of the nobility, as you and I are.

Lord Onsb. For my part, I know no mean persons but those who have a wrong way of thinking, and a worse of conducting themselves; who are disobedient to their parents, rude and unmannerly to others: So that I see many mean persons among the nobility, and many noble amongst those whom you call mean.

Aug. Yes, I think in the same manner.

E

Lord Onsb.

Lord Onsb. What were you talking then just now, of a bag and sword? Do you think that the real advantages of nobility consist in those fopperies? They serve to distinguish ranks, because it is necessary that ranks should be distinguished in the world. But the most elevated rank does only add more disgrace to the man unworthy to fill it.

Aug. So I believe, papa. But it will be no disgrace to me to have a sword, and to wear it.

Lord Onsb. No. I mean that you will render yourself worthy of this distinction no otherwise than by your good behaviour. Here is your sword, but remember—

Aug. Oh! Yes, papa. You shall see! (*He endeavours to put the sword by his side, but cannot. Lord Onsb. helps him to buckle it on.*)

Lord Onsb. Eh! why it does not fit so ill.

Aug. Does it now? Oh! I knew that.

Lord Onsb. It becomes you surprizingly. But, above all things, remember what I told you. Good by! (*going, he returns.*) I had forgot. I have just sent for your little party of friends to spend this day with you. Observe to behave yourself suitably.

Aug. Yes, papa.

SCENE III.

Augustus.

(*He struts up and down the stage, and now and then looks back to see if his sword be behind him.*) This is fine! this is being something like a gentleman! let any of your citizens come in my way now. No more familiarity if they do not wear a sword: And if they take it amiss—Aha!—out with my rapier. But hold! let us see first if it has a good blade. (*drawing his sword and using furious gestures.*) What, does that tradesman mean to affront me?—One,—two!—Ah! you defend yourself, do you?—Die, scoundrel!

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Henrietta, Augustus.

Henrietta, (who screams on hearing those last words.)
Bless me! Augustus, are you mad?

Aug. Is it you, sister?

Henrietta. Yes, you see it is. But what do you do with that instrument? (*pointing to the sword.*)

Aug. Do with it? what a gentleman should do?

Henrietta. And who is he that you are going to fend out of the world?

Aug. The first that shall dare to take the wall of me?

Henrietta. I see there are many lives in danger. And if I should happen to be the person——

Aug. You?— I would not advise you. I wear a sword now, you see. Papa made me a present of it.

Henrietta. I suppose to go and kill people, right or wrong.

Aug. An't I the honourable? If they do not give me the respects due, smack, a box on the ear; and if your little commoner will be impertinent,—sword in hand— (*going to draw it.*)

Henrietta. Oh! leave it in quiet, brother. And lest I should run the risque of affronting you unknowingly, I wish to be informed what the respect is that you demand?

Aug. You shall soon see. My father has just sent for some of my young acquaintances. If those little puppies do not behave themselves respectfully, you shall see how I will manage.

Henrietta. Very well; but I ask you what we must do to behave ourselves respectfully towards you?

Aug. In the first place, I insist upon a low bow; very low.

Henrietta. (with an affected gravity making him a low curtsy.) Your Lordship's most humble servant. Was that well?

Aug. No joking, Henrietta, if you please, or else—

Henrietta. Nay, I am quite serious, I assure you. We must take care to know and perform our duty to respectable persons. It would not be amiss to inform your little friends too.

Aug. Oh! I will have some sport with those fellows; give one a pull, t'other a pinch, and play all sorts of tricks on them.

Henrietta. Those, I take it, are some of the duties of a gentleman who wears a sword; but if those fellows should not like the sport, and return it on the gentleman's ears—

Aug. What! low vulgar blood? No, they have neither hearts nor swords.

Henrietta. Really, papa could not have given you a more usefull present. He saw plainly what a hero was concealed in the person of his son, and that he wanted but a sword to shew him in his proper light.

Aug. Hark ye, sister! it is my birth-day, we must divert ourselves. However, you will not say any thing of it to papa.

Henrietta. Why not? he would not have given you a sword, if he did not expect some exploit of this sort from a gentleman newly equipt. Would he have advised you otherwise?

Aug. Certainly! you know that he is always preaching to me.

Henrietta. What has he been preaching to you, then?

Aug. I don't know, not I. That I should adorn my sword, and not my sword me.

Henrietta. In that case you understood him properly, I must say; to adorn one's sword, is to know how to make use of it; and you are willing to shew already that you have that knowledge.

Aug. Very well, sister! you think to joke; but I would have you to know, madam—

Henrietta. Oh! I know extremely well, all that you can tell me; but do you know too, that there is one principal ornament wanting to your sword?

Aug.

Aug. What is that? (*unbuckles the belt, and looks all over the sword.*) I do not see that there is the least thing wanting.

Henrietta. Really, you are a very clever swordsman. But a sword-knot, now? Ah! how a blue and silver knot would dangle from that hilt!

Aug. You are right, Henrietta. Hark ye! you have a whole band-box full of ribbands in your room; so—

Henrietta. I was thinking of it; provided that you do not give me a specimen of your fencing, or lay your blade about me in return.

Aug. Nonsense! here is my hand, that is enough, you have nothing to fear. But quick,—a handsome knot! When my little party comes they shall see me in all my grandeur.

Henrietta. Give it to me, then.

Aug. (*giving her the sword*) There, make haste! you will leave it in my room, on the table, that I may find it when I want it.

Henrietta. Depend on me.

SCENE V.

Augustus, Henrietta, Crape.

Crape. The two Master Dudleys, and the Master Rayntons are below.

Aug. Well! cannot they come up? Must I go to receive them at the bottom of the stairs?

Crape. My lady ordered me to tell you to come and meet them.

Aug. No, no; it is better to wait for them here.

Henrietta. Nay, but since mamma desires that you will go down——

Aug. Indeed, they are worth all that ceremony!—Well, I shall go directly. Come, what are you doing? Will this make my sword-knot? go, run, and let me find it on my table properly done. (*going out*) Do you hear?

SCENE VI.

Henrietta.

The little insolent ! in what a tone he speaks to me ! luckily I have the sword. A proper instrument indeed, in the hand of so quarrelsome a boy ! yes, yes, stay till I return it to you. My papa does not know you so well as I. But he must be told—Ah ! here he is.

SCENE VII.

Lord Onsburch, Henrietta.

Henrietta. You are come in good time, papa, I was going to you.

Lord Onsb. What have you then of so much consequence to tell me ?—But what do you do with your brothers's sword ?

Henrietta. I have promised him to put a handsome knot to it ? but it was only to get this dangerous weapon out of his hands. Do not give it to him again whatever you do.

Lord Onsb. Why should I take back a present that I have given him ?

Henrietta. At least be so good as to keep it until he becomes more peaceable. I just now found him alone, laying about him like Don Quixote, and threatening to make his first trial of fencing upon his companions that come to see him.

Lord Onsb. The little quarreller ! if he will use it for his first exploits, they shall not turn out to his honour, I promise you. Give me this sword.

Henrietta. (*gives him the sword*) There, sir. I hear him on the stairs.

Lord Onsb. Run, make his knot, and bring it to me when it is ready. (*They go out.*)

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

*Augustus, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, elder Raynton,
younger Raynton.*

(Augustus enters first with his hat on; the others follow him uncovered.)

Elder Dudley (aside to elder Raynton) This is a very polite reception.

Elder Raynton (aside to elder Dudley) I suppose it is the fashion now to receive company with one's hat on, and to walk before them into one's house.

Aug. What are you mumbling there?

Elder Dudley. Nothing, Mr Onsburch; nothing.

Aug. Is it something that I should not hear?

Elder Raynton. Perhaps it may.

Aug. Now I insist upon knowing it.

Elder Raynton. When you have a right to demand it.

Elder Dudley. Softly, Raynton: it does not become us in a strange house—

Elder Raynton. It is still less becoming to be unpolite in one's own house.

Aug. (haughtily.) Unpolite? I unpolite? Is it because I walked before you?

Elder Raynton. That is the very reason. Whenever we have the honour to receive your visits, or those of any other person, we never take the precedence.

Aug. You only do your duty. But from you to me—

Elder Raynton. What then, from you to me?—

Aug. Are you noble?

Elder Raynton (to the two Dudleys and his brother.) Let us leave him to himself, with his nobility, if you will take my advice.

Elder Dudley. Fie! Mr Onsburch! if you think it beneath your dignity to keep company with us, why invite us here? we did not ask that honour.

Aug.

Aug. It was not I that invited you, it was my papa.

Elder Raynton. Then we will go to my Lord, and thank him for his civility. At the same time we shall let him know that his son thinks it a dishonour to receive us. Come brother!

Aug. (stopping him.) You cannot take a joke, Master Raynton. Why, I am very happy to see you. It was to do me a pleasure that papa invited you, for this is my birth-day. I beg you will stay with me.

Elder Raynton. That is another affair. But be more polite for the future. Though I have not a title, as you have, yet I will not suffer any one to offend me without resenting it.

Elder Dudley. Be quiet, Raynton; we should rest good friends.

Younger Dudley. This is your birth-day then Mr Onsburch?

Elder Dudley. I wish you many happy returns of it.

Elder Raynton. So do I, sir; and all manner of prosperity, (*aside.*) and particularly that you may grow a little more polite.

Younger Raynton. I suppose you have had several handsome presents.

Aug. Oh! of course.

Younger Dudley. A great deal of cakes and sweet-meats, no doubt?

Aug. Ha! ha! cakes? that would be pretty indeed. I have them every day.

Younger Raynton. Ah! then, I'll wager, it is in money. Two or three crowns? eh!

Aug. (disdainfully.) Something better, and which I alone of all here—yes, I alone, have a right to wear.

(*Elder Raynton and elder Dudley converse aside.*)

Younger Raynton. If I had what has been given you, I could wear it as well as another, perhaps.

Aug. (looking at him with an air of contempt.) Poor creature! (*to the two elder brothers.*) What are you both

both whispering there again? I think you should assist to amuse me.

Elder Dudley. Only furnish us with the means.

Elder Raynton. He that receives friends should study their amusement.

Aug. What do you mean by that, Mr Raynton!

SCENE IX.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Augustus, Henrietta.

Henrietta. (bringing in a plate with cakes.) Your servant, gentlemen; I am glad to see you well.

Elder Raynton. Much at your service, miss, (bowing to her.)

Elder Dudley. We are happy to see you, miss, amongst your party.

Henrietta. Sir, you are very obliging. (to Augustus.) Brother, mamma has sent you this to entertain your friends, until the chocolate is ready. Crape will bring it up presently, and I shall have the pleasure of helping you.

Elder Raynton. Miss, you will do us a great deal of honour.

Aug. We do not want you here!—But now I think of it;—my sword-knot!

Henrietta. You will find the sword and the knot in your room. Good by, gentlemen, until I see you again.

Elder Raynton. Shall we soon have the favour of your company, miss?

Henrietta. I am going to ask mamma leave.

SCENE X.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Augustus.

Augustus (sitting down.) Come, take chairs, and sit down.

down. (*They look at each other, and sit down without speaking. Augustus helps the two youngest, and then himself, so plentifully, that nothing remains for the two eldest.*) Stop a moment! they will bring in more, and then I'll give you some.

Elder Raynton. Oh! no; we do not desire it.

Aug. Oh! with all my heart!

Elder Dudley. If this be the politeness of a young nobleman---

Aug. Is it with such as you that one must stand upon ceremony? I told you before, that they will bring us up something else. You may take it when it comes, or not take it, you understand that?

Elder Raynton. Yes; that is plain enough; and we see plainly too in what company we are.

Elder Dudley. Are you going to begin your quarrels again? Mr Onsburch, Raynton, fie! (*Augustus rises; all the rest rise also.*)

Aug. (*going up to the elder Raynton.*) In what company are you then, my little cit?

Elder Raynton. (*firmlly*) With a young nobleman that is very rude and very impudent; who values himself more than he ought; and who does not know how well-bred people should behave one to the other.

Elder Dudley. We are all of the same opinion.

Aug. I rude and impudent? Tell me so, who am a gentleman?

Elder Raynton. Yes, I say it again? very rude, and very impudent; though you were a duke, though you were a prince.

Aug. (*striking him*) I'll teach you to whom you are talking. (*Elder Raynton goes to lay hold on him. Augustus slips back, goes out, and shuts the door after him.*)

SCENE XI.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley.

Elder Dudley. Bless me, Raynton, what have you done:

done? He will go to his father, and tell him a thousand stories. What will he think of us?

Elder Raynton. His father is a man of honour. I will go to him, if Augustus does not. He certainly has not invited us here to be ill-treated by his son.

Younger Dudley. He will send us home, and make a complaint against us.

Younger Raynton. No; my brother behaved himself properly. My papa will approve what he has done, when we tell him the whole. He does not understand having his children ill used.

Elder Raynton. Come with me. Let us all go and find Lord Onsburgh.

SCENE XII.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Augustus.

Augustus enters with his sword undrawn. The two younger boys run, one into a corner, and the other behind an arm-chair. Elder Raynton and elder Dudley stand firm.)

Aug. (going up to elder Raynton) Now I'll teach you, little insolent---(*Draws, and instead of a blade, finds a long turkey's feather. He stops short, in confusion. The little ones burst into a loud laugh, and come up.*)

Elder Raynton. Come on! Let us see the temper of your sword!

Elder Dudley. Do not add to his confusion. He only deserves contempt.

Younger Raynton. Aha! this was it, then, that you alone had a right to wear?

Younger Dudley. He will do no great harm to any body with that terrible weapon.

Elder Raynton. I could punish you now for your rudeness, but I should blush to take such a revenge.

Elder Dudley. He is no longer worthy of our company. Let us all leave him to himself.

Younger.

Younger Raynton. Good by to you, Mr Knight of the of the Turkey's Feather!

Younger Dudley. We shall not come here again until you be disarmed, for you are too terrible now. (*As they are going, elder Raynton stops them.*)

Elder Raynton. Let us stay, and give an account of our behaviour to his father, otherwise appearances will be against us.

Elder Dudley. You are right.. What would he think of us, were we to leave his house thus, without seeing him!

SCENE XIII.

Lord Onsburgh, Augustus, elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley.

(*They all put on an air of respect, at the entrance of Lord Onsburgh. Augustus goes aside, and cries for spite.*)

Lord Onsburgh (to Augustus, looking at him with indignation) What is this, sir, that I hear? (*Augustus sobs, and cannot speak.*)

Elder Raynton. My lord, you will pardon this disturbance that appears amongst us. It was not caused by us. From the first moment of our coming, Mr Onsburgh received us so ill——

Lord Onsb. Do not be uneasy, my dear little friend. I know all. I was in the next room, and heard, from the beginning, my son's unbecoming discourse. He is the more blameable, as he had just been making me the fairest promises. I have suspected his impertinence for a long time, but I wished to see myself, how far he was capable of carrying it; and, for fear of mischief, I put a blade to his sword, that, as you see, will not spill much blood. (*The children burst out a laughing.*)

Elder Raynton. Excuse the freedom, my lord, that I took, in telling him the truth a little bluntly.

Lord Onsb. I rather owe you my thanks for it. You are an excellent young gentleman, and deserve much better

better than he does, to wear this badge of honour. As a token of my esteem and acknowledgment, accept this sword; but I will first put a blade to it that may be more worthy of you.

Elder Raynton. Your lordship is too good; but allow us to withdraw. Our company may not be agreeable to Mr Onsburgh to-day.

Lord Onsb. No, no; my dear boys, you shall stay. My son's presence shall not disturb your pleasure. You may divert yourselves together, and my daughter shall take care to provide you with whatever may amuse you. Come with me into another apartment. As for you, sir, (*to Augustus*) do not offer to stir from this place. You may celebrate your birth-day here alone. You shall never have a sword, until you deserve it, if you were even to grow old without wearing one.

PRISCILLA AND MARCUS.

MRS. CAREY, a young widow, had two children, Priscilla and Marcus, both equally deserving of her affection, which nevertheless they shared very unequally. Priscilla, young as she was, perceived her mamma's partiality to her brother. It afflicted her, but she concealed within her own breast the sorrow which this preference occasioned her. Though not disagreeably plain, her features did not correspond with the charms of her mind; but her brother was beautiful as the God of Love is painted to us. All the fondness, all the caresses of Mrs Carey, were lavished on him alone; and the servants, to gain the favour of their mistress, were studious to flatter him in all his fancies. Priscilla, on the contrary, from her mother's coldness, found herself the more slighted by the rest of the family. Far from anticipating her wishes, they even neglected her real wants. She would shed floods of tears, when she

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found herself alone, and forsaken by every body, but never suffered the slightest complaint or mark of discontent to escape her in the presence of others. In vain did she endeavour, by a constant observance of her duty, by her mildness, and her attentions, to make amends in her mother's opinion for the deficiency of her beauty: the qualities of her mind were unnoticed by eyes accustomed only to look on outward advantages. Mrs Carey, not much affected by the marks of tenderness which Priscilla shewed her, seemed, particularly since her husband's death, to view her with a kind of disgust. She was continually chiding her, and required perfections in her which could not even be expected from an understanding far more advanced.

This unjust mother fell sick. Marcus appeared strongly touched at her sufferings; but Priscilla, who, in the softened looks and languid countenance of her mother, thought she perceived an abatement of her accustomed severity, far surpassed her brother in her care and vigilance. Attentive to her mother's slightest wants, she exerted all her penetration to discover them, that she might spare her even the trouble of expressing them. While her mother's illness had the least appearance of danger, she never quitted her pillow. Entreaties, or even commands, could not prevail on her to take a moment's repose. At length Mrs Carey recovered. This happy circumstance dissipated the apprehensions of Priscilla; but her sorrows began afresh, when she saw her mamma reassume her usual severity towards her.

One day, when Mrs Carey was discoursing with her children of the pains that she had suffered during her illness, and was thanking them for the tender and earnest affection which their cares for her had testified, "My dear children, added she, you may both ask of me whatever will give you most pleasure. I promise to grant it to you, if your desires are within the extent of my fortune.

What do you wish, Marcus? said she first to her son.

—A watch and a cane, mamma, replied he.—You shall have them to-morrow morning.

And you, Priscilla?—Me, mamma? me? answered she, trembling, I have nothing to wish for, if you love me.

That is not an answer. You shall have your recompense too, miss. What would you wish? Speak.

Tho' Priscilla had been accustomed to this tone of severity, yet she felt it more sensibly on this occasion than ever she had done before. She threw herself at her mother's feet, looked up to her with eyes all drowned in tears, and suddenly hiding her face with both her hands, lisped out these words, "Give me only two kisses, such as you give my brother."

Mrs Carey's heart melted at these words, and she felt those sentiments of affection to her daughter now revive, which she had hitherto suppressed. Taking her up in her arms, she clasped her to her breast, and loaded her with kisses. Priscilla, who for the first time received her mother's caresses, gave a loose to the effusions of her joy and love. She kissed her cheeks, her eyes, her breast, her hands: and Marcus, who could not help loving his sister, mixed his embraces with her's. They all enjoyed a happiness which was not confined to the present moment. Mrs Carey repaid with interest to Priscilla that affection which she had before withheld from her, and Priscilla returned it with new marks of tenderness. Nor was Marcus in the least jealous on this account, but rejoiced in his sister's happiness. He soon reaped the reward of so generous a behaviour. The natural goodness of his disposition having been a little injured by the weakness and doating fondness of his mother, he gave way in youth to many little indiscretions, which would have lost him her heart, but Priscilla always found means to excuse him to her. The sensible advice too which she gave him, completed the reform of his manners; and they all three experienced, that there is no true happiness in a family, without the most cordial union between brothers and sisters, and the most lively and equal affection between parents and children.

A GOOD HEART COMPENSATES FOR MANY INDISCRETIONS.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. VAUGHAN

MARY ANNE,

FREDERICK,

DOROTHEA,

SERVANT.

PETER,

his Daughter.

his Nephew.

his Niece.

an old Coachman.

SCENE, *An Apartment in Mr. Vaughan's Country-House.*

SCENE I.

Mr. Vaughan.

THIS is what one gains by taking charge of other people's children! This Frederick, how I loved him! he was, I believe, dearer to me than my own son, and the scape-grace now plays these pranks! how could he change so far from what he promised in his infancy! Such goodness of heart, such spirit, such cheerfulness! The courage of a lion, and the mildness of a lamb! One could not help loving him. But let him never appear before me again. I will never even hear him mentioned.

SCENE II.

Mr. Vaughan, Dorothea.

Dorothea. Did you send for me, uncle? What are your commands?

Mr Vaughan. I have fine news for you, concerning your rogue of a brother.

Doro. (turning pale.) Concerning Frederick?

Mr Vaugh. There, read that letter from Richard, or I will read it to you myself. (*reads.*)

“ Dear Papa,

“ I am sorry to have none but disagreeable news for you; however, it is better that you should receive them
from

from me, than from another. Our dear Frederick" Oh! yes. He deserves that affectionate name now "Our dear Frederick goes on very indifferently. He sold his watch some days ago, and what is still worse, the greatest part of his school books and books of devotion. I will tell you how I came to know it. At a standing of second-hand books, I asked the other day by chance for the whole duty of man; for as I had worn mine out by dint of reading it, I thought I could not do better than to buy another. The bookseller shewed me one, which I knew immediately to be Frederick's. I was positive of it, as his name was upon the title page.— I bought it for sixpence, but did not say a word about it, for fear of prejudicing our school-fellows against him. I contented myself with shewing it to the head master, who sent for the bookseller, and asked him from whom he had that book. The bookseller confessed that he had bought it from my cousin, and Frederick could not deny it, but said, that he had sold it because he wanted money; and that meantime, until he should be able to buy another, he had borrowed one from a friend who had two. The head master would know, what he had done with this money, and Frederick told him, though I suspect his account to be all a fib. Oh! thought I to myself, we must find if he has not parted with some of his necessaries too. I thought first, of the watch that you gave him for his new-year's gift to let him see how his time went, which was a matter that he minded very little, as you may remember. I asked him what o'clock it was. He seemed confused and told me that his watch was at the watch-maker's. I went thither that moment, in order to be certain. There was not a word of truth in it. I expostulated with him, as an affectionate cousin ought; but he answered me that it was no concern of mine, and that his watch was much better as he had disposed of it, than in his fob, as he had no longer occasion to know the hour, for his business. Who knows what he may have done worse? for one cannot guess the whole." Well what do you say to this, Dorothy?

Dorothea. Dear uncle, I own that I am as much displeased at my brother as you are. Notwithstanding—

Mr Vaughan. A little patience ! this is not all. The best of the story is to come. (*reads.*)

“ Only hear what he has done since. The day before yesterday he went out in the afternoon without leave. Evening came on ; he did not return. Supper bell rang ; he was not to be found. In short, he staid out the whole night, and did not come in until the next morning. You may imagine how he was received, They asked him where he had been ; but he had invented all his stories before-hand. And even, though all that he said were true—however, he is to appear this evening before all the masters ; and if they do him justice, he will be expelled shamefully, or at least sent home. What afflicts me most is his ingratitude for all your kindnesses, the disgrace that he brings on us, and the irregular way of life that he follows. I cannot believe that he told truth, in speaking of the place where he spent the night.” And, why do not you mention it ? “ But I wish that he may. It would be still worse, and he would only be the more worthy of your resentment. He threatens now, to run away, and go home.” Yes, yes, let him come ! let him only put his foot upon my threshold ; he will see the consequence. Let him go where he spends his nights. As for you, *Dorothea*, I desire you never to speak a word to me in his favour. They may put him in prison, send him home, expel him ignominiously ; it is all equal to me. I shall never concern myself about him. He may go to some sea-port and ship himself as cabin-boy for the West-Indies. I have used him as my son too long.

Dorothea. True, my dear uncle, you have been as a father to us, and even our own parents could not have shewn more care and kindness to us.

Mr Vaughan. I have done it with pleasure, and take no merit to myself for it. Your mother, while I was abroad on my travels, did the same for my children. So it became my duty, and I never to this day declined it : but—

Dorothea.

Dorothea. Ah! if my brother has forgot himself for a moment, it is owing only to his impetuous temper. You have had him long under your eye. Whenever he had done a fault, his repentance and sorrow for having offended you, always exceeded the offence.

Mr. Vaughan. Well, and how many indiscretions have I pardoned him? When he burned his eye-brows and hair with his fire-works; when he threw a stone through one of our neighbour's windows, and broke a large looking-glass; when he fell into the mire, and spoiled a new suit of clothes; when he overturned the handsomest carriage that ever I had; did not I forgive him all this? I attributed these mischievous freaks to a petulance that did not however as yet shew a bad disposition: but to sell his watch and his books, to leave his school a-nights and lye out, to fly against his masters, and still to have the face to think of coming home to me!

Dorothea. My dear uncle, be pleased first to hear what he can say in his justification.

Mr Vaughan. Hear him? Heaven forbid that I should even see him. I shall tell all my tenants to receive him with a good stick, if he offers to come amongst them.

Dorothea. Ah! no. Your heart could never consent to such harshness. You will not deny the request of a niece that loves and honours you as her father.

Mr Vaughan. You shall see whether that will be difficult to me.

Dorothea. Will you have me think then, that you no longer love the memory of your sister; that you no longer love me?

Mr Vaughan. You? I have no fault to find with you; and therefore your brother's misbehaviour shall never change my sentiments as to you. But if you love me, do not tease me with any more sollicitations.—Study only to live happy in my friendship.

Dorothea. How can I live happy, while I see my brother in disgrace with you?

Mr Vaughan. He has deserved it but too well. Why not

not tell what he did with the money, and where he lay out?

Dorothea. It appears from the letter, that he confessed both. It is only Richard that will not believe him. (*Looks at Mr Vaughan with the tears in her eyes.*) Ah! dear uncle—

Mr Vaughan. (*a little softened.*) Well. He shall have one chance more, on your account. I will wait for the head master's letter.

S C E N E III.

Mr Vaughan, Dorothea, Servant.

Mr Vaughan. What do you want?

Servant. A messenger, sir, would speak with you.

Mr Vaughan. What has he brought?

Servant. A letter from the school, (*gives him the letter.*)

Mr Vaughan. (*looking at the superscription.*) Right I was waiting for this. Where is the messenger? Let him wait for my answer.

Servant. Shall I shew him up?

Mr Vaughan. No; I will go down. I wish to inform myself from his own mouth. (*Goes out. Dorothea following him, the servant makes signs to her to stop.*)

S C E N E IV.

Dorothea, Servant.

Servant. Harkye, Miss Dorothea, come here!

Dorothea. What have you to say?

Servant. Master Frederick is here.

Dorothea. My brother?

Servant. If he be not come yet, he is not far off.

Dorothea. Who told you so?

Servant. The messenger that overtook him on the road. Ah! miss, what has Master Frederick done?

Dorothea.

Dorothea. Nothing unworthy. Do not believe him capable of it.

Servant. Ah! I never thought so of him. Heaven knows we all loved him, and would have given our lives for him. He satisfied us for the least service that we could do him. He spoke for us to your uncle, whenever he was in a passion with us; and he was a friend to all the poor people in the neighbourhood. I wonder how his schoolmaster could be angry with him. Ah! I see how it is. They were going to punish him for some arch prank, and he, being a fine spirited young gentleman, would not be used so roughly.

Dorothea. Where did the messenger find him?

Servant. About a stage off. He was sleeping under a willow on the bank of a little stream.

Dorothea. My poor brother!

Servant. The man stopped till he awoke. You must think how surprized Master Frederick was on seeing him. He imagined that this man had been sent after him to bring him back; and he told him that he would sooner be torn in pieces than go with him.

Dorothea. Ah! I know his stout resolute way.

Servant. The messenger protested to him that, (he had such a regard for him,) if he were sure to be scolded, or even to lose his place for it, he would not molest him. He then told him his message, and how they spoke of him at school.

Dorothea. And what did my brother resolve to do?

Servant. Although he was spent with fatigue, he walked on by the messenger's side, and they came together as far as the edge of our grove. Master Frederick struck in there, to go and hide himself in the grotto, and there he will stay for the messenger's return, to know how your uncle will take matters.

Dorothea. Oh! if I could speak to him!

Servant. It is likely that he wishes it as much as you.

Dorothea. My uncle often walks that way. If he should meet him in the first of his passion! Oh! be so kind as to run and tell him to hide himself in the barn, behind

behind the trusses of hay. I will go to him as soon as my uncle walks out.

Servant. Never fear, miss. I will bring him there myself, and help him to hide himself. (*Goes out.*)

SCENE V.

Dorothea (alone.)

What troubles he continually causes to me! yet I cannot help loving him.

SCENE VI.

Dorothea, Mary Anne.

Dorothea. Ah! dear cousin, how I did long to speak with you! and yet, alas! I have but very ill news for you.

Mary Anne. I know the whole. My papa just now gave me my brother's letter to read. That from the schoolmaster has redoubled his anger against Frederick.

Dorothea. I do not know how to go about justifying him.

Mary Anne. I would wager that he is innocent. Do you know Richard's hypocrisy! he does all the faults, and is cunning enough to lay the blame of them upon others. This is not the first instance of his striving to hurt your brother in my papa's opinion. Twenty times has he, by underhand complaints, had him almost turned out of the house; and then, when matters have been cleared up, he himself has been found the only person in fault. I see, even from his letter, that he is a pickthank, and that Frederick, at worst, has been only imprudent.

Dorothea. What comfort your kindness affords me! yes, my brother is naturally well inclined, free, sincere, generous,

generous, unsuspecting ; but he is also petulant, daring and inconsiderate. He is headstrong in his resolutions, and loses respect for those that do not treat him according to his humour.

Mary Anne. And Richard is envious, dissembling, hypocritical, and fawning. Like a cat that gives at first a paw soft as velvet, and afterwards strikes you with her talons at the moment when you depend most on her kindness. How willingly would I give my brother, with all his false virtues, for yours, " with all his imperfections on his head." The worst is, that Frederick is not here.

Dorothea. And if he was?

Mary Anne. Eh ! where is he then ? Let me run to him. I long to see him.

Dorothea. Hift ! I think I hear my uncle talking to himself.

Mary Anne. Well, you are Frederick's sister ; it is but right that you should see him first. I will stay here with my papa, and try to soften him. Do you run to the poor wanderer, and give him some words of comfort and hope.

Dorothea. Yes, and a good lecture besides, I assure you, for he deserves it at all events. (*Goes out.*)

S C E N E VII.

Mr Vaughan, Mary Anne.

Mr Vaughan. I am so provoked with this boy, that I have not been able to write, to send back the messenger. However, he may stay here till to-morrow morning.— Let me compose myself a little.

Mary Anne. How, papa ! are you still angry with my poor cousin ? Is his crime so very great then ?

Mr. Vaughan. Truly it becomes you much to excuse him. I see that your head is no better than his, and you would have done worse, perhaps, in his place.—

Yet

Yet you have both of you a good example before you.

Mary Anne. Who is that?

Mr Vaughan. My good boy Richard.

Mary Anne. Oh! yes. My brother is a boy of great veracity, indeed, very generous! he is a pretty pattern!

Mr Vaughan. I know that Dolly and you are no friends to him. I myself, from your opinions of him, had conceived a prejudice against him; but his master gives me such a good account of him to day—

Mary Anne. Nay, did not all his masters quite ficken you with his praises here? They knew his father's fortune, and people always hope to wheedle presents from a father, by flattering him concerning his son.

Mr Vaughan. I grant, they may have flattered me a little with regard to him; however, from his earliest childhood he has never played me a single prank of the thousands that Frederick has.

Mary Anne. His pranks never hurted any body but himself.

Mr Vaughan. You would make one mad. Did he hurt nobody but himself, when he overturned my chariot? a carriage elegantly gilt, and quite new, that had just cost me two hundred pounds!

Mary Anne. It was but an accident; imprudence is pardonable at his age. Peter was trying the carriage, and Frederick teased him so much to take him up on the seat, that at last he did. After they had gone a little way, he dropped the whip, and Peter went down for it. The horses, finding the reins in weaker hands, set off. Luckily the harness gave way, and nothing suffered but the carriage.

Mr Vaughan. That was not enough, perhaps! And who, upon the whole, has more reason to complain than I?

Mary Anne. Frederick, who had his head terribly cut; but above all, poor Peter that lost his place by it.

Mr Vaughan. I cannot think of it yet with patience. That fine adventure cost me above eight guineas!

Mary Anne.

Mary Anne. And how much grief did it cost the good-natured Frederick. He will never forgive himself, for having occasioned poor Peter's disgrace.

Mr Vaughan. Two good-for-nothing fellows, fit to go together! I am surprized, however, that you pick out the worst characters, and plead their cause. Really it is a pity that you were not born a boy, to be companion to your cousin. I think, you would have had charming adventures together.

Mary Anne. Nay, but—

Mr Vaughan. Hold your tongue! your teasing tires me. I am going to take a turn in the garden. Go find Dorothea, and both of you come to me. (*Goes out without his hat.*)

SCENE VIII.

Mary Anne.

I shall have a good deal of trouble to bring him about. However, let us not despair. He is only ill-natured in words,

SCENE IX.

Mary Anne, and Dorothea.

Dorothea (*half opening the door, and peeping in.*) Hift.

Mary Anne. Well?

Dorothea. Is my uncle out?

Mary Anne. He is just gone. Where is Frederick?

Dorothea. He waits for us on the back stairs.

Mary Anne. You have no more to do than take me to our room.

Dorothea. No; that won't do. Jenny is there.

Mary Anne. Why cannot we bring him here? Nobody comes here when my papa is out.

Dorothea. You are right; and it will be easier too for
G him

Anne.

him to slip out upon occasion. Stay here, I will bring him up.

S C E N E X.

Mary Anne.

How curious I am to hear him tell his story! And I shall be glad to see him too. It is above a year since he left us. Ah! I hear him. (*Goes to the door to meet him.*)

S C E N E XI.

Mary Anne, Dorothea, Frederick.

Mary Anne (embracing him.) Ah! my dear cousin.

Dorothea. He deserves this kindness, indeed, for the trouble that he has caused us.

Mary Anne. I see him, and all is forgotten.

Frederick. My dear cousin, do I find you then still the same? You have never been so hard upon me as my sister.

Dorothea. If I were as much so as your uncle; ah! then—

Frederick. In the first place, what does *he* say? Can it be true that he is so enraged against me?

Dorothea. If he knew us to conceal you here, we should have no more to do than quit the house, and go about our business.

Mary Anne. Oh! it is very true. Do not think of appearing before him yet awhile. He is in a humour to do you a mischief just now.

Frederick. What can our head master have written to him?

Dorothea. A handsome encomium upon your exploits.

Mary

Mary Anne. My brother had touched a little upon the subject by yesterday's post.

Frederick. What! has Richard written? Then I have occasion for nothing more to justify me. He knows the whole matter as well as I, for I trusted him with every thing

Mary Anne. One needs only to judge of you from his letter.

Frederick. Well, if I be not innocent, I am the greatest rogue—

Dorothea. That is saying nothing. You must be either one or the other.

Frederick. And could you think me guilty? What is my crime? selling my watch?

Dorothea. No more than that? who can tell if your shirts too, and your clothes—

Frederick. Very true. I would have sold every thing if I had occasion for more money.

Dorothea. A very pretty defence, truly! and to pass whole nights from the school!

Frederick. One night, sister.

Dorothea. And to fly against a proper chastisement?

Frederick. Say, rather against an outrage that I did not deserve. If I had submitted to it, I should always have borne a blot in the opinion of my uncle: and if they had expelled me, I should never have appeared before you.

Mary Anne. But, dear Frederick, what can you say in your defence? We should know it, in order to clear you to papa.

Frederick. Here is the fact. Some days ago they talked of a fair that was to be in the neighbouring village. Our master gave a few of us leave to go there, in order to amuse ourselves, and gratify our curiosity.

Dorothea. Ah! then it was for oranges and tarts that your watch and your *Whole Duty of Man* went, or perhaps for a sight of monkies and tumblers.

Frederick. Surely, my sister must have a great taste for these things, to suppose one could spend money on

them. No, it was not so. I was dry, and went into a publick house to have some beer.

Dorothea. Why, that is worse still.

Frederick. Really, sister, you are very severe. But do let me finish. While I was sitting there—

Mary Anne. (*listening at the door.*) We are undone! my papa I hear him!

Dorothea. Run! run!

Frederick. No; I will wait for my uncle, and throw myself at his feet.

Mary Anne. Oh! no, dear cousin; he is not capable of listening to you. Do for my sake—

Frederick. You would have me?

Mary Anne. Yes, yes; leave me to manage for you. (*She pushes him by the shoulders to the door of the back stairs, shuts it upon him, and returns.*)

SCENE XII.

Mr Vaughan, Mary Anne, Dorothea.

Mary Anne. Ah! papa, I see you are returned already from your walk.

Mr Vaughan. I am looking for my hat. Hang it, I do not know where I have left it.

Dorothea. (*looking about.*) Here, here it is.

Mr Vaughan. You could not think of bringing it to me.

Dorothea. I must have been blind sure, not to see it

Mary Anne. Who can think of every thing?

Mr. Vaughan. Truly, you have so many things to take up your attention.

Mary Anne. I was just thinking of poor Frederick.

Mr. Vaughan. Must I constantly have that name rung in my ears?

Mary Anne. Well, papa, let us talk no more about him. Would not you chuse to finish your walk before the dew falls?

Mr Vaughan. No. I will go out no more this evening.

ing. (*Mary Anne and Dorothea look at each other, shaking their heads with an air of disappointment*) It is too late. Besides, I have just been told that my old coachman is below, and would speak with me.

Mary Anne and Dorothea. What Peter?

Mr Vaughan. Whatever damage he has caused me, the mischief is done, and he has been sufficiently punished for it. I would know what he has to say to me.

Mary Anne. He might very well wait until you returned from your walk.

Mr. Vaughan. No, no. I shall dismiss him the sooner. After all (*Mary Anne and Dorothea whisper together.*) (*to Mary Anne.*) When your father—(*to Dorothea.*) When your uncle speaks to you, I think that you should listen to him. After all—(*Dorothea endeavours to steal away.*) Where are you going, Dorothea?

Dorothea. (confused.) I have business down stairs.

Mr Vaughan. Well, tell Peter to come up. (*Dorothea goes out*)

S C E N E XIII.

Mr Vaughan, Mary Anne.

Mr Vaughan. After all, I pity the poor man. I never had so good a coachman. My horses were so sleek, that one might see one's face in their coats; and he never embezzled their corn at the alehouse.

Mary Anne. Ah! if you had kept him, you would have spared poor Frederick many a sorrowful moment.

Mr Vaughan. Say no more of him. It was he that occasioned me to discharge Peter, and to be at present without a coachman; for after him I conceived a dislike to all others. I shall never find one to replace him.

S C E N E XIV.

M. Vaughan, Mary Anne, Dorothea and Peter.

Dorothea. Uncle, here is Peter.

Peter. I beg pardon, sir, but I cannot think that you are still angry with me. I hope you will not take it amiss that I have made bold to wait on you as I passed the house, and to beg you to let me have a discharge.

Mr Vaughan. Did not I give you one?

Peter. I never had any other than "There; take your wages; quit my house this moment, and never let me see your face again." You did not give me time sir, to ask for a gentler discharge.

Mr. Vaughan. You did not deserve more ceremony from me, after destroying my finest carriage. I wish that Frederick had broke his neck at the same time.

Peter. What would you have of it, Sir? A coachman's sense is in his whip, and I had just lost possession of mine. But I shall be wiser for the future.

Mr Vaughan. Well, it is all over. How do you live?

Peter. Ah! dear master, since I left your house, I have never had a happy moment. You know upon quitting your service, I went to live with Major Bramfield. Oh! what a master! he could never speak but with his cane lifted up; rest his soul!

Mr Vaughan. He is dead then?

Peter. Yes, to the great joy of his soldiers. He never gave me his orders without swearing like a Turk. His horses had their full measure of corn, and his people plenty of hard knocks, but not much bread.

Mary Anne. Ah! poor Peter! why did you stay in his service?

Peter. Where could I go? What kept me there besides, was, that my wife found employment in the house, in washing and mending the linen. She earned at least half as much as maintained our children. Every one trembled before the Major. Death alone made him tremble, and laid him low. At present I am out of place
and

and do not know where to lay my head.

Mr *Vaughan*. But you know that I never wish any one to starve, much less an old servant.

Peter. Ah! I always thought so; But those terrible words "Never let me see you again," sounded continually like a clap of thunder in my ears. Ten of the Major's greatest oaths could not have frightened me so much.

Mary Anne. And you have had no master since?

Peter. Ah! Miss, it is not here as in London. In the poor little villages about here, people want their corn more for themselves than for their horses. I worked at daily labour in the fields, my wife spun, and my children went about asking charity. But we altogether made so little, that we were not able at the week's end to pay the rent of a poor garret. Very soon we had nothing but the earth for our bed, and the sky for our covering. My poor wife died of grief and hardship. (*wipes his eyes.*)

Mr. *Vaughan*. You deserved it all. Why did not you come and ask my assistance?

Mary Anne. (*to Dorothea.*) Now my papa shews himself once more. A good sign for Frederick.

Peter. Ah! sir, what a woman it was! Sure never was a better wife. Whenever I came home at night without having earned a farthing, and thought that I must go to bed hungry, I always found half of her morsel of bread left purposely for me. When I foamed with rage like one in despair, and would destroy every thing round me, she always restored me to my calm senses, and made me a reasonable man again. Now she is dead, and I cannot bring her to life. There began my real unhappiness, and heaven knows where it will end.

Dorothea. Ah! poor Peter!

Peter. I had no more hopes of finding a service in these parts; so I set out one fine evening with my little girl in my arms, and I took my boy by the hand. We walked a great part of the night, and slept the remainder under a hedge. Next morning, by break of day, we were

were in sight of a town. Luckily there was a fair there that day. I earned some money by carrying burthens. But, fir, I must say it was an angel, an angel from heaven, Master Frederick—

Mr Vaughan. An angel? what Frederick? that reprobate?

Mary Anne and Dorothea. (*approaching Peter with looks of joy and curiosity.*) What, Frederick? Frederick?

Peter. Dear master, use me ill if you will; but not that fine generous child. I would rather that you should trample me under your feet.

Dorothea. Oh! tell us, Peter, tell us.

Peter. My little Lucy went to ask a charity at the door of a public house. Master Richard and Master Frederick were sitting there at a table, with some beer before them.

Mr Vaughan. Ay! fine inclinations truly! in an ale-house!

Dorothea. Nay, uncle, he only went to refresh himself.

Mr Vaughan. What business had he in the town at all?

Mary Anne. He had leave to see the fair. Your good Richard, you see, was there too.

Peter. He presently knew my child, and rose from table in spite of all that his companion could say. He made poor little Lucy drink a glass of beer, took her by the hand, and leading her out, heard from herself a brief account of our misery. He then desired her to bring him to me, and found me in the next street, drinking out of my hat at a well, as the heat of my work had made me dry. I thought that I should run mad with joy upon seeing him. All shabby and dirty as I was, I took him in my arms before every body; and hugged him so close, the folks were afraid that I should stifle him. Ah! he was heartily glad to see me too. At last, as there were a number of people about us, he told me to lead him to a place where we might be by ourselves, and I took him to a barn, where I had already bespoke my bed for the night.

Mary Anne.

Mary Anne. Ah! papa, I would lay a wager—

Mr. Vaughan. Silence. Well, Peter?

Peter. I told him all that I have now told you. The dear child began to cry as if he would break his heart, I should beg for you, cried he, as I am the cause of your misfortunes; but I will not sleep without relieving them. Here, Peter, said he, feeling in his pockets, take what money I have about me. I was not for taking it; that made him angry. I told him that it was money given him for his amusement, and that as for me, I was used to hardship. He frowned, and stamped with his feet, and I verily believe, that he would have hit me if I had not taken his purse.

Mr Vaughan. How much was there in it?

Peter. Almost a crown. He would keep no more than six-pence. It shall never be said, continued he, that an honest servant of my uncle's, who has neither robbed nor defrauded any one, shall be obliged in his old age to go begging with his children, and not have so much as a lodging. Take a little room. Before three days I will return, and I will support you ever until I shall have written unto my uncle. We have both provoked him against us; but he is too humane, and too generous to abandon you to misery.

Mr. Vaughan. Did he really say so, Peter?

Peter. I can take my oath of it, Master.

Mary Anne. Well, well, we can believe you; finish your story.

Peter. How do you employ your children? said he, as he took my Billy upon his knee. Employ them? said I, they go about selling nosegays and toothpicks; and when nobody buys, they ask charity. That is not right, said he. They would never learn any thing by that trade but idleness and profligacy. You should make your boy learn a trade, and put the girl out to a decent service.

Mary Anne. Frederick was very right there, papa.

Peter. Yes, said I; but how can I offer the children to any body in these rags? if I had only three guineas I could soon settle them. There is a weaver hard by, that

that employs young hands, and would take my Billy, if I could give him two guineas fee ; and a dairy-man's wife would take Lucy into her service, if she was a little clad. Then I could go and offer myself for service in some rich family, and not be reduced to stroll about like a vagrant.

Mr. Vaughan. And what did Frederick say ?

Peter. Nothing, sir. He went away, but two days after he returned. Where is the weaver that will take your son apprentice ? carry me to him. So I did, and he spoke with him privately for a while. And the dairy-man's wife, said he, that will take charge of Lucy ? where does she live ? I took him there too. He left me at the door, went and spoke to the woman in her dairy, joined me again without saying a word, and we came away. After we had walked about forty yards, he stopped, and taking me by the hand, my honest old friend, said he, make yourself easy as to your children. He then pointed me to a shop of second hand clothes that happened to be not far off, where he had paid beforehand for this jacket, and this great coat.—Don't I look like a squire in them ?

Mary Anne. O my excellent cousin ! good natured Frederick !

Mr. Vaughan. (*wiping his eyes.*) I see now where the watch went.

Peter. That is not all, sir. Did not I catch him slipping money into my pocket ? I was positively for returning it to him, and told him that he had already done too much for me. But if ever I saw him fall in a passion, it was then. He assured me, sir, that it was you who had sent it to him for my use. And when I was for coming here directly to thank you, he told me that you would not have it mentioned. Ah ! thought I to myself, Mr Vaughan was so good a master ! perhaps he would take me again. For all that I did not dare to come, as Master Frederick had forbidden me.

Mr. Vaughan. O Frederick ! my dear Frederick ! you have still then that noble and generous heart that I always took you to possess from your infancy.

Mary Anne.

Mary Anne. And what determined you at last to appear again before my uncle?

Peter. The case was this. They would not take my Billy without a copy of the register of his baptism, and for that I must come here to the clerk of this parish. As I entered the village, I heard that my Lord Vasty wanted a coachman. It seemed as if Master Frederick had sent good luck along with me. I waited on my Lord, who promised to take me if I could bring him a proper discharge from my last master. I could not go into the other world to ask the Major for one; so I took my chance, though sadly afraid, to apply to you. And should you even refuse me, I shall at least have returned you my acknowledgments for the relief that you were so kind as to convey to me thro' the hands of Master Frederick.

Mr. Vaughan. No, honest Peter. You are indebted for them to himself alone. It is he who has stripped himself to cover you. But he is also indebted to you for the return of my favour. From what a misfortune you save him! yes, but for you, so great was my resentment against him, I should have banished him from my presence for ever.

Peter. Say you so, sir? Then I should be the happiest man in the world! What, to save him from misfortune, as he has me! each of us to owe that obligation to the other!

Mr. Vaughan. That sneaking varlet Richard had almost turned my heart against him. How could I trust that knave, who has so often imposed upon me? But the head master of the school!

Mary Anne. Why, papa, he must have imposed on him as well as you.

Mr Vaughan. But bless me, they write me word that Frederick is run away. If he should grow desperate! If any misfortune should happen to him!

Peter. A horse! a horse! I'll bring him back to you, if he were at the world's end. (*going to run out.*)

Dorothea. (*holding him.*) My dear uncle, would you really pardon him? would you take him to your arms once more?

Mr. Vaughan.

Mr *Vaughan*. Ay ; though he had sold all his clothes ! though he were to return as naked as he was born !—
(*Dorothea makes a sign to Mary Anne, and runs out.*)

Mary Anne. What if he were here papa ?

Mr. *Vaughan*. Here ? has any one seen him ? where is he ? where is he ?

Peter. Ah ! if he were here ! I would jump up to the cieling for joy.

Mary Anne. Well, papa, do you see him ?

S C E N E XV.

Mr *Vaughan*, *Frederick*, *Mary Anne*, *Dorothea*, *Peter*.—
(*Frederick entering; kneels to his uncle. Peter shews an extravagance of joy. Dorothea and Mary Anne melt into tears.*)

Frederick. Ah ! uncle, my dear uncle, will you forgive me ?

Mr *Vaughan*. Forgive you ? I love you a thousand times better than before. You deserve it ; and shall never leave me again.

Frederick. No uncle ; never, never. (*Turning, he sees Peter, and takes him by the hand.*) Ah ! if you had seen the misery of this poor man and his children, if you had been the cause of their distress !

Peter. 'Twas I, 'twas I myself ; why should I have let you climb upon my seat, or have left you to manage a pair of fiery horses ? but who could refuse you any thing ? I could not, though the carriage were to run over me through it. So mark, Master Frederick ; never ask me any thing improper again ; I should agree to it, I know ; but I should go and drown myself directly.

Mr *Vaughan*. Why did not you write me an account of all this, instead of selling your watch, your books, and perhaps your clothes. It was at least an imprudence in a child like you, who knows not the value of things.

Frederick. Yes, that is true ; but to let this family be a moment longer in their distress, seemed to me

as bad as murder. Besides, as you had turned Peter away in a passion, I was afraid that you should forbid me to assist him; and that by disobeying your express orders, I should make myself more blameable.

Mr. *Vaguban*. What, then you would have disobeyed me there?

Frederick. Yes, uncle; but in that only.

Mr. *Vaughan*. Kifs me, my brave Frederick.—After all, there is one article in the letter which makes me hesitate; that is your lying out. Where did you pass the night?

Frederick. I had carried Peter the money that day. Our master was not at home in the evening, and I knew that the doors would be shut at ten o'clock. I thought to be home before, and so I should, if I had not gone astray after dark.

Dorothea. Poor brother! where did you lie then?

Frederick. I found an empty old shed, and there I stretched myself upon a great stone, and never slept so well in my life.—I was so happy to have relieved Peter!

Mary Anne. Ah! that ill-natured Richard! He took good care not to tell us all this, and yet he knew it.

Mr. *Vaughan*. From this moment I withdraw my regard from him, and you alone——

Frederick. No, uncle; I will not be happy at the expence of another, and far less at that of your son.

Dorothea. (*taking his hand.*) How much I ought to love such a brother!

Mr. *Vaughan*. Well, let him remain at the school; you shall never leave me. I wish to have you always near my heart, and will have masters for you of all sorts, if they were to come a hundred miles.

Peter. (*making a low bow.*) My worthy master, you are always the same.

Mr. *Vaughan*. (*patting him on the shoulder.*) Peter, have you agreed with Lord Vasty?

Peter. Bless your heart, sir, I had not my discharge.

Mr. *Vaughan*. You shall not need one. I see, I shall make Frederick and you happy in having you near

H

each

each other once more. But never let him mount upon your seat again. We shall take care of your children too.

Peter. (*sobbing, and crying for joy.* Dear master!—Sir!—are you serious? Is not this a dream? Frederick! Master Frederick! shall my poor children—Ah! let me go and see my old friends in the stable!

O L D C O L I N.

Mr Dexter, Percival his son.

Percival. **P**APA, I know a very good servant to recommend to you, when you discharge old Colin.

Mr Dexter. Who has given you that commission? Have I any thoughts of sending him away?

Percival. Would you always keep that old fellow? I think, a young servant would do much better for us.

Mr Dexter. How? *Percival.* That is a very bad reason for being tired of a good servant. You call him an old fellow. Child, you ought to blush for it. It is in my service that he is grown old; and perhaps the cares which he took of your infancy, and the sorrow that he felt for your fits of illness, have hastened old age on him. You see then, how ungrateful and unreasonable it would be to take an aversion to him on account of his age. And do you think yourself any better founded in saying that a young servant would answer our purpose? That decision is above your age, and requires more experience than you can possess. At another time I will make you sensible of the advantage that an old servant has above a young one in diligent and faithful service.

Percival. I believe it, papa, since you say so. But he wears a wig; and it is *so* droll to see a man in a wig standing behind your chair at dinner. I can hardly turn

turn my eyes towards him, without being ready to laugh out.

Mr Dexter. That does not shew a good disposition, boy. I should never have suspected you of it. Do you know that he lost his hair in a long and dangerous sickness? To ridicule him, is it not to insult God who who sent this sickness on him?

Percival. But he is always grumbling, and is not so merry as the other servants.

Mr Dexter. Colin may be serious, but is not a grumbler. It is true, he is not so nimble as a young puppy of eighteen or twenty; but does he incur your dislike on that account? O son, that thought makes me shudder! Then you will have an aversion to me, too, if God should grant me a long life?

Percival. Oh! no, papa; I am not so wicked.

Mr Dexter. And do you think that it is not so to hate Colin, because his age hinders him from being so alert as formerly?

Percival. I am wrong, papa, I confess; and I assure you that I am very sorry for having—

Mr Dexter. Why do you stop; For what are you sorry, do you say?

Percival. If I discover my fault to you, perhaps you will be angry with me, and I shall gain nothing by it but a punishment.

Mr Dexter. You know, child, that I am not fond of punishing, and that I try that method very seldom. It is by kindness and good advice that I endeavour to correct your sister and you. I do not know what fault you have committed, therefore cannot promise absolutely not to chastise you. Is it on those terms that you intend to make a confession? You know my affection for you. That is the only security that I can give you; and you may depend on it with as much confidence as on my promise.

Percival. Well, papa, I own that—I called Colin—an old rogue.

Mr Dexter. How? is it possible? Could you so far forget

forget how you should behave to an honest man? And did Colin hear you?

Percival. Yes, papa; and that is what troubles me most.

Mr Dexter. It is very well to be sorry. But it is not enough to be concerned for having affronted one of our fellow-creatures to his face; one ought to feel the same sorrow for affronting him in his absence.

Percival. Yes, I am sorry to have used Colin ill at all; but what grieves me most, is that I treated him so before his face; for—

Mr Dexter. You have begun to open your heart to me, conclude.

Percival. Yes, papa—for Colin, when I used him so ill, shed tears, and said, the pains and infirmities of my old age are not enough, but I must moreover be the laughter of childhood.

Mr Dexter. Poor Colin! I know him well. That ill treatment would go to his heart. It is indeed hard at his age to be the laughing-stock of a child.—But how much more must he suffer in receiving this treatment from a child whom he has known from his birth, and served with an attachment that can never be requited.

Percival. Ah! papa, how much am I to blame! I will ask his pardon, and be assured that in all my life he shall never have reason to complain of me.

Mr Dexter. Very well, child; on this condition alone God and I can pardon you. We are all weak, and liable to be carried away by our passions for a moment. But when we return to ourselves, we must thoroughly repent for our fault; we must force our pride to make amends for it, and use all our resolution to avoid it for the future. But I should wish to know what could make you behave so ungenerously to Colin. Had he offended you?

Percival. Yes, papa—At least I thought so. I was playing with my pop-gun, and aimed to shoot a pea at his face. Have done, Master Percival, says he, or I shall

shall go and complain to your papa. His threatening made me angry, and then I called him names.

Mr *Dexter*. It was on purpose, then, that you strove to vex him?

Percival. I cannot deny it.

Mr *Dexter*. That aggravates your fault. And that was what made him shed tears.

Percival. Ah! papa, if you give me leave, I will go to him this moment, and ask his pardon. I shall not be easy until he forgives me.

Mr *Dexter*. Yes, child; we should never put off for a moment the performance of our duty. I shall wait for you here. (*Percival goes out, and returns shortly after with an air of satisfaction.*)

Percival. Papa, now I am pleased with myself. Colin has forgiven me with all his heart: and I do not think that I shall ever commit the same fault again.

Mr *Dexter*. God forbid that you should! without his grace you can never answer for the firmest resolution.

Percival. And what should I do for that purpose?

Mr *Dexter*. Pray for his assistance. He will not refuse it to you.

Percival. I will pray for it from the bottom of my heart. But papa, there is another thing that I have just now done without your leave, and which perhaps will make you angry.

Mr *Dexter*. What is that, Child?

Percival. The new crown-piece that you gave me as a present on my birth-day, I have given to Colin.

Mr *Dexter*. Why should I be angry at that? I am very well pleased that you should do good actions of yourself, without acquainting me. You may dispose of all the money that I give you. It is your own; and you could not make a better use of it. We should early accustom ourselves to a prudent generosity. Did Colin seem satisfied?

Percival. He dropped tears of joy, and I was pleased to see it.

Mr *Dexter*. I applaud you for that sentiment, my

boy. A humane heart always rejoices to soften the distresses of its fellow-creatures. All the virtues produce joy in our souls, but none fills them with sensations more delightful and more lasting than beneficence.

Percival. Ah ! if ever I possess the means, I will relieve all those about me that are in distress.

Mr Dexter. My last prayer to heaven shall be to strengthen this virtue in your heart, and to render you capable of putting it in practice.

Percival. And shall I be every time so well pleased as to-day ?

Mr Dexter. It is the only pleasure that never grows weak. Endeavour above all things to enjoy it in your family. If your servants are honest people, you ought to gain their affections still more by kind treatment than by money ; and at the same time not neglect to make them small presents now and then. If you bestow them seasonably, and with a good grace, you will make your servants your firmest friends.

Percival. But papa, have not they their wages ?

Mr Dexter. They have them for their service ; no more. But small presents will create affection in them, and they will go beyond their duty.

Percival. I do not understand you very well, papa.

Mr Dexter. Colin will serve as an instance to explain my meaning. I give him his wages, his clothing and his food for serving me. When he has served me, are we not quit ? does he owe me any thing more ? At the same time, you know, he takes care of every thing in the house ; he has of himself undertaken the trouble of inspecting the other servants, and has often saved me great expences. He does all this through good will, without any particular order ; because I have interested his gratitude by occasional presents. When your years will allow you to mix in the world, you will hear nothing in every family but complaints of the negligence and ingratitude of servants. Be assured, my dear, that the fault lies oftenest with the masters, who endeavour to inspire them with fear, rather than with attachment.

Percival.

Percival. Now I understand you perfectly ; and I will one day make use of your instructions and your example.

Mr Dexter. You will never have reason to repent following them. I inherited them from my father, and shall always remember what he used to tell us to that purpose.

THE FATHERS RECONCILED BY THEIR CHILDREN.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. CRUMPTON.

CONSTANTINE,

ALICIA,

THOMAS,

GRACE,

his Son.

his Daughter.

*Son of the Apothecary
of the Village.*

his Sister.

The scene lies in a garden, under the windows of Mr Crumpton's house in the country. On one side a summer-house, and at the bottom of the stage a tuft of trees.

SCENE I.

Mr Crumpton, Alicia, and Constantine.

Alicia. **B**UT papa—

Mr Crumpton. I repeat it to you. Let neither of you henceforward, under pain of my displeasure, have the least connection with the apothecary's children.

Alicia. What has made you then so angry with Mr. Garvey ?

Mr Crumpton. Am I obliged to give you an account ?

Constantine. No, certainly. It does not become us to question you. (*to Alicia.*) When my papa gives his orders, it is our business to obey without reply.

Mr Crumpton.

Mr Crumpton. Yes, that is my meaning. Mr Garvey is an obstinate, disobliging person. Ungrateful! to refuse such a matter to me who am his landlord, and from whom he enjoys his fortune and livelihood!

Constantine. That is scandalous, papa: and I do not know why we have been so long connected with the children of such people. If there had been ever a genteel boy besides in our neighbourhood, I should never have spoken a word to Thomas.

Alicia. O papa! Can you hear my brother talk so? Thomas and Grace are such good children, we should be very happy if we were as good as they.

Mr Crumpton. What is it to me whether they be good or bad? Once more I forbid you to have a word of discourse with them, or else I shall keep you shut up at home.

Constantine. Let Thomas dare so much as to come sneaking about this garden! I'll give him——

Mr Crumpton. What would you say? I do not intend that they should be ill-treated, or affronted in the smallest matter.

Constantine. (*confused.*) Nay, I do not mean that, neither. I only say, that I will not let them come within a hundred yards of us. Oh! I shall keep a look out.

Alicia. Yet you had so great a friendship for Mr Garvey! you looked upon him as so honest a man! as a man of so much learning and good sense! you remember very well that it was he who taught my brother Latin, and gave me my first lessons in spelling, merely through friendship, before we had a master.

Mr Crumpton. All that may be; but I forbid another word on the subject. I will have nothing to say to him, as you shall have nothing to say to his children. What? I think you cry. Dry up those tears, Miss. Have you then so little respect for your father's commands, that it costs you tears to obey them?

Alicia. No, papa. But pardon this last mark of regard that my heart affords them. I shall not be less obedient than my brother.

Constantine. We shall see who will be most dutiful.

Alicia.

Alicia. At least you will not insist that I should hate them. It would not be in my power to obey you.

Mr Crumpton. Neither to hate them, nor to use them ill : only to break off all connection with them. This is my order.

Alicia. I will do whatever is your pleasure. But I have one favour to ask you.

Mr Crumpton. What is that ?

Alicia. That I may speak to them once more, to tell them your orders.

Constantine. For what ? all correspondence is at an end.

Mr Crumpton. I think your request reasonable, and grant it. You may tell them at the same time, that their father must pay me in three days, or else he will repent it.

Alicia. How ? my dear papa, does Mr Garvey owe you anything ?

Mr Crumpton. Do you think that I would ask him for what he did not owe me ? But that does not concern you. Only remember to obey me. (*he goes out.*)

SCENE II.

Alicia and Constantine.

Alicia. Well, brother, is that your friendship for Thomas and Grace ?

Constantine. Well, sister, is this your obedience to your father ?

Alicia. You pretend to obedience ? It is hypocrisy ; nothing more. You only flatter him to wheedle some money from him. You love nothing in the world.

Constantine. Because I do not take pleasure in continually disobliging him ? Would you have me run after these children now he has forbidden me ?

Alicia. You little deserved their friendship, if it costs you no more to give it up. But whenever your expectations from any one are at an end, your sentiments for them soon vanish.

Constantine.

Constantine. As if I had ever any thing to expect from children of that sort !

Alicia. What was that case then of mother of pearl, which you prevailed on Grace to give you not a week ago ? and those tablets that you contrived to coax so dexterously from Tommy yesterday ? you have cringed to them a thousand times for a nosegay or an orange ; and now——

Constantine. Now I must obey. But truly the apothecary's children are fine company to grieve after !

Alicia. Yes ; and I shall see you, perhaps, this evening in the middle of the dirtiest boys of the village.

Constantine. I shall not lose much by the exchange.

Alicia. And they still less.

Constantine. I do not care. But here comes Mr Thomas ; advise him as a tender friend not to come too near me.

Alicia. If you do not like to see him, you may go away.

Constantine. I do *not* like to see him, and I will stay.

S C E N E III.

Alicia, Constantine, Thomas (carrying a little wooden house, painted blue.)

Thomas. (to Alicia.) Oh ! how glad I am to find you !

Constantine. Dear Tom, what have you there in that little house ?

Thomas. It is a present that Mr Billingsley's game-keeper made me.

Constantine. And you come to make me a present of it, my dear friend ?

Alicia. (aside.) The hypocrite !

Thomas. It is for Miss Alicia.

Alicia. For me ? no, no, my friend. Since it is a present to you, I shall not deprive you of it.—(But pray what is it ?

Constantine.

Constantine. (imperiously.) Come, I'll see what it is. *(endeavours to snatch the wooden house from Thomas, who holds it forcibly.)* Some ugly bird, I suppose.

Thomas. An ugly bird? no, you are out. Guess, Miss: but I won't keep you in pain; it is a squirrel. Oh! a comical little beast it is! he always strives to hide himself in your pocket: then he comes to eat out of your hand, and he runs after you like a little spaniel. *(He takes it out of its house, and gives its chain to Alicia.)* Don't let it go, though. He must grow tame with you, otherwise he would take a trip to the grove.

Constantine. (with a look of envy.) A fine present indeed! a squirrel! it smells like a pole-cat.

Alicia. O the charming little creature! how sprightly it looks!

Thomas. I could have wished, Master Constantine, to have another to offer you; and I will bring you the first that I have. When he is a little used to you, Miss he will play such tricks as will make you die with laughing. He is worse than a monkey.

Alicia. For that reason, Master Tommy, I will not deprive you of it. *(to the squirrel.)* Come, little rogue, go into your house again. You must take it back, friend Thomas.

Constantine. Yes, do not you hear? You must take it back.

Thomas. How? he is not mine now. You would not disoblige me, Miss Alicia? No, I know you would not. *(he runs to the summer-house.)* There. I will leave him here on the bench.

Constantine. (to Alicia) Only dare to take it, and see if papa won't make you pay dear for it.

Alicia. I am almost inclined to take it because of your threatening. My papa has not forbidden me to receive squirrels. I am sorry for poor Tom that I have nothing to give him in return but a sad farewell.

Constantine. Well, leave it to me; I will dismiss both him and his squirrel.

Alicia. No, no, do not take that trouble. *(to Thomas, as he returns.)* Once more, my friend, I cannot accept

cept your present. I have such disagreeable news for you, that I do not know——

Constantine. Yes, yes, Mr Thomas. If you shew yourself before our garden, or only look at the walls of our house !—

Thomas. What ? could you have the heart, Sir, to hinder me ? I thought that you had more friendship for me.

Constantine. Our friendship is broken off ; and pray do not think——

Alicia. I beg you will excuse his ill manners. You do not know, perhaps, that your father has had a quarrel with ours.

Thomas. Pardon me, I know it, and it has made me uneasy enough. However, I did not think that the matter went so far as to break off our friendship. And I should still less have expected it from Master Constantine.

Constantine. Sister, will you send him away immediately, or shall I go and acquaint my papa ?

Thomas. If you are to have any trouble on my account, Miss Alicia.——

Alicia. Do not fear, my friend ; you may stay a while. My papa will not take it amiss.

Constantine. We shall see that ; I will open the cause to him. (*He goes out, but returns a moment afterwards, and slips into the summer-house unperceived.*)

S C E N E IV.

Alicia, Thomas.

Thomas. For heaven's sake, Miss Alicia, tell me, what have I done then to your brother ?

Alicia. In the first place the matter is that he is a little jealous on account of the squirrel that you have given me. Then he thinks that he will curry favour with our papa, in taking part in his quarrel with yours. For my papa is very angry, and I do not know why.

Thomas.

Thomas. Nor I neither. I only heard my father say as he walked about by himself; I could not think this of Mr Crumpton. He then went to find my mother; and as my sister was with her then, she must know what the business was.

Alicia. In the mean time, my papa has forbidden us to see you or speak to you.

Thomas. What! shall I see you no more? shall I not be allowed to speak to you? Ah! how shall I part with you? what will my poor sister do who is so fond of you? Oh dear! what have we done then?

Alicia. Comfort yourself, my dear Thomas; we shall still be good friends, and if we are forbidden to see each other, who will hinder us to think one of the other? Thus for instance; when I play with your squirrel, I shall think of you. I will always call him by your name. Oh! how I shall love him!

Thomas. How happy you make me in telling me so! I do not know now if I should be sorry any more; but here comes my sister. She looks very dull.

SCENE V.

Alicia, Thomas, Grace.

Alicia. (running to meet Grace, and saluting her.) My dear Grace!

Grace. My good Miss Alicia! *Constantine appears at the bottom of the stage, leading Mr Crumpton privately behind the summer-house.*

Thomas. (to Grace.) Ah! you are going to hear disagreeable news.

Grace. And I bring you no better. My father and mother are in such trouble—

Thomas. Did not I tell you so? well, what passed?

Grace. Your father may perhaps be angry with ours, but certainly his demand is something unreasonable.

Alicia. Unreasonable? that cannot be. Ah! if it were so, I should still have hopes of persuading him.

I

Tell

Tell me, however, what is it?

Grace. You know that handsome tuft of trees that is behind your garden?

Alicia. O yes; where we used to go in the spring evenings to hear the nightingale sing. A charming little grove!

Grace. You know, too, that this little grove was given to my father by old Mr Drury, in return for his services to him during his-lifetime.

Alicia. Well!

Grace. Well, Mr Crumpton wants to have it.

Alicia. What! my papa?

Thomas. What, our pretty little grove?

Grace. My father told him that he should be very happy to oblige him; that he should never forget how much he and his family were indebted to him; but that his friend had desired him on his death-bed, never to part with this grove, that it might always serve to keep him in his memory.

Alicia. With all the respect that I owe my papa, I cannot deny but he is in the wrong here. But however, he would not have it for nothing. That is not his way of thinking.

Grace. Oh dear, no. He means to pay my father for it, and even perhaps more than it is worth.

Thomas. And what does he wish to do with it? has he not the prospect of it as well as we?

Grace. He wants to cut down all those fine trees.

Alicia and Thomas. Cut them down?

Grace. You know the hill that is behind the grove? He says that will make a fine prospect. Now the grove is at the foot of the hill; so to have the prospect, he must cut down the grove.

Alicia. Ah! now I see why he brought down an architect from town, who talks to him about grottos and bridges, and Chinese temples. My father dreams of nothing but improvements. He has a plan of them continually in his hands, and talks of them a hundred times a day even to me. And I who made myself so happy to see all those fine things shortly! Ah! I'll have

have nothing to do with them. Let your father keep his grove.

Thomas. What would become of the birds that chirp so sweetly on those venerable trees, and who generally built their nests there, because nobody disturbed them, and we carried them food there!

Grace. And the refreshing cool that we breathed there in the hot summer days!

Alicia. And the echo that used to answer us from the hill when we sung!

Grace. The prospect of a grove in full leaf, is, I believe, as good as that of a hill.

Alicia. And then what occasion has my father for a new prospect? he has so many others on every side.

Thomas. I should think that one of my own limbs was lopt off at every stroke of the hatchet.

Alicia. No, no. Your father must not deprive himself of his grove.

Grace. Must not? ah! he will not keep it long.

Alicia. Why not? my papa will never go and take it from him by force, I suppose? He has not the power.

Thomas. But if he is angry with us, and has forbidden you to see and speak to us, I would rather give ten groves like that.

Grace. And don't you think that I would too? What should I do there without you, Miss Alicia? I should never have any desire to go into it.

Alicia. My dear Grace, we used to be so happy in it. Do you remember when we used to go there in the evening, and tell each other every thing that had happened to us in the day?

Grace. Yes, and each brought her work. You sewed, and I knitted. Then when Thomas brought us flowers, we left off our work to make nosegays. You gave me yours, and I gave you mine. That was enough to make us think of each other the whole next day.

Thomas. And now that is all over, never to return!

Alicia. No, we shall have no more such delightful moments. It will make me grow sick, and then my papa will be sorry, and I will tell him that if he would

restore me to health, he must allow me to see my little friends again. (*They all three embrace, and weep.*)

Grace. But mean time the grove will be cut down; it certainly must.

Alicia. And why?

Grace. Ah! Miss Alicia, I have not told you all.—About ten years ago, Mr. Crumpton lent my father fifty pounds to set him up; and you know that my father has never yet been able to pay him.

Alicia. (*aside.*) Ah! this was the debt mentioned just now.

Grace. If we will keep the grove, Mr Crumpton will have his fifty pounds; and my father does not know how to raise them. Among all his friends, there is none but your papa himself that could furnish him with so great a sum; and he is the the very person that demands it.

Alicia. (*taking both their hands.*) Oh! if there be nothing but that, I can settle it.

Grace. Settle it?

Thomas. You, Miss?

Alicia. (*with joy in her countenance.*) Do you promise not to betray me?

Grace. I betray you?

Thomas. Ah! can you doubt but we will promise?

Alicia. Well then, hear me. You know—I cannot think of it without being moved still—You know how fond my mamma was of me. In her last illness, one day when I was alone with her, she called me to her bed-side, shedding a flood of tears, she kissed me, and taking a purse from under her pillow, Here, my dear Alicia, said she, take this. I forbid you to let any one know that I have given it to you. Keep this money for important occasions. You have a kind heart, and a good understanding for your age (it was mamma, however, that said this.) You will know how to dispose of it worthily. Your father has a noble and generous soul, but is something passionate and revengeful. you may, perhaps, spare him occasions of vexation or sorrow. On so extensive an estate as ours, there must
be

be many poor people who have suffered undeserved losses; such you may assist in secret. You may also repay such services as may be done you, without having always recourse to your father. It is through your hands, that I have for these two years past distributed my favours and my assistance: I hope that you have acquired sufficient discernment to distinguish those who have a claim to pity. In short, I doubt not but you will make the best use of this little sum which I trust to your hands, for the benefit of honesty in distress. I shall think that I myself have done the good which you shall do; and it is the best means by which I can be present to your memory." She was so exhausted, that she could say no more; but I shall ever remember this discourse as long as I live.

Grace. (*wiping her eyes.*) Excellent lady!

Thomas. My father and mother never speak of her but with tears in their eyes.

Alicia. My mamma had a great friendship for them too. She told me at her death, always to look upon Mr. Garvey as one of my best friends, and to follow his sensible advice in every thing. You see, then, that I have obligations to you. How happy am I in honouring mamma's memory; in satisfying my own gratitude; in saving my papa from an act of injustice; in sparing him the sorrow that he would feel for it; in preserving every thing; the charming little tuft of trees; our own friendship; the pleasure of seeing each other as before—

Grace. (*throwing her arms round her neck.*) O my dear Miss Alicia!

Thomas (*taking her hand.*) My father will bless you in his heart, but he will never take your money.

Alicia. Certainly he will take it if I request him. Nobody in the world shall know any thing of it. Stay here, my dear friends; I will go for it.

Thomas. I shall not take the charge of it, however.

Alicia. You shall, my dear Grace. And Thomas, if you hinder her, take notice I do not accept your squirrel; I obey my father rigorously; I never look at you

again ; I never go either to your house, or into the grove again.

Grace. Well, Miss, since you speak in that manner.

Alicia. (*stopping her mouth.*) You do not know what you say. I wont even hear you. Stay for me, I will soon return. If I am not interrupted, I shall write a few lines to your father. In case that I cannot join you again, I will put the purse near the summer-house ; there, under that large stone. Mark the place well now ; do you hear ?

Grace. I am sure that my father will send me back with your money.

Alicia. Let him beware of that. Besides, you will not know where to find me ; for alas ! it is perhaps the last time that we are allowed to discourse together.

Grace. Ah ! Miss Alicia, what cruel words !

Alicia. I must certainly obey my father. But we are neighbours ; we are not forbidden to look at each other ; and whenever our eyes can meet unobserved.---

Grace. Oh ! mine shall take care to seek yours, and to tell them that I shall never forget to love you.

Thomas. Who will hinder us to be in your way when you go out to walk ? and then——

Alicia. You are right. A smile, a little wink or side look can pass without being seen. Come, take comfort ; all will go well. But where is the squirrel ? as I am going into my room, I will carry it up.

Thomas. Stop a moment, I will go and fetch his house, and carry it for you as far as your door. (*runs to the summer-house.*)

Alicia. Good by, my dear Grace.

Grace. Ah ! Miss Alicia, I cannot believe that it is to be for ever.

Thomas. (*returning in a fright with the squirrel's house.*) Bless me ; the squirrel is not here.

Alicia. What ! my squirrel gone ? O dear Thomas.

Thomas. Somebody must have opened the door, for I remember to have shut it.

Alicia. It can be none but my brother. He was jealous that you made me a present of it ; and while

we

we were speaking here, he has slipped into the summer-house, and opened his little door.

Thomas. If he only carried away the squirrel to play with him a little !

Alicia. I know him better than you do. He has let him run away.

Thomas. Well, stay ; he cannot be very far off. If I can discover him upon some tree. I need only shew him a nut to make him come down immediately. I will go and hunt all about.

Alicia (to Thomas.) I wish you success in the chase, my dear friend. *(to Grace.)* Poor Thomas ! I pity him, he was so happy in making me that present !

Grace. That is true indeed. He never was at ease until he had brought it to you.

Alicia. Well, I must leave you, my dear Grace. I will take the terrace walk ; it leads to the house ; and do you go out by the little door of the garden, and slip round along the wall. You need only stand under my window, without taking notice of any thing. I will throw you the purse with a letter. If my papa is not in my way, I will come and bring them to you myself.

Grace. O my dear generous friend, what good nature ! *(they go out different ways.)*

SCENE VI.

Mr. Crumpton, Constantine.

Constantine. Well, papa, was I wrong ? you see what pains my sister takes to obey you.

Mr. Crumpton. And what is this story of a squirrel ?

Constantine. I did not tell it to you while we were hid, because they would have heard us. But here is the affair : the dear friend Thomas made a present of the squirrel to the dear friend Alicia. The dear friend Alicia received this ugly little beast with so much pleasure, that she calls it her dear friend Tommy. But I have

have managed so, that she has not had much amusement with it.

Mr Crumpton How so?

Constantine. They put the squirrel's little house on the summer-house bench. I slipped in there, whilst they were taking a tender farewell. I opened the little door, took the squirrel out, and let him loose amongst the trees.—I saw him soon climb up into a tree, and jump from branch to branch. They will be pretty cunning if they ever catch him again.

Mr. Crumpton. Then, Sir, you have done a very rashly action. Did not I forbid you to molest those poor children? and you knew very well the trouble that you were going to cause to your sister.

Constantine. Since she disobeyed you, did she not deserve to be punished?

Mr. Crumpton. Is it to you that the right of punishing her belonged? Run, tell the gardener and his people to look for the squirrel, and to bring it to me.

Constantine. But papa, you forbid my sister any communication with Mr Garvey's children; and will you suffer her to receive a present from them?

Mr Crumpton. Was Thomas informed of my intentions when he brought the squirrel?

Constantine. At least Alicia knew them, and was not that disobeying you?

Mr. Crumpton. It belonged to me to determine that. She certainly would have shewed me the present that she received; and if I thought it proper, I should order her to return it. Again I say run and let this squirrel be found again, or you shall answer to me for it.

Constantine. But papa, you have heard them talk finely. My sister has money unknown to you, and she gives it to Mr Garvey to pay you. Should not I do better, to go and watch Grace, to surprize her when she receives the purse, and to bring it to you?

Mr. Crumpton. Only dare to do it. You know my orders. Obey.

Constantine. (*murmuring.*) I thought that I had done such fine things!

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Mr. Crumpton (musing.)

Yes, I see that I have suffered my passion to carry me too far. What a pattern of friendship, gratitude and generosity, do these children shew! it is true, I had forbidden Alicia——But should I have forbidden her? should I suppress those sentiments in her heart, to which I myself had given birth? Could I deprive her of the only happiness which she enjoys in this solitude? the greatest happiness of human life? an amiable and virtuous society with children of her own age? a blessing, the loss of which I could not make good with all my fortune? and for what reason? to satisfy an empty whim. My dear Alicia, neither those grottos, those bridges, those Chinese temples, nor all those ornaments with which I meant to embellish my garden, nothing, in short, could have made you forget the unadorned grove where friendship found so sweet a retreat. What a lesson is this to me! but for you, I was also going to lose a valuable friendship. But you preserve to me the precious blessing. You save me from injustice and remorse. How your noble conduct makes me feel the unworthiness of your brother. Ill-natured boy! in what an odious light has he shewn himself. But let me banish this mortifying idea from my heart. I am impatient to know if Mr Garvey thinks as generously as his children. The part that he takes, will determine my happiness. I have either lost a friend undeserving of my attachment, or I shall now find one worthy of me. (*Alicia crossing the bottom of the stage on tiptoes. Mr Crumpton perceives her, and calls,*) Alicia! (*she goes on. Mr Crumpton calls a second time.*) Alicia! come hither!

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

Mr Crumpton, Alicia.

Mr. Crumpton. Where were you going? why did you strive to avoid me?

Alicia. (confused.) Because---I was afraid to disturb you, papa.

Mr. Crumpton. You were going, perhaps, to seek the Tquirrel that Thomas gave you as a present.

Alicia. Yes, papa. It is true, he has given me one. I suppose Constantine told you.

Mr. Crumpton. You did not receive it, I presume.

Alicia. I! no.---Oh! yes how could I avoid it.---Poor Tommy! he was in such joy when he offered it to me.

Mr. Crumpton. You must return it.

Alicia. Yes, papa, if I had it; but it has run away.

Mr. Crumpton. Is this true, Alicia?

Alicia. Yes, sir, I assure you. I can shew you his house; it is empty.

Mr. Crumpton. Who could have let it out? this was a trick of Constantine's.

Alicia. No, papa. Do not accuse my brother of it. The door must have been ill-fastened, and so the prisoner escaped. But Tommy is in pursuit of him, and if he catches it again, he will bring it back to me.

Mr. Crumpton. You mean then, to have a second conversation with him? What have you to say to him? Have not you told him my resolution? And have not you taken your leave of him?

Alicia. Yes, papa; but---Oh! I was so sorry! I shall not easily comfort myself.

Mr Crumpton. You find then a difficulty in obeying me?

Alicia. Oh! it is not that; never imagine it. But could you love me still, could you own me for your child, if I were to tell you that this quarrel does not grieve me?

me? What would you think of me, or what would my friends think, if I could withdraw my heart from them at once, without feeling the least concern?

Mr. Crumpton. But is the offence offered me by their father so indifferent to you, that you take no part in it?

Alicia. Oh! I do take a part in it, and I would give any thing in the world that you had full satisfaction.

Mr. Crumpton. You know then what I ask of him, and what he refuses me?

Alicia. I know—I know—Ah! papa, why do you ask me?

Mr. Crumpton. Because I would know if Mr. Garvey's children are acquainted with the affair, and have entrusted it to you.

Alicia. Yes, they told me—they told me all. Do not be angry, papa!

Mr. Crumpton. Well, what do you think of my demand? Does it appear unreasonable? Have not I a right to expect from Mr. Garvey, in return for all my kindness, a slight compliment, which I would repay him an hundred-fold?

Alicia. Dear papa, I am only a child; how can I decide amongst big people?

Mr. Crumpton. Consult your heart. I would know what it says.

Alicia. Pray excuse me. My heart, perhaps, might say something that would displease you.

Mr. Crumpton. I understand. It would judge, no doubt, that I am in the wrong.

Alicia. Ah! now you are going to be angry.

Mr. Crumpton. Only speak; you will see.

Alicia. I would not offend you for any thing in the world.

Mr. Crumpton. You will not; only tell me freely what you think.

Alicia. Well then, I think that you are right, and Mr. Garvey too.

Mr. Crumpton. Both of us right? Ah! you little flatterer, that is impossible. One of us must be right, and the other wrong.

Alicia.

Alicia. Pardon me! I spoke it as I think. You have done Mr. Garvey great kindnesses, and are right to expect from him in acknowledgment, a matter that you have so much at heart: and he is right in refusing it to you, because he has reasons for not giving it up.

Mr. Crumpton. But are his reasons just, or ill-founded?

Alicia. It is not for me to be the judge of them. You look upon it as his duty, in gratitude to give you up his little grove; and he looks upon the keeping of it to be also a duty of gratitude. You would cut it down, to make a fine prospect; he thinks it an agreeable shady retreat for his children. You are his landlord, and have power: he has nothing but the prayers and tears of his family.

Mr. Crumpton. Enough of this; you are too dangerous an advocate.—Well, let him pay me the fifty pounds that I have lent him, and he may keep his grove.

Alicia. Then it will be force—

Mr. Crumpton. That will shew which is right, Eh?

Alicia. No papa, I only meant—Oh! I do not know what I would say. But the fifty pounds, where can he have them?

Mr. Crumpton. If you do not know, neither do I. However, if he applied to you—

Alicia (embracing her father.) Oh! I cannot conceal it from you any longer. And though you were even to punish me for it—I have deserved your anger—I have—

Mr. Crumpton. Come, come, let me go! What does all this mean, miss?

SCENE IX.

Mr. Crumpton, Alicia, Constantine (hauling in Grace,) Grace.

Constantine. Ah! papa, I have her, I have her. She has

has a letter ; I suppose, for my sister. Come, give it to me, or I'll search you all over. Yes, yes, she had it in her hand as she slipped along the yew-hedge.

Mr. Crumpton. No violence, Constantine. (*To Grace.*) Do you want any body here, child ?

Grace (confused.) No---Yes, sir, I was looking for---

Mr. Crumpton. Why are you frightened ? Well, whom do you want ?

Grace. Miss Alicia.

Constantine. But you know, Grace, that papa has forbidden her to speak to you.

Mr. Crumpton (to Constantine.) I request you to be silent. (*To Grace.*) And what is this letter in question ?

Grace. It is nothing---nothing---(*looking sorrowfully at Alicia.*) Ah ! Miss Alicia, will you forgive me?---

Alicia. My dear Grace, we must hide nothing from papa, now.

Constantine (to Mr. Crumpton.) How, sir ? they speak to each other before your face. Is that obedience ?

Mr. Crumpton. Will you be silent ? Well, Grace, may not I know ?---

Grace. Well, sir, since I must tell you, the matter is, that my father has written a letter to miss here, thanking her for her kindness. (*trembling as she offers the letter to Alicia. Constantine seizes it.*)

Constantine. O papa ! it is full of money. (*To Alicia.*) Ah ! you will be paid now.

Alicia. I was going to confess the whole to you, papa, when Grace and my brother interrupted us. I submit to my punishment.

Mr. Crumpton (opens the letter and reads.)

“ Most worthy Miss,

“ I should not be deserving of your generous intentions in my favour, if I were base enough to lead you into the slightest act of deceit, by accepting the money which you offer me in order to pay your papa. No, my dear miss, I am his debtor, and shall have the misfortune to continue so, until I can acquit my debt by

my own resources. I am unhappy in not being able on this occasion to meet your father's wishes, so cheerfully as I would on any other. If Mr. Crumpton, without mentioning it to me, had pursued the course which his power enables him to use, I should never have expostulated. He may assure himself, that I should not even have formed in my own mind a single complaint against him. At least, I should not have had to reproach myself with violating the sacred promise that I have past. Let him know these sentiments, my worthy little friend. His friendship and yours are more valuable to me than all the possessions in the world. Continue still in the same generous dispositions towards me and my children.

I have the honour to be, &c."

Mr. Crumpton, without shutting the letter, looks at Alicia.)

Alicia (running to him.) Now, papa, you shall know how this money came into my hands, and forgive me for not owning it to you before!—

Mr. Crumpton. (kissing her.) I know the whole, my dear Alicia. I heard your conversation. I am delighted with the nobleness and generosity of your sentiments. I do not blush to confess, that perhaps, but for you, I was going to commit an action that would have made me unhappy all my life. Here is your money. Make that noble use of it which your excellent mother enjoined you. Do not fear that I shall ever suffer it to be exhausted by your bounty. Your little grove shall remain, my dear children, and friendship shall unite you still.

Alicia. (taking his hand.) O papa! I owe you now a second life.

Grace (taking his other hand.) O sir! what goodness! Ah how my father—

Mr. Crumpton. Tell him, my dear Grace, that I request him to take his note again; that I have a small alteration to make in it, of which I will speak to him.

Constantine. How? papa, you—

Mr. Crumpton.

Mr Crumpton. Hold your ill-natured tongue. You have given me to-day, proofs of a very bad heart.

Constantine. I have only obeyed you. Must not children obey their parents?

Mr. Crumpton. Without doubt, they must. But when the commands of their parents are unjust, they must then first do their duty and obey their maker. If your heart did not tell you, that mine yielded too much to passion, I have no further hopes of you. See how Alicia has acted.

Constantine. But mamma did not leave me any money at my own disposal.

Mr. Crumpton. Because she foresaw the improper use that you might have made of it. And then, had not you words at least of comfort for your little friends, and for a man who had once the care of your education? But what is become of the squirrel? Have you given orders to find him?

Constantine. I could see nobody in the garden.

S C E N E X.

Mr. Crumpton, Constantine, Alicia, Grace, Thomas.

(*Thomas enters running, and out of breath. He holds the squirrel in one hand, the other is wrapped in a handkerchief, stained with drops of blood.*)

Thomas. Joy! joy! here he is! I have found him, here he is! (*perceiving Mr Crumpton, he stops short.*)

Alicia. (*running to him.*) O! my good Tommy, (*she takes the squirrel.*) My pretty little Tommy, have I found you? Oh! you shall never escape from me again. Come, sir, march into your house once more. (*shuts him up in his house, and carries him into the summer-house.*)

Mr. Crumpton. What is the matter with your hand, my dear Tom? I think I see blood upon your handkerchief.

Thomas. (*with surprise and joy.*) My dear Tom! miss, do you hear that!

Alicia. Yes, child; all is made up.

Grace. Now we are friends for ever. (*Thomas jumps for joy and bows to Mr. Crumpton. Grace taking her brother's hand, and looking at it with concern.*) Have you hurt yourself? Let me see.

Alicia. And on my account too?

Thomas. It is nothing. It was a branch that broke with the spring that I made to jump after the runaway. I tore my hand a little; but I should have left an arm behind, rather than not bring back the squirrel to Miss Alicia.

Alicia. Ah! how good natured! papa, you must have it dressed. Nurse has an excellent salve.

Mr. Crumpton. That care shall be yours. Come, children, follow me. I will have a little entertainment prepared for you to-day, at my house, and I will go myself, and invite your parents to come and partake of it. I have been your scholar this day, and I see, by your example, that well-disposed children may give useful lessons to their parents.

THE PARRICIDE.

WHAT dreadful weather! I perish with cold, and have no shelter against the bitter winds, no bed to warm my benumbed limbs. I am old, and my strength is exhausted by labour. Unnatural son! the thought of you tears my heart. Unnatural son! I gave you life; I nourished you, and took care of your weak and sickly infancy. When I saw you suffer through illness, my tears fell upon your cheeks. You loved me at that time, and would say, while you caressed me, "Papa, what makes you cry? I am not sick now. Do not be troubled. See, I am quite well." You raised yourself up in your bed, your little hands would play in my hair, and you would say again, "Do not grieve any more, I am cured." And as you spoke these words, you would fall down again through weakness. You would strive to speak, but could not. At last, however,

ever, your body grew strong ; you became hale and robust, and you should have been the prop of my old age. I laboured all my life for you, and now you shut me out of your house in the midst of wind and snow. “ We cannot live together any longer, father.” said you to me in your fury. And why not, my son ? what have I done to you ? I have exhorted you to virtue, that is all my crime. When I saw you spend in debauchery the earnings of sixty years labour, the fortune of which I willingly stripped myself to enrich you, I pointed out your danger to you. God is my witness, that I was more anxious on your account than on my own. Was I not silent long enough, for fear of troubling you ? But my silence and my sorrow, which I strove to hide, made no impression on you. I was then obliged to speak. I thought it my duty then to resume the prerogative of a father ; yet my authority was tempered with mildness. My discourse was as tender as it was earnest. I spoke to you of your mother, who died thro’ grief on account of your disorderly life ! I spoke to you of myself, whom the same cause would probably send to my grave. I shewed you my aged cheeks, almost worn with the tears that you have made me shed. I shewed you my grey hairs, which stood on end thro’ anguish and sorrow. I opened my arms to you, to invite you to my bosom. I should have fallen on my knees to you, if your father, even in that humble posture, could have softened you. And you, my son—I can scarcely believe it yet—you came towards me with a threatening air ; your arm was stretched out, and your gate shut against me. You my son ? you are no longer so. Why do my bowels still feel the yearnings of a father towards you ? I am tempted to wish that I could curse you : but no, I dare not breathe forth even my complaints aloud. I fear lest heaven should hear them, and lest this house, which you have shut against me, should fall upon your head. I will lay myself down on the stone before your door. To-morrow you cannot come out without seeing me, and I hardly think that your heart will not soften when you see

what I shall have suffered during this dreadful night. But if the severity of the season, if my exhausted old age, and still more, the sorrows that wound my heart, should occasion my death, then shudder at thy crime; weep for me, and for yourself still more. Ah! I should think my death a fortunate circumstance, if it could produce your reformation.

Such were the complaints of this old man. But the North wind all the live-long night carried away his sighs unheard. The tempest filled the air with dreadful whistlings; the shattered trees of the forest were bent down; and all nature seemed to shudder with horror at the crime of his son. The next morning the old man was found dead upon the stone. He had his hands clasped together, and his face turned towards heaven. The name of his son was the last word that he had pronounced. He had prayed to the very last moment for the parricide.

J O N A T H A N.

JONATHAN, a gardner of Lincoln, was looked upon as the most skilful in the county. His fruits surpassed those of his neighbours in bigness, and were always found to have an exquisite flavour. All the first gentlemen round about were ambitious of having his peaches at their deserts, so that he had no occasion to send his melons to the market; they were bespoke on the beds, and very often could not be had for gold. The reputation that he obtained, and the profits that he drew from his labours, increased his assiduity in his cultivation. Rich and industrious as he was, he easily found a proper match, and espoused Claribell, a young woman in the neighbourhood, as prudent as she was handsome. The first year of their marriage was very happy. Claribell assisted her husband in his labours,
and

and the fruits of their garden were more prosperous than ever.

Unhappily for Jonathan, near his house there lived another gardener, called Guzzle, who at day-break fixed himself in an ale-house, which he seldom left before night. Jonathan was delighted with Guzzle's hearty humour, and was not long before he fell into the same taste. At first, he went now and then to meet him at the alehouse, and only talked to him of gardening; but very soon, in his own garden, he talked to him of nothing but strong beer. Claribell grieved at the change in her husband's behaviour. As she had not as yet sufficient experience herself to undertake the care of the wall trees, she was frequently obliged to bring him home to his work, and usually found him amongst his potts and glasses. Alas! it would often have been better for him to stay from the garden. His head was now generally muddled with beer when he went to work upon his trees, and his pruning knife cut away at random among the branches: those that bore were cut, as well as those that did not; and the fine Peach trees, on which last year there had not been a single bough unfruitful, did now only stretch their lazy arms, like so many yawning idlers. The more Jonathan found his garden decay, the more fond he grew of this sotish way of life. His fruit and vegetables had lost their great name, and not being able by his earnings to satisfy his fondness for drink, he parted by degrees with his furniture, his linen, and his clothes. At length one day, when his wife was gone to market with some roots, that she had reared herself, he went and sold all his garden utensils, in order to drink the money with Guzzle. It would be difficult to describe Claribell's grief at her return. To be reduced from a moderate competency to the most destitute poverty, was not the height of her misfortune. She felt still more strongly for the lot of her husband, and of a young infant, six months old, which she had then at the breast. Who would suppose that it was this child who saved the whole family from destruction?

The

The evening of the same day, Jonathan came home swearing, threw himself into a chair, and leaning on his elbow over the table, furlily asked his wife for something to eat. Claribell handed him a large case-knife, and a basket that was covered with her apron. Jonathan snatched the apron off; but what was his surprize, to see his own child fast asleep in the basket. "Eat there, said Claribell to him; it is all that I have left to give you. You are the father of this child, and if you do not devour him, famine and misery shortly will."—Jonathan, thunderstruck at these words, remained speechless, with his eyes stupidly fixed upon his son.—At length his sorrow broke out in tears and exclamations. He rises, and embracing his wife, asks her pardon, and promises to reform; and he kept his word—

His father-in-law, who for some time had refused to see him, being informed of his good intentions, advanced him a sum to enable him to put his garden in order again. Jonathan made good use of this supply, and very soon his garden flourished as happily as ever. He became once more, and continued even to his old age, active, industrious, a good husband, and a good father. He took pleasure sometimes (though he blushed at the same time) in telling this story to his son, who, from his example, conceived such an aversion to drinking and idleness, that he was all his life as sober as he was laborious.

V A N I T Y

VANITY PUNISHED,

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. WALLER.

MRS. WALLER.

VALENTINE, - *Their Son.*

MR. RAY, }
MR. NASH, } - *Friends to Mr. Waller.*

MICHAEL, - *a Country Boy.*

MARTIN, - *the Gardener.*

SCENE I. A GARDEN.

Mr. Waller, Mrs. Waller.

Mr. W. YONDER is our Valentine walking in the garden, with a book in his hand. I am very much afraid that it is rather through vanity, than from a real desire of improving himself, that he always appears to be busy reading.

Mrs. W. What makes you think so, my dear?

Mr. W. Do you not remark that he casts a side-look now and then, to see if any body takes notice of him?

Mrs. W. For all that, his masters give a very flattering account of his diligence, and they all agree that he is very far advanced for his age.

Mr. W. That is true. But if my suspicions are right, and if the little that he can know has made him vain, I would rather a hundred times that he knew nothing, and were modest.

Mrs. W. That he knew nothing?

Mr. W. Yes, my dear. A man without any great stretch of knowledge, but upright, modest and industrious,

ous, is a much more estimable member of society, than a learned man, whose studies have turned his head and puffed up his heart.

Mrs. W. I cannot think that my son is of that description.

Mr. W. Heaven forbid! But while we are here in the country, I shall have more opportunities of observing him; and I am resolved to take advantage of the first that shall offer, to clear up my doubts. I see him coming towards us. Leave me alone with him a moment.

SCENE II.

Mr. Waller, Valentine.

Val. (to Michael, whom he pushes back.) No; leave me. Papa, is that little fool of a country boy that comes, always to interrupt me in my reading?

Mr. W. Why do you call that good-natured child a little fool?

Val. Why, he knows nothing.

Mr. W. Of what you have learnt, I grant you; but then he knows many things that you do not, and you may both inform each other a good deal, if you will communicate what you know, one to the other.

Val. He may learn a good deal of me, but what can I learn from him?

Mr. W. If ever you should have a farm, do you think that it would be of no service to you to have an early notion of the labours of the country, to learn to distinguish trees and plants, to know the times of sowing and harvest, and to study the wonders of vegetation? Michael possesses these different parts of knowledge, and desires no better than to share them with you.—— They will perhaps be one day of the greatest use to you. Those, on the contrary, that you could communicate, would be of no service to him. So that you see, in this intercourse, all the advantage is on your side.

Val.

Val. Well, but papa, would it become me to learn any thing from a little country boy?

Mr. W. Why not, if he is capable of instructing you? I know no real distinction amongst men, but that of useful talents and good manners; and you must own that in both these points, he has equally the advantage over you.

Val. What, in good manners too?

Mr. W. In every station, they consist in treating all persons as our duty prescribes to us. He does so, in shewing a particular attachment and complaisance to you. Do you do the same? Do you make a return of mildness and good will? And yet he seems to merit them. He is active and intelligent. I believe him to be possessed of good nature, spirit, and good sense. You ought to think yourself very happy in having so amiable a companion, with whom you may at once amuse and improve yourself. His father is my foster-brother, and has always had a remarkable affection for me. I am pretty sure that Michael has the same for you. See how the poor little fellow hankers about the terrace-walk, to meet you. Take care and use him with civility. There is more honour and integrity in his father's cottage, than in many palaces. His family too has been our tenants for some generations, and I should be glad to see the connexion continued between our children. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE III.

Valentine (alone.)

Yes, a fine connection indeed! I think papa is joking. This little country boy teach me any thing! No, I will surprize him now so much with my learning, that he will not think of talking to me of his own, I'll warrant him.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Valentine, Michael.

Mich. You won't have my little nosegay, then, Master Valentine ?

Val. Nosegay ? Pshaw ! neither ranunculus nor tulip.

Mich. Why, it is true, they are only field flowers, but they are pretty, and I thought you might like to know them by their names.

Val. A great matter, indeed, to know the names of your herbs. You may carry them where you found them.

Mich. Well now, if I had known that, I would not have taken the trouble to gather them. I was resolved not to go home yesterday evening without bringing you something, and as I came back from work, though it was rather late, and I had a great mind for my supper, I stopped in our close, to gather them by the light of the moon.

Val. You talk of the moon ! Do you know how big it is ?

Mich. Heh ! Fegs ! as big as a cheese.

Val. Ignorant little clown ! (*Struts with an air of importance, while Michael stands staring at him.*) Look here. (*Shewing him his book.*) This is Telemaque.—Have you ever read it ?

Mich. That is not in the Catechism : our schoolmaster never talked to me about that.

Val. No, it is none of your country books.

Mich. Nay, how should I have read it then ? But, let us see it.

Val. Do not think of touching it with your dirty hands ! (*holding one of them up.*) Where did you buy these tanned leather gloves ?

Mich. Anan ! it is my hand, Master Valentine.

Val.

Val. The skin is so hard, that one might cut it into shoe soles.

Mich. It is not with idleness that they are grown so hard. You know how to talk very well, I dare say, and yet I would not change conditions with you. To work honestly, and offend nobody, is all that I know, and it would be no harm if you knew as much. Good by, sir.

SCENE V.

Valentine (alone.)

I think the little clown had a mind to make game of me. But I see company coming on the terrace-walk. I must put on a studious air before them. (*He sits down, seeming to read in his book with great attention.*)

SCENE VI.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Mr. Ray, Mr. Nass,

Valentine (seated on a bench on one side.)

Mr. Wal. What a fine evening ! Would you chuse, gentlemen, to take a walk up this slope, to see the sun setting ?

Mr. Ray. I was going to mention it. The weather is delicious, and the sky perfectly without a cloud in the west.

Mr. Nass. I shall be sorry to go far from the nightingale. Do you hear his charming melody, Madam ?

Mrs. Wal. I was taken up with thinking. My heart was filled with pleasure.

Mr. Ray. How can one live in town during this charming weather ?

Mr. Wal. Valentine, will you walk up the slope with us, to see the sun setting ?

L

Val.

Val. No, I thank you, papa. I am reading something here that gives me more pleasure.

Mr. Wal. If you speak truth, I pity you, and if you do not—Come, gentlemen, there is not a moment to lose. Let us continue our walk. (*They walk forward up the hill.*)

SCENE VII.

Valentine (seeing them at a good distance.)

There, they are almost out of sight: I need not be under any constraint now. (*Puts the book in his pocket.*) What an opinion these gentlemen will have of my diligence! I should like to be a bird and fly after them, to hear the praises that they are giving me. (*Saunters about, yawning and listless, for near a quarter of an hour.*) I am tired, after all, of being here alone. I can do better! The sun is set now, and I hear the company returning. I will slip into the wood, and hide myself in it so, that they shall scarcely find me. Mamma will send all the servants to look for me with lights. They will talk of nothing but me all the evening, and will compare me with those great philosophers that have been known to go astray in their learned meditations, and to lose themselves in woods. My adventure will make a fine noise! Now for it. *He goes into the wood.*

SCENE VIII.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Mr. Ray, Mr. Nash.

Mr. Ray. I never saw weather more pleasing, nor a more charming scene.

Mr. Wal. Gentlemen, my pleasure has been doubled by my enjoying it in your company.

Mr. Nash. 'The nightingale' too still continues his song. His voice seems even to grow more tender as night

night comes on. I am sorry that Mrs. Waller does not seem to listen to it with as much pleasure as before.

Mrs. W. It is because I am anxious about my son. I do not see him in the garden. (*She calls him.*) Valentine! He does not answer! (*Perceiving the gardener, she calls him.*) Martin, have you seen my son?

Martin. Yes, madam, about ten minutes ago I saw him turn towards the grove.

Mrs. W. Towards the grove? Bless me; if he should lose himself! Pray run after him, and bring him in.

Martin. Yes, madam. (*Goes out.*)

Mrs. W. Mr. Waller, won't you go along with him?

Mr. W. No, my dear, I am not uneasy, for my part. Martin will be able to find him.

Mrs. W. But if he should take a different way? I am frightened out of my wits!

Mr. Nasb. Make yourself, easy, madam. Mr. Ray and I will take the two sides of the wood, while the gardener shall take the middle. We cannot fail of finding him so.

Mrs. W. Ah! gentlemen, I did not dare to ask it of you; but you know the feelings of a mother.

Mr. W. Gentlemen, do not give yourself so much trouble, I'd rather you would not.

Mr. Ray. You will not take it amiss that we comply with Mrs. Waller's request, rather than your's

Mr. W. I must confess, it is against my inclination.

Mr. Nasb. We will receive your reproaches at our return. (*They walk towards the grove.*)

SCENE IX.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller.

Mrs. W. Why, my dear, whence comes this indifference about your son?

Mr. W. Do you think, my dear, that I love him

less than you do? No, but I know better how to love him.

Mrs. *W.* And what if he could not be found?

Mr. *W.* I should be very glad of it.

Mrs. *W.* What, that he should pass the night in a gloomy wood? What would become of the poor child? and what would become of me?

Mr. *W.* You would both be cured. He of his vanity, and you of your injudicious fondness, that keeps it up in him.

Mrs. *W.* What do you mean, my dear?

Mr. *W.* I am just now convinced of what I only suspected in the morning. The boy's head is filled with excessive vanity, and all his reading is but ostentation. He has only lost himself on purpose to make us look for him, and to appear absent and forgetful thro' intense study. It gives me more pain that his mind should wander from a right way of thinking, than if his steps really went astray. He will be unhappy all his life, if he is not cured of it in time, and there is nothing but a wholesome humiliation that can save him.

Mrs. *W.* But do you consider—

Mr. *W.* Yes, every thing. He is eleven years old. If he can profit any thing by his natural sense, or his learning, the light of the moon, and the direction of the wind, may guide him sufficiently to clear the wood.

Mrs. *W.* But if he has not that thought?

Mr. *W.* He will then better see the necessity of profiting by the lessons that I have given him upon this subject. Besides, we intend him for the army, and in that profession he will have many nights to pass without shelter. He will know now what it is, and not go to a camp quite raw, to be laughed at by his companions.—Then the air is not very cold at this season of the year, and for one night he will not die with hunger. Since by his folly he has brought himself into a scrape, let him get out of it again, or suffer the disagreeable consequences of it.

Mrs. *W.*

Mrs. *W.* No; I cannot agree to it; and if you don't send people after him, I will go myself.

Mr. *W.* Well, my dear, I will make you easy, tho' I am sorry that you will not let me follow my plan, as I intended. I shall tell little Michael to join him, as it were by chance. Colin too shall be at a small distance, in order to run to them in case of an accident. For any thing more, do not ask it; I have taken my resolution, and do not chuse, by a blind weakness, to deprive my son of a lesson that may be of service to him. Here are our friends coming back with Martin.

Mrs. *W.* O heavens! I see, and they have not found him.

Mr. *W.* I am glad of it.

SCENE X.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Mr. Ray, and Mr. Nash.

Mr. *Nash.* Our search has been in vain; but if Mr. Waller will let us have some lights and servants—

Mr. *W.* No, gentlemen; you have complied with my wife's request, you will now listen to mine. I am a father, and know my duty as one. Let us go into the parlour, and I will give you an account of my design.

SCENE XI. (*The middle of the wood.*)

Valentine.

What have I done, fool that I was? It is dark night, and I don't know which way to turn. (*Calls.*) Papa! papa! Nobody answers. I am undone; what will become of me? (*cries.*) O mamma! where are you? Answer your son this once. Heavens! what is that running through the wood? If it should be a robber! Help! help!

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Valentine, Michael.

Michael. Who is there? Who is it that cries so? What, is it you, sir? How do you happen to be here at this time of night?

Valentine. O! dear Michael, my dear friend, I have lost my way.

Mich. (*looking at him first with an air of surprize, and then bursting out in a laugh.*) You don't say so? I your dear Michael? your dear friend? You mistake; I am only a dirty little country boy. Don't you remember? Nay, let go my hand. The skin is only fit to cut up for shoe soles.

Val. My dear friend excuse my impertinence, and for pity's sake guide me back to our house. My mamma will pay you well.

Mich. (*looking at him from top to bottom.*) Have you finished reading your Tellymack?

Val. (*looking down quite confused.*) Ah! pray now—

Mich. (*putting his finger to the side of his nose, and looking up.*) Tell me, my little wise man, how big may the moon be just now?

Val. Nay, spare me, I beg of you, and guide me out of this wood.

Mich. You see then, master that one may be a dirty little country boy, and yet may be good for something. What would you give now to know your way, instead of knowing how big the moon is?

Val. I own my fault, and I promise never to shew any pride for the future.

Mich. Well, that is clever. But this same repenting by necessity may only hang by a thread. It is not amiss that a young gentleman should see what it is to look upon a poor man's son like a dog, and play with him according to his fancy. But to shew you that an honest clown does not bear malice, I will pass the night with you, as I have passed many one with our sheep on the

the downs. To-morrow morning early I will take you home to your papa. Here, then, I'll share my bed-chamber with you.

Val. O, my good Michael!

Mich. (*stretching himself under a tree.*) Come, sir, settle yourself at your ease.

Val. But where is this bed-chamber of yours?

Mich. Why here. (*striking on the ground.*) Here is my bed; take your place. It is wide enough for us both.

Val. What, must we lie here under the open air?

Mich. I assure you, sir, the king himself has not a better bed. See what a fine cieling you have over your head; how many bright diamonds adorn it! and then our handsome silver lamp. (*pointing to the moon.*) Well, what do you think of it?

Val. Oh! my dear Michael, I am ready to die with hunger.

Mich. I dare say I can help you there too. See, here are some potatoes. Dress them, as you know how.

Val. Why they are raw.

Mich. It is only to boil or roast them. Make a fire.

Val. We want a light to kindle one; and then where shall we find coal or wood?

Mich. (*smiling.*) Cannot you find all that in your books?

Val. Oh! no, my dear Michael.

Mich. Well, I'll shew you that I know more than you and all your Tellymacks. (*takes a tinder-box, with flint and steel out of his pocket.*) Crack! there is fire already; now you shall see. (*he gathers a handful of dry leaves, and putting them round the tinder, fans with his hand until they take fire.*) We shall soon have a blazing hearth. (*He puts bits of dry wood upon the lighted leaves.*) Do you see? (*lays the potatoes close to the fire, and sprinkles them with dust.*) This must serve, instead of ashes, to hinder, them from burning. (*Having laid them properly, and covered them once more with dust, he turns the fire over them, then adds fresh wood, and blows it up with his breath.*)

breath.) Have you a finer fire in your papa's kitchen? come, now they will soon be done.

Val. O my good friend, what return can I make to your kindness?

Mich. Return? Pooh! when one does good, it pays itself. But stop a moment. While the potatoes are roasting, I will fetch some hay for you. I saw a good deal lying in one part of the wood. You will sleep upon that like a prince. But take care of the roast while I am away. (*Goes out singing.*)

SCENE XIII.

Valentine.

Fool that I was! how could I be so unjust as to despise this child. What am I, compared to him? how little I am in my own eyes, when I examine his behaviour and mine! but it shall never happen again. Henceforward I will not despise those of a lower condition than myself. I will not be so proud, nor so vain. (*He walks about, and gathers up dry sticks for the fire.*)

SCENE XIV.

Valentine, Michael (hauling in a large bundle of hay.

Mich. Here is your bed of down, your coverlid and all. I will make you a bed now quite soft.

Val. I thank you, my friend. I would help you, but I do not know how to set about it.

Mich. I don't want you. I can do it all alone. Go warm yourself. (*He unties the bundle, spreads part of it on the ground, and reserves the rest for a covering.*) That is finished. Now let us think of supper. (*Takes a potatoe from the fire, and tastes it.*) They are done. Eat them, while they are warm, they are better so.

Val.

Val. What, won't you eat some with me?

Mich. No, thank you. There is just enough for you.

Val. How? Do you think?—

Mich. You are too kind. I won't touch them. I am not hungry. Besides I shall have as much pleasure in seeing you eat them. Are they good?

Val. Excellent. my dear Michael.

Mich. I dare say, you never tasted sweeter at your papa's table.

Val. That is very true.

Mich. Are you done? Come then, your bed is ready for you. (*Valentine lies down. Michael spreads the rest of the hay over him, then takes off his jacket.*) The nights are cold; here, cover yourself with this too.—If you find yourself chilly, come to the fire; I'll take care that it does not go out. Good night.

Val. Dear Michael, I shall never be easy until I make you amends for my treating you ill.

Mich. Think no more of it; I do not. The lark will awake us to-morrow morning at break of day. (*Valentine falls a sleep, and Michael sits up close by him to keep the fire in. At break of day Michael awakes him.*) Come master, you have slept enough. The lark has opened her song already, and the sun will soon appear behind the hill. Let us set out, and go to your papa's.

Val. (*rubbing his eyes.*) What, already? so soon? Good morning my dear Michael?

Mich. Good morning, Master Valentine! How did you sleep?

Val. (*rising.*) As sound as a rock. Here is your jacket. I thank you a thousand, thousand times. I shall never forget you as long as I live.

Mich. Do not talk of thanks. I am as happy as you. Come, walk along with me. I'll guide you. (*They go off.*)

S C E N E

SCENE XV. (*A room in Mr. Waller's house.*)*Mr. and Mrs. Waller.*

Mrs. W. In what terrors have I passed this whole night! I fear, my dear, that some accident has happened to him. We must send out people to look for him.

Mr. W. Make yourself easy my love; I will go myself. But who knocks? (*The door opens.*) Look, here he is.

SCENE XVI.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Valentine, Michael.

Mrs. W. (*running to her son.*) Ah! do I see thee again, my dear child?

Mich. Yes, madam, there he is, ifeys! a little better mayhap than before you lost him.

Mr. W. Is that the case?

Val. Yes, papa. I have been well punished for my pride. What will you give him that has reformed me?

Mr. W. A good reward, and with the greatest cheerfulness.

Val. (*presenting Michael to him.*) Well, this is he to whom you owe it. I owe him my friendship too, and he shall always share it.

Mr. W. If that is so, I'll make him a little present every year of a couple of guineas, for curing you of so intolerable a fault.

Mrs. W. And I will make him one of the same sum, for having preserved my son to me.

Mich. If you pay me for the satisfaction that you feel, I should pay you too for what I felt. So we are clear.

Mr. W. No, my little man, we shall not run from
our

our words. But let us go to breakfast all four. Valentine shall relate his adventures of the night.

Val. Yes, papa; and I shall not spare myself, though I should be turned into ridicule for them. I blush for my folly, but hope I shall never have to blush for the same behaviour again.

Mr. W. My dear son, how happy you will make your mother and me by proving that your reformation is sincere, and will never suffer a relapse.

(Valentine takes Michael by the hand. Mr. Waller gives his to his lady, and they all go into the next apartment.)

IF MEN DO NOT SEE YOU, GOD SEES YOU.

MR. Ferguson was walking in the country one fine warm day in harvest-time, with his youngest son Frank. Papa, (said Frank, looking wistfully towards a garden by the side of which they were walking,) I am very dry.—And I too, my dear, answered Mr. Ferguson; but we must have patience until we go home.

Frank. There is a pear-tree loaded with very fine pears; they are quinces. Ah! with what pleasure I could eat one.

Mr. Ferg. I do not doubt it; but that tree is in a private garden.

Frank. The hedge is not very thick, and here is a hole where I can easily get through.

Mr. Ferg. And what would the owner of the garden say, if he should be there?

Frank. Oh! he is not there, I dare say, and nobody can see us.

Mr. Ferg. You mistake, child! There is one who
sees

sees us, and who would punish us, and justly too, because it would be wicked to do what you propose.

Frank. Who is that, papa?

Mr. Ferg. He who is every where present, who never loses sight of us a moment, and who sees to the very bottom of our thoughts; that is, God.

Frank. Ah! it is very true. I shall not think of it any more.

Just then a man stood up behind the hedge, whom they could not see before, because he had been sitting down on a grassy slope. It was an old man, the owner of the garden, who spoke thus to Frank: "Return thanks to God, my child, that your father hindered you from stealing into my garden, and coming to take what does not belong to you. Know, that at the foot of each tree there is a trap laid to catch thieves, where you would certainly have been caught, and perhaps have lamed yourself for ever. But since, at the first word of the prudent lesson given you by your father, you have shewed a fear of God, and did no longer insist on the theft that you intended, I will give you with pleasure some of the fruit that you wished to taste." At these words he went up to the finest pear-tree, shook it, and brought back his hat full of pears to Frank.

Mr. Ferguson would have taken money out of his purse to pay this civil old man, but could not prevail on him to accept any. "I have had a satisfaction, sir, in obliging your son, which I should lose were I to be paid for it. God alone repays such actions."

Mr. Ferguson shook hands with him over the hedge, and Frank thanked him too in a very manly manner; but he shewed a still more lively gratitude in the hearty appetite that he appeared to have for the pears, which did indeed quite run over with juice. That is a very good man said Frank to his papa, after he had finished the last, and they had got a good distance from the old man.

Mr. Ferg. Yes, my dear; and he is so, no doubt, because his heart is convinced of this great truth, that
God

God never fails to reward good actions, and chastise evil.

Frank. Would God have punished me then, if I had taken the pears?

Mr. Ferg. The good old man told you what would have happened to you. God, my dear child, orders every thing that passes upon earth, and directs events so as to reward good people for their virtuous actions, and to punish the wicked for their crimes. I will tell you an adventure that relates to this subject, and made so strong an impression on me, when a child, that I shall never forget it as long as I live.

Frank. Ah! papa, how happy am I to-day; a pleasant walk, fine pears, and a story besides!

Mr. Ferg. When I was as little as you, and lived at my father's, we had two neighbours, the one on the right, the other on the left-hand of our house: their names were Dobson and Vicars. Mr. Dobson had a son called Simon, and Mr. Vicars one also of the name of Gamaliel.——Behind our house and those of our neighbours were small gardens, separated at that time only by quickset hedges. Simon, when alone in his father's garden, amused himself with throwing stones into all the gardens round about, never once thinking that he might hurt somebody. Mr. Dobson had observed this, and reprimanded him severely for it, threatening to chastise him if ever he did so again. But unhappily this child knew not, or else did not believe, that one should not do amiss, even when alone, because God is always near us, and sees whatever we do. One day, when his father was gone out, thinking that nobody could see him, and therefore that he should not be punished, he filled his pocket with stones, and began pelting them all round him. Just at the same time Mr. Vicars was in his garden with his son Gamaliel.——This boy had the misfortune to think, as well as Simon, that it was enough not to do amiss before others, and that when alone, one might do what one pleased. His father had a gun charged, to shoot the sparrows that came picking his cherries; and he was sitting in a sum-
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mer-

mer-house to watch them. At this moment, a servant came to tell him that a strange gentleman wanted him in the parlour: he therefore left the gun in the summer-house, and expressly forbid Gamaliel to touch it. But Gamaliel, when all alone, said to himself, "I don't see what harm there would be in playing with this gun a little;" and saying thus, he took it up, and began to exercise with it like a soldier. He handled his arms and rested his firelock, and had a mind to try if he could make ready and present. The muzzle of his gun happened to be pointed towards Mr. Dobson's garden, and just as he was going to shut the left eye, in order to take aim, a pebble stone thrown by Simon struck him in that very eye. The fright, and the pain together, made Gamaliel drop the gun, which went off; and, oh! what cries and shrieks were immediately heard in both gardens! Gamaliel had received a blow of a stone in the eye, and Simon received the whole charge of the gun in his leg. Thus the one lost his eye, and the other remained a cripple all the rest of his life.

Frank. Ah! poor Simon! poor Gamaliel! how I pity them!

Mr. Ferg. They were, it is true, very much to be pitied; but their parents still more so, for having children so disobedient and vicious. After all, it was a real happiness for these two bad boys to have met with this accident.

Frank. How so, papa?

Mr. Ferg. I will tell you. If God had not early punished these children, they would always have continued in mischief, whenever they found themselves alone; whereas they experienced by this warning, that whatever bad actions men do not see, God sees and punishes. This was therefore a lesson to them to amend themselves, and they became thenceforth prudent and sedate, and shunned doing mischief when alone, as much as if all the world saw them. And this indeed was the design of providence in thus punishing them; for our merciful Creator never chastises us but to make us become better.

Frank.

Frank. Well, that eye and leg will make me take care. I will shun what is wrong, and do what is right, even though I see nobody near me.

As he had finished these words, they arrived at their own house-door.

THE GOOD SON.

A DRAMA, in TWO ACTS*.

CHARACTERS.

JEREMY GOODACRE, *a Country Labourer.*

NANNY GOODACRE, *his Wife.*

CICELY, v-b 349 in *their Daughter*.

ISAAC, - - - her Lover.

CHARLES GOODACRE { *a Lieutenant of Foot,
Son to Jeremy.*

Son to Jeremy.

BONIFACE, - - a Schoolmaster.

Recruiting Serjeant—Soldiers—Country People.

S C E N E I.

A grass plat before Jeremy Goodacre's cottage. In the middle of it, a large tree, with a seat round it

Isaac (alone.)

I Did not see her all yesterday. I have not spent a day this twelvemonth without seeing her. What can have happened? Every thing is quiet in the house. Ah! Cicely, can you sleep at ease, while you know how uneasy I am?---Mayhap she has changed her mind, and loves somebody else. (*Goes towards the cottage door.*) Heh! Cicely, Cicely!

M 2

S C E N E

* The following is rather an imitation, or paraphrase, than a translation of the drama which bears the same title in the French of Mr BERQUIN. The necessity of deviating from the original will be obvious to every reader. The French drama is also imitated from the German of Mr. ENGEL.

SCENE II.

Isaac, Cicely.

Cic. (*mimicking him.*) Heh! Isaac, Isaac!--Well, here I am.

Isaac. You seem to be in high spirits, Cicely.

Cic. Are you angry that I am glad to see you?

Isaac. You did not want to see me yesterday though, or you would have been where you promised.

Cic. Well, are you going to scold me? Do you think I was not as uneasy as you were?

Isaac. Dear heart! Cicely, are you serious? Well, now I am as happy as I was dull a minute ago. But what hindred you to come?

Cic. You know it was the first day of the month; and when my brother, at his landing, wrote to father from Portsmouth, he told him that he should hear from him again, without fail, as yesterday.

Isaac. Well?

Cic. So father would not wait for the post-man, but sent me, about four o'clock, to the post-office for the letter. They told me there, to wait; that it could not be long before the coach came in: so I staid, upon thorns. And father, uneasy at my stop, came soon afterwards; and before a quarter of an hour's end, comes mother too. You know I could not quit them. So there we staid until dark night, and no coach. I suppose some accident had happened. We came back sorrowful enough, and I could not leave father and mother grieving by themselves; now tell me, could I?

Isaac. No, you are very right. I shan't scold you.—But what is your hurry now? Where do you want to go?

Cic. To see if the letter is come yet. Father and mother are terribly uneasy. They are so fond of my brother, and he of them.

Isaac. Now, Cicely---are you fond of me?

Cic.

Cic. My brother, that was only a private foldier, and is now a lieutenant.

Isaac. Yes, Cicely, but—

Cic. And has two or threefcore men at his command.

Isaac. Ah! your brother is well off.

Cic. How grand will he be in his scarlet coat and his gold shoulder-knot! Oh! it is a fine thing, Isaac, to be a captain! Dost not think so?

Isaac. Ay, I shall know it, I am afraid. He'll be ashamed now, mayhap, to see me one of his family, as I have no gold shoulder-knot, nor men at my command.

Cic. No, Isaac, do not make yourself uneasy. My father has lived in the same way of life with you these sixty years, and my brother has too much sense to despise it. He would have been the same as you, if he had not chanced to enlist when he was young. No, he will never look for a husband to his sister out of her own condition.

Isaac. Ah! Cicely, how happy you make me!

SCENE III.

Jeremy, Cicely, Isaac.

Jer. Are you come back already? Where is the letter? Let's see.

Cic. Father, I have not been at the post-office yet.

Jer. And you stand there, prating!

Cic. I was just a going. Well, I'll run as fast as I can. Will you go, Isaac?

Jer. Ay, go together; so you will be back the sooner. But don't loiter on the road. And Cicely, as you pass, you'll tell Mr. Boniface, the schoolmaster, to come here and read the letter for me.

SCENE IV.

Jeremy.

How uneasy I am about the delay of this letter! I could not rest the whole night. Ah! my dear boy, how the thoughts of you make us glad and sorry by turns!

SCENE V.

Jeremy. Nanny.

Nan. Well, this letter does not come. I don't know how it is; a dread hangs over me.

Jer. Do not be impatient, my dear! we shall hear from him presently, and see him too again very soon. I know we shall. Ah! I am sure I pray for that every day.

Nanny. He is a soldier, my good man, and a soldier is not sure of his life a moment. That is what makes me unhappy. Very often, when his letters are read to us, and you imagine that I cry for joy, it is for grief and sorrow. Each, I think, is perhaps his last: and this money, that he sent us at his landing, I cannot look at it without a heavy sigh. As I said to myself, it is his pay from the king, the price of his blood; and can we, his father and mother, be happy while we are spending it? Ah! I wish he were here now.

Jer. We shall have him here by and by, never fear. He will come to quarter in some town, mayhap, near ourselves, and then we shall go and see him once a week.

Nanny. (overjoyed). Aye, twice, three times a week, my man. Ah! if that was the case, how happy should I be! But who can tell whether we shall know him again?

Jer. Heh! I dare say I shall know my son.

Nan.

Nanny. What, when he is drest like an officer, all over gold lace, with his breast-plate and his swash?

SCENE VI.

Jeremy, Nanny, Boniface.

Bon. Good morrow, neighbour Jeremy. Good morrow, dame Goodacre.

Jer. How dost do, Master Boniface? (*Shaking him by the hand.*)

Bon. Well, you have received news from your son? Where is the letter? Let me read it to you.

Jer. We have not received it yet, and I am so impatient—

Bon. I suppose so, if it were only to have the honour of receiving a letter from a lieutenant. But how the plague did he get up so high? I cannot think, for my part. Besides, you never shewed me his letter that mentions it: you got the exciseman to read it for you.

Nanny. Then you did not hear that part, Mr. Boniface? Do, tell him how it was, Jeremiah.

Bon. Aye, come, do tell us about it, neighbour Jeremy.

Jer. Well, Master Boniface, the matter was as thus: In that last battle—at what d'ye call it—near—I never can think of the name; all his regiment was sadly mauled; most of the officers killed or wounded. My son too had received a ball, but never minded it. He rallied about three hundred men as well as he could, (*with vehemence*) led them up to the enemy, fell on with fixed bayonets, checked them so much, that our people had time to retreat, and at last came off in good order at the head of fifty men. His general saw the whole, made him lieutenant upon the spot, and promised to befriend him as long as he lived.—Yes, Master Boniface, it is all true. My son did just as I tell you.

Bon. Oh! it is a brave youth. I saw that long ago,
while

while he was at school with me. When my boys were at play, it was Charley that led the gang; and if ever there was a quarrel, he always sobered the stoutest of them. It was in him then, neighbour Jeremy. That is all natural to him.

Jer. (laughing.) Aye, by the mass, is it!

SCENE VII.

Jeremy Nanny, Cicely Boniface.

Cic. (running.) Father! father! here is the letter, here it is; and another bank-note in it, I dare say, for it feels thick.

Jer. My good Charley! I am afraid he hurts himself to serve me.

Cic. And father, some more wine too. The wine-merchant, he with the great red nose, was at the post-office at the same time with me, and had just got an order to send you another hamper full. Isaac is gone to fetch it.

Bon. A hamper full?

Jer. There will be some of that for you, Master Boniface. But, mean time, we have a little of the last left. You shall drink with me while you read the letter. Go, dame, and bring us that bottle and three glasses, with a bite of bread and cheese. We will make a breakfast of it here under the tree. Bring out a table, Cicely. Make haste.

Nanny and Cicely. (as they go off.) But pray, now, do not read the letter without us.

Bon. Never fear. You know, I cannot read before I break my fast.

SCENE VIII.

Jeremy, Boniface, Cicely (who goes backwards and forwards.)

Jer. Open the letter, however, Master Boniface, though we won't read it the more for that. And yet

I am curious to know what he says about the peace, and if he will soon come and see us.

Bon. Of the peace, quotha? Aye, they talk of it a good deal, but I cannot think it. They recruit and impress still as fast as ever. Why, this morning a serjeant with his party came into the town.

Fer. What, to recruit?

Bon. Ay, marry. The same that swears he enlisted Isaac, your daughter's sweetheart, at the fair in t'other town. Take care, neighbour Jeremy, he'll carry off Cicely's husband that is to be, if you do not take care.—He is a slippery fellow, that serjeant.

Cic. (*coming near to listen.*) O gracious, are you in earnest, Master Boniface?

Fer. Do not be afraid, child, you know it was all a trick.

Bon. Nay, if you are sure of that. But come, let us unseal——What a fine hand your son writes! how fair and legible: but he is indebted to me for it. (*He bends, and begins to read.*)

“Honoured Father——”

Fer. (*stretching his head towards Boniface to hear the letter.*) Ah! my good Charley.

Bon. “As our regiment is ordered home, to remain in this country”——

Fer. Heaven be praised! Then he will not cross the seas again. How happy my wife will be!

Bon. “I hope shortly to have the happiness of seeing my family”——

Fer. Oh! I knew we should soon have him here.

Bon. “Meantime I cannot give you greater satisfaction, than by informing you how honourably I have been treated a few days since”——

Fer. (*joyfully.*) Ay, let us hear, let us hear?

Bon. “By the general who politely invited me to dine with him.”——

Fer. My Charley to dine with him? Oh! how the rest would stare! all those great officers! Well! well!

Bon.

Bon. "He held a particular conversation with me for a long time, and was pleased to pay me several compliments on my behaviour during the war, which were certainly more than I deserved. In short, he asked me where I was born, and who was my father."—

Jer. What! the general ask about me? Well, what did he say? let's hear; quick, Master Boniface.

Bon. "I told him that you were a poor honest labouring man, but that I would not change you for any father in the world, notwithstanding your condition."—

Jer. (*lifting up his hands.*) Heavenly goodness! I think I hear him.

Bon. The general was pleased with this expression of my duty towards you, and filling his glass, drank your health in the presence of the whole table, requesting me to inform you that he had done himself that pleasure, and to assure you always of his friendship and good wishes."

Jer. (*overjoyed.*) Now, is it possible, Master Boniface? The general? some duke, no doubt.

Bon. Aye, you hear he drank your health.

Jer. (*runs towards the cottage, and calls out.*) Wife! wife! never mind what you are doing there, but come hither; come quick.

Nan. (*from within the cottage.*) What is the matter, Jeremiah?

Jer. Nay, come, you shall hear; come, I tell you, quick.

SCENE IX.

Jeremy, Boniface, Nanny.

Jer. (*kissing Nanny.*) Oh! my dear good wife, what a son thou hast given me!

Nanny (*sets the wine and bread and cheese on the table. Boniface lays hold on it unconcernedly.*) What is the matter good now? I am all over in a flutter of joy. Is he coming home?

Jer.

Jer. Oh! better than that. He dined with the general, d'ye know, and the general asked about our town, and about me, and my son told him that I was a poor labourer, but that he would not change me for all the fathers in the world. And with that the general drank my health publickly, and promised me his friendship. (*Nanny claps her hands for joy.*) So now, my dear, we must drink the general's health. Come, dame, take you that glass, you 'tother Master Boniface, and I'll have this. (*Takes off his hat.*) Fill all bumpers.—Come, here's a health to the noble General.

Bon. 'Fore George, he does not drink better than this.

Jer. Hark ye, neighbour Boniface, you must write for me to my son, as how I have pledged the general's health in a bumper; and that he must thank him from me, and assure him that I love him dearly. Now don't forget. Nay, by the rights of the business, it would not be amiss, I think, to send a civil line or two to himself.

Bon. Pooh! neighbour Jeremy, what dost talk on;

Nan. But Charley is coming home? is he? we shall soon see him. Eh?

Jer. Softly, child, you will hear that directly.

Nan. Ah! if he could come before our Cicely is married, it would be a double happiness.

Jer. Patience, patience; Master Boniface will go on.

Nan. Ay, ay; pray go on: mayhap he'll tell us something more.

Bon. (*sitting down again. Nanny goes to his side, and listens attentively*) "Invited me to dine with him"—Where did I leave off?—"Drank your health—Requesting me"—Ay, here it is—"Requesting me to inform you"—

SCENE X.

Jeremy, Nanny, Cicely, Boniface.

Cic. (*crying and sobbing.*) Help, help, father; here are the soldiers.

Jer.

Jer. How? what is the matter?

Cic. The recruiting serjeant is going to take away Isaac.

Bon. What, and the hamper of wine too, that he is bringing?

Nan. O my stars, this is a misfortune!

Cic. Do father, go and see if you can release him. You are his father as well as mine. The serjeant will respect you, I am sure. Every body respects you.

Jer. Silly child! as if every body lived in our town. But make yourselves easy; it is not so bad perhaps as you imagine. I will go and talk to them.

Cic. Do father, and I will go with you: perhaps we may prevail on them.

SCENE XI.

Nanny, Boniface.

Nan. Lackaday! I wish I could follow you. But now Master Boniface, you that can speak like an oration, why don't you go and hold forth to them?

Bon. No, no; dame, my business is to comfort the afflicted. I cannot quit you.

Nan. (*with anxiety.*) bless me! don't I hear a noise already in the town? I hope no harm will happen to my poor man. Do, neighbour Boniface, go and see what is the matter.

Bon. Why, you would not have me go? What? me?

Nan. Yes. You are a man of learning. You can talk to them something like.

Bon. Ay, so much the worse. These blades would desire no better sport than to fall foul of men of learning, like me. 'Sblood, keep to your books, they would say to me. And then again I am a little halcy, who can tell what might happen? I should never have meddled with learning, that is plain.

Nan. Come, you are one of our best friends, Mr. Boniface, and won't you help us?

Bon.

Bon. Nay, but have a little moderation after all, Gammer. Think of my profession. I can give you counsels and consolations in English and in Latin, as much as you will; but for helping folks, it does not lie in my way.

Nan. Well, I could not have expected this of you. I see, I must hobble after them myself.

SCENE XII.

Boniface (alone.)

Yes, yes! go and push myself in amongst a parcel of young swaggerers. I have only twenty brats in my school, and those young monkies play tricks on me from morning to night. What would I be among a score of great hulking fellows? I should have no rods there to frighten them. I think it is much better to finish this bottle, and then I can read the rest of the letter. I long to know--- (*fills his glass, and reads to himself.*) "The first of next month?"—Why that was yesterday. (*continues to read eagerly.*) "The second? To be here on the second of the month?"—Heh! they'll be quite happy. (*Drinks off his wine.*) There is not a moment to be lost. (*Fills again and drinks.*) I'll run after them, and bring them back. (*Fills and drinks a third time.*) The time is precious. (*Holding the bottle up, and seeing it empty, rises in a hurry, as if to run after them, and calls.*) Jeremy! Nanny! They are too far off: they do not hear me. Well, this news will make it up for me with Nanny. It would be a pity to quarrel with such good folks, especially just now, when they have got a fresh hamper of such nectar as this.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Jeremy, Isaac, Nanny, the Serjeant, Country People, (Cicely and Soldiers standing by.)

The Serj. (to the Soldiers.) Come, no more of this whinnying; take him before a justice.

N

Country People.

Country People. You won't take the man by force, will you?

Isaac. Ay, let him, if he dare.

The Serj. You may all talk as you will: this is my man. (*Slapping on his pocket.*) Here is my beating order, and that is enough.

Isaac. Beating order? you have no order to trepan folks.

Jer. (*making a sign to the country people to be silent.*) Harkye, Mr. Serjeant, good words go a great way.

The Serj. Good words? I desire no other. Let's see of what fort yours are.

Jer. I'll tell you what, serjeant, I love my King and country with all my heart; and if the war were not almost over, and every thing settled, if we were in any danger, and there were a real occasion—

The Serj. Is this all that you have to say?

Jer. Nay, serjeant, only hear me.

The Serj. (*leaning on his cane.*) Well, let us hear.

Jer. This young man is my son in law that is to be; but what of that? If things were as I told you, I should be the first to say, carry him off. For what can there be more our duty, than to fight for one's country? Take myself too, I would say. My head is grey, it is true, and my face covered with wrinkles, but I am neither too old nor too weak to fight as well as another. My son's noble bravery has made me strong again, (*with vehemence.*) I will fight as long as I can carry a firelock, and when old age and weakness overpower me, I will hearten up the young fellows round me to behave themselves bravely. If I see any of them draw back, I'll throw myself in his way and stop his flight, or, if he will run, he shall pass over the carcase of a poor old man. Yes, upon my soul, serjeant, I would say exactly so, if things were at that pass.

The Serj. And I would say, my good old gentleman, you don't know what you are talking about.

Jer. (*advancing a step.*) Harkye, serjeant, mayhap you don't know what you are doing. If you give yourself airs with us, we'll find your betters somewhere; and

and if I write to my son, that is a lieutenant—

The Serj. You a son a lieutenant? But if you had a dozen, I can only say, that I must have Master Isaac here, or the smart money.

Isaac. Ay, ay, this is a fine way to come and get folk's money. You a king's man?

The Serj. I do no more than the king does, in regard to your money, except that I take the trouble to come for it myself. Two guineas, or he must march.

Nan. Nay, serjeant, for pity's sake---

The Serj. Pity! we soldiers have much to do with pity. How would it be if the enemy were amongst you? No quarter then, but your money or your lives.

Nan. (*shuddering.*) Oh dear me!

The Serj. No, no, we have not much time for pity. Broken arms and legs are nothing amongst us---But come, we are losing time. Harkye, you must find the money, or the man is mine. Come along; march.---
(*Goes off with the soldiers and Isaac.*)

Jer. Follow him, neighbours, to the justice's, if he goes there. I'll be after you presently. (*Cicely and the country people go out.*)

SCENE II.

Jeremy, Nanny, Boniface (out of breath.)

Jer. Ah! Master Boniface, you left us in the lurch,

Bon. What a plague! I have been running after you this quarter of an hour.

Jer. What is the matter, then? you seem all alive.

Bon. Matter? the matter is here, gaffer. (*striking the letter.*) Why your son is to be with us to day, man.

Jer. To day, Mr. Boniface?

Bon. Only hear. (*he reads.*) "our regiment is ordered into quarters, and the first of next month the company to which I belong will march through your town." Look ye there neighbour Jeremy; the first, that is, as one should say, yesterday.

Nan. Is it possible? yesterday? and not here yet?

Bon. Stop, stop. Hear what follows. (*reads.*) "Or if not that day, on the second at farthest, I shall ask permission of the commanding officer to go and see you as we pass by."

Jer. Then, my dear boy comes at last! Wife, I will go and meet him. I'll go as far as the great close. I'll stretch out my arms towards him, and call to him, my son, my dear son!

Nan. Nay, don't leave me pr'ythee. How can I keep pace with you, being so feeble? Then he will think that I don't love him as well as you do.

Bon. Ay, ay, stay where you are, neighbour. Only let me have a guinea, quick.

Jer. A guinea? For what?

Bon. To keep the serjeant in discourse about the two guineas that he asks, and when your son comes---

Jer. Ah! right. Here my good friend. Run, see what you can do. For my part, I can think of nothing but my son at this moment. (*Boniface goes out running.*)

SCENE III.

Jeremy, Nanny.

Nan. Pray, Jeremy, don't you go and leave me. I could not stay behind. You had better get up on this little hill. You will see farther from the top of it.

Jer. You are right, my dear. Marry, I am all on fire with joy and impatience.

Nan. (*while Jeremy goes up the hill.*) Heaven be praised, then my son is come home again. I shall see him once more, after so many long years. Dear! how my heart beats! My joy was great when he came into the world, but now much greater. (*She calls to Jeremy.*) Well, my dear man, do you see nothing of him?

Jer. (*on tiptoes, holding his hand over his eyes.*) Not yet, honey; the sun dazzles me.

Nan. I hope all this joy may not be out of season.
Step

Step down, and lend me a hand to get up. I shall see farther than you.

Jer. What a dust! is it a flock of sheep? No; I see the glistening of their arms. They are coming down by yon hill. It is they, my dear. It is they.

Nan. Do you see our boy?

Jer. He cannot be far off. Eh! who is this that comes galloping towards us through the town? (*He throws his hat up.*) Huzza! wife, here he comes on horseback. Our own Charley.

Nan. Good luck! I am out of my wits with joy. Oh! I must go to meet him. Gracious! here he comes.

SCENE IV.

Jeremy, Nanny, Lieutenant Goodacre.

Lieut. Goodacre. (*entering as Jeremy comes down from the hill.*) My dear father! (*embraces his father and mother.*)

Jer. Ah! my good son. God blefs thee, my dear boy! The sight of you makes me shed tears of joy — You have a thankful father.

Nan. Oh! that you have, my dear child, and a thankful mother too.

Lieut. Goodacre. Why do you talk of thanks, my honoured parents? It is I that have obligations to you.

Jer. No, Charles. I will say it before all the world, you have repaid me much more than I have ever given you. You are all my comfort, and the happiness of my old age. It is you that keep me alive, and prolong my days.

Nan. We can never make you amends for the happiness that you afford us.

Lieut. Goodacre. And is it not the greatest happiness that I can enjoy myself? It would be none, if your affection did not make you share it with me. Yes, my dear and honoured parents; I have never ceased to think of you in every circumstance of life. When any good fortune has happened to me, I have thought very

little of the advantage that fell to myself from it. The greatest pleasure that I felt at such times, was in thinking of the satisfaction that it would occasion to you.--- But in no part of my life have I enjoyed so great, so sensible a happiness as at this moment, when I see both your eyes filled with tears. (*taking each of them by the hand, and looking at them by turns.*) O my worthy parents, I can never satisfy myself with seeing you ---But compose yourselves. I cannot stay very long with you now. I shall return shortly, and spend a few days with you.--- Well, how do you go on? How do you pass your old age? How do you live? Where is my sister, that I have not seen since she was in her cradle. Let me see her.

Jer. She is a good girl, and gives us vast satisfaction. We are going to marry her, if you approve it. But I'll bring her hither directly. (*going, he returns.*) And yet I am grieved to tell you---

Nan. But for you she might be very unhappy. Our intended son-in-law, my dear child---

Jer. Has been trepanned by a serjeant, that luckily is still here. Before he releases him, he expects two guineas; and they have been promised to him, to keep him on the spot, as we were in hopes that you would come in the mean time. How happy it is that you arrived here to-day!

Lieut. Goodacre. Well, go father, and try to bring him hither without telling him that I am here, nor my sister neither.

Jer. Nay, how shall I refrain I would much rather cry out to every body that I meet, he is here, he is here. (*goes out.*)

SCENE V.

Nanny, Lieutenant Goodacre.

Lieut. Goodacre. (*looking round him*) How charming is this retreat! Now indeed I know the place of my birth. Yonder is the cottage that I have so often sighed

ed after. There the great tree, under the shade of which we used to sit with our neighbours on fine summer evenings: and here the hill that I chose for the scene of my sports. O happy years of my childhood! Of every spot that I see round me, there is none, my dear mother, that does not remind me of some mark or other of your affection. But you seem thoughtful.

Nan. My joy is so great, I can hardly give it vent. If I were alone, I could cry for an hour. Besides, too, I think—

Lieut. Goodacre. What, my dear mother?

Nan. That you are not our equal now. You are too much above us.

Lieut. Goodacre. I too much above you? Oh! banish that thought. Are not the ties of nature the most sacred? Am not I convinced that I cannot be dearer to any persons upon earth than to you and my father? And should not I in return feel a more sincere affection to my parents, than to any other person in the universe? Ah! believe me, I shall continue to love and respect you the same as ever.

SCENE VI.

Nanny, Lieutenant Goodacre, Cicely.

Cic. (*enters hastily to her mother, without observing Lieutenant Goodacre.*) What is the matter mother? Why did my father send me here in such a hurry? (*perceiving Lieutenant Goodacre, she draws back.*) Oh goodness! an officer!

Lieut. Goodacre. (*aside to Nanny.*) Mother, is that my sister? (*Nanny makes signs to him in the affirmative. He goes to kiss her.*) What a charming countenance!

Cic. (*struggling.*) Oh! fye sir, be quiet.

Nan. What Cicely, to your brother?

Lieut. Goodacre. How surprized she seems? Yes, Cicely, your brother, and I hope a brother that you love.

Cic.

Cic. Dear mother ! what this fine officer ? Is he my brother Charley ?

Lieut. Goodacre. (*kissing her.*) What amiable innocence !

Cic. (*running to her mother quite overjoyed.*) Oh ! mother, we have nothing to fear now. Isaac will soon be released.

SCENE VII.

Jeremy, Nanny, Lieutenant Goodacre, Boniface, Cicely, Isaac, the Serjeant, Country People.

Jer. (*pointing to his son.*) There, serjeant ; there is the gentleman that will pay you the two guineas.

The Serj. (*surprized.*) How is this ? an officer ? (*takes off his hat.*)

Lieut. Goodacre. You say, fir, that you have enlisted this man : where is your beating order ?

The Serj. (*presenting it to him with some confusion.*) Here, fir.

Lieut. Goodacre. I see the number of your corps.—What officer commands your party ?

The Serj. Captain Marshall, fir.

Lieut. Goodacre. (*having looked over the paper.*) Why this is but a copy. Well, I know your captain, and think I should know you too. Your dealing with this man does not seem to have been fair. I am afraid that you have abused the honourable profession of a soldier, and looked upon it as allowing you a privilege to extort poor people's money. I shall write to your captain, and meantime shall be answerable for this man's appearance. (*Serjeant goes off.*)

SCENE VIII.

Jeremy, Nanny, Lieutenant Goodacre, Boniface, Cicely, Isaac, Country People.

Lieut. Goodacre. Come hither, sister : is this your intended spouse ? He is a clever young fellow. I like
Cicely's

Cicely's choice very much.

Isaac. You are very good, captain, to approve it, as I am no more than a husbandman.

Lieut. Goodacre. And what was my father? Are not you born of honest parents?

Nan. Yes indeed, my dear son, as honest as any in the parish.

Lieut. Goodacre. Well, I shall not be happy unless I am at your wedding. I shall take all the expence of it upon myself.

Country People. (*with a murmur of approbation.*) That is very generous indeed.

Lieut. Goodacre. But do not I see Mr. Boniface?

Bon. Yes, captain, much at your service.

Lieut. Goodacre. Ah! one of my oldest acquaintances. (*Shaking hands with him.*) I am sorry to have made him angry so often formerly.

Bon. That is all past. The present does me much honour. Do you know, captain, that it was I who read all your letters for this good couple? I have spread your reputation thro' the whole country. Indeed I came in myself for some share of it.

Lieut. Goodacre. Yes, Mr. Boniface, I acknowledge it with pleasure. Your instructions have not been entirely useless to me in my advancement.

Bon. (*bows affectedly, and rises with a pedantic toss of his head.*) Who would think (*aside*) that I have flogged a captain?

Lieut. Goodacre. Father, do these good people belong to the village?

Jer. Yes, child, they are our neighbours, and have been very kind to us in our old age.

Lieut. Goodacre. I am heartily obliged to you, my good friends.

Country People. (*approaching familiarly.*) How plain he is, and how affable! He does not think himself above us. Kindly welcome home, captain. We have always been glad to hear news from you, when you were abroad. (*Lieutenant Goodacre takes each of them by the hand.*)

Jer.

Fer. Every thing that I see of you, my dear son, pleases me highly, and convinces me, that whatever I heard to your advantage was true. You certainly have behaved yourself as a worthy soldier.

Lieut. Goodacre. I hope so, father; and I am indebted for it to your good advice, and that of my mother. There is no part of the world, I thank heaven, where my memory is hateful: I flatter myself that in many parts it is respected. (*looking at his watch.*) But my time is almost expired. I must leave you, my dear parents.

Nan. What, already? so soon?

Fer. Stop a little longer. We have scarcely had time to look at you.

Lieut. Goodacre. I must absolutely join our division again. Be assured that my heart alone would be sufficient to keep me here, if my duty did not call me away. But shall I ask you one thing before I leave you?

Fer. and Nan. Any thing, child, any thing.

Lieut. Goodacre. Well then, my dear parents, come and live with me. You shall command my pay, such as it is, in the same manner as you ever command my duty and affection.

Fer. and Nan. My dear son—

Lieut. Goodacre. You hesitate? Ah! your consent must be quite voluntary. It would be no happiness to me, if it ceased to be one to you.

Fer. Hear me, my dear child. We are old and cannot live long. Let us die here, where we have spent all our days. Let us die in our cottage; that spot is dear to us, since in it you was born. Only come and make us happy with the sight of you now and then, it is all that we desire.

Lieut. Goodacre. Oh! certainly, certainly, father.

Nan. And we, my dear son, will go to see you in return. They will be days of happiness to us when we see you, and we shall never cease to bless heaven for having given us such a son.

NARCISSUS

NARCISSUS AND HIPPOLYTUS.

NARCISSUS and Hippolytus were nearly of the same age, and loved each other from their earliest infancy. As their parents were close neighbours, they had opportunities of being together every day. Mr. Chambers, the father of Narcissus, had a place under government, the profits of which were immense; but the father of Hippolytus, Mr. Marvel, possessed a moderate fortune, on which, however, he lived content, and all his views aimed at making his son happy by the advantages of a well directed education, since he had it not in his power to leave him great riches. To obtain this end, he made choice of means the most worthy of his prudence. Hippolytus, at nine years of age, was formed to all the exercises of the body, and his understanding enriched with many useful acquirements. Being constantly in exercise and motion, he was healthy and robust.—Always contented, and happy in the affection of his parents, he enjoyed a mild cheerfulness, that communicated its influence to those who had the happiness of being in his company. His little neighbour Narcissus was one who felt this happiness; for the moment that Hippolytus left him, he would be quite at a loss for amusement. That his time might not hang wearisome, he was continually eating without being hungry, drinking without being dry, and dozing without being sleepy. So that scarce a day passed, but he was troubled with qualms of the stomach, or violent head-aches.—Mr. Chambers, as well as Mr. Marvel, tenderly wished his son's happiness; but to procure it he had unfortunately taken the means which were quite opposite to his end. Narcissus from the cradle had been bred up with the utmost delicacy.—He had always a servant behind him to hand him a chair, whenever he had a mind to change his seat. He was
drest

dress and undress as if he had not the use of his hands. It seemed as if all those who were about him only breathed for him, and that he could not help himself even to live. While Hippolytus, in a thin linen jacket, helped his father to cultivate a little garden for his amusement, Narcissus, in a fine scarlet coat, was lolling in a chariot, paying morning visits with his mamma. If ever he went to take the country air, and alighted out of the carriage but for a moment, they took particular care to put his great coat on, and a handkerchief round his head, for fear he should catch cold. Accustomed as he was to be humoured in his slightest fancies, he wished for every thing that he saw; but this wish lasted only for a moment; and the more troublesome it was to procure him what he wished, the sooner he was tired of it. To spare him the smallest subject of ill humour, his mother had ordered all the servants to respect even his follies. This ill-judged indulgence made him so whimsical and imperious, that every body in the house hated and despised him. Besides his parents, Hippolytus was the only person that loved him, and could patiently put up with his humours. He knew how to manage his temper, and could make him even good humoured like himself. How do you contrive to be always so merry? said Mr. Chambers to him one day.—I do not well know, sir, answered he. It comes of itself. But my papa tells me, that one is never perfectly happy, without mixing a little work with one's play. And I have observed it, too, whenever any strangers come to our house, and we quit our work to entertain them: I never find my time hang heavy but on such days. It is this mixture of exercise and amusement that makes me always be in good health. I fear neither the winds, nor the rain; neither the heat of the day, nor the cold of the evening; and I have almost dug up a whole plat in my garden, before poor Narcissus quits his bed of a morning. Mr. Chambers heaved a sigh; and that very day he went to consult Mr. Marvel how he should act, in order to make his son as healthy and as chearful as Hippolytus. Mr. Marvel
took

took pleasure in answering his questions, and laid before him the plan that he had followed. The powers of the body, and of the mind, said he, should be equally kept in exercise, unless they are meant to be unserviceable, as money buried in the ground would be, even to its owner. Nothing can be imagined more prejudicial to the health and happiness of children, than to give them a pusillanimous turn, by using them to excessive delicacy; and from a pernicious complaisance, to give way to their whimsical and obstinate humours. To what vexatious disappointments will not a man be exposed, who has been accustomed from his childhood to see even his follies flattered; since of all the warmest wishes of his heart, he may happen to see scarcely one accomplished; and thus be led basely to murmur against his destiny, when he should for the most part thank heaven for rejecting his infatuated vows? He added, with tokens of heart-felt satisfaction, that Hippolytus would certainly never be that unhappy person. Mr. Chambers was struck with this discourse, and resolved to conduct his son to happiness by the same way. Alas! it was too late. Narcissus now was fourteen years old, and his mind, so long enervated, could not bear any exertion, though ever so little fatiguing. His mother, as weak as himself, entreated her husband not to tease their darling. Her husband, wearied out with those entreaties, dropped the sensible design that he had formed; and the darling sunk more and more into habits of pernicious effeminacy. Thus the strength of his body declined, in proportion as his mind was degraded by ignorance. At length when he had gained the age of seventeen, his parents sent him to the university, intending him afterwards for the study of the law. Hippolytus being destined for the same profession, accompanied his young friend. I had forgot to mention that Hippolytus, in his different studies and acquirements, had never had any other instructor than his father. Narcissus had as many masters as there are different accomplishments to acquire; and he remembered a few of the terms used by each of

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them

them tolerably well. This was all the fruit of his studies. The understanding of Hippolytus, on the contrary, was like a garden, whose airy situation every where admits the kindly rays of the sun, and in which every seed, by a judicious cultivation, comes rapidly to the growth. Already well instructed, he earnestly desired fresh knowledge. His diligence and good behaviour afforded a pattern for imitation to his companions. His mild temper, his lively apprehension and joyous humour, made his company strongly attracting. Every body loved him, and every body wished to be his friend. Narcissus at first was happy to be in the same lodging with him. But very soon his pride, mortified by the esteem that Hippolytus had acquired, would not suffer him to be longer a witness to it.— He therefore separated from him upon a frivolous pretence. Being now left to himself, and his own vitiated taste, he sighed for pleasure, and thoughtlessly snatched at whatever seemed to offer her deceitful image to his view. I shall not attempt to describe to you how often he blushed for himself, and how from one imprudence to another, he fell at last into the grossest irregularities. It will suffice to inform you, that he returned to his father's house with the seeds of a mortal distemper in his bosom; that he languished six months on a bed of pain, and expired in the severest agonies. Hippolytus came home to his parents, regretted both by his teachers and his companions, and enriched with a treasure of learning and prudence. With what transports of joy was he received by his family! O children, how sweet a thing it is to make ourselves beloved by all who know us, and at the same time to feel ourselves worthy of this universal affection! His mother thought herself the happiest of women; and tears of joy filled his father's eyes whenever he beheld him. A considerable employment in his profession was conferred on him, with the unanimous approbation of all who knew his character, and enabled him to gratify his ardent desire of promoting the happiness of his friends. And he enjoyed their happiness as
much

much as they did themselves. His parents, too, shared the same generous sentiments, and lived in affluence to a good old age. He took pleasure in repaying them with interest the attentions that they had shewed for him. A wife endowed with beauty and virtue, and children resembling himself, made his happiness complete. Whenever, therefore, any man was mentioned as being both happy, and worthy to be so, the name of Hippolytus always occurred first to the thoughts of those who knew him.

PLAINNESS THE DRESS OF USE.

THE little Isabella had worn nothing but a plain white frock, till she was eight years old. Neat red Morocco shoes, with silver buckles, set off her small feet; her ebon hair, that never yet had felt the torturing iron, floated in large curls upon her shoulders.

She had got one day into the company of certain little girls, who, though not older than herself, were dressed already like great ladies; and the richness of their clothes awakened in her heart the first vain notions she had ever had within it.

Dear mamma, said she, returning from the house where she had met with these fine ladies, I have seen this afternoon the three miss Askwells. I suppose you know them. She that's eldest must be younger than myself. O dear mamma, how sweetly they were dressed! Their parents, sure, must have a deal of pleasure, seeing them so fine! I dare say they are not so rich as you; so give me, if you please, a fine silk slip, with such embroidered shoes as they had on; and let my hair be dressed by Mr. Frizzle, who, they tell me, is extremely clever.

The mother. I desire no better, if to do so will contribute to your satisfaction; but I fear, with all this elegance,

legance, you'll find yourself not quite so happy as you have been hitherto, in the simplicity of such plain things as you are used to.

Isabella. And why so, mamma?

The mother. Because you'll be eternally afraid of spotting, and even rumpling, what you wear. A dress so elegant as the Miss Askwell's will require the greatest study and attention in the wear, that it may do you honour. If it gets one spot, the beauty will be lost for ever, as one cannot put it in the wash-tub to recover its first lustre; and however rich you may suppose me, I shall not be rich enough to let you have a new silk slip whenever you may want one.

Isabella. O! if that be all, mamma, don't make yourself uneasy. I'll be very careful of it.

The Mother. Will you? Well then, I must give you such a dress; but still, remember I have hinted what uneasiness your vanity may cause you.

Unpersuaded by the wisdom of this counsel, Isabella did not lose a moment in destroying all the pleasure and enjoyment of her infancy. Her hair, that had till then hung down at liberty, was now to be confined in paper, and squeezed close between a burning pair of tongs; and that fine jet, which had till now so happily set off the whiteness of her forehead, was to disappear beneath a clod of powder and pomatum.

Two days after, Isabella had a handsome slip brought home, of pea-green taffety with fine pink trimmings, and a pair of straw-work'd shoes to match them. — Their inimitable taste, propriety and freshness, charmed the eye; but when she had them on, it was evident her limbs were under great constraint; her motions had no longer their accustomed ease and freedom; and her infant countenance, amid so vast a quantity of flowers, silk, gauze, and ribbands, lost entirely every trace of innocence and candour.

She was, notwithstanding, quite enchanted at her metamorphosis. Her eyes, with mighty satisfaction, wandered over her whole little person, and were never taken off, except when she looked round about her, to find

find out some glass in the apartment that might represent the idol she then worshipped, at full length, before her.

She had wrought on her mamma to send out cards of invitation to her little friends, that when they came to visit her she might enjoy a feast, in viewing their surprise and admiration. When they had all got together, she walked to and fro before them, like a peacock; and to notice her behaviour, any one would have imagined she supposed herself an empress, and considered those about her as subjected to her empire. But, alas! this triumph was but of a very short duration, and a multitude of mortifying circumstances followed it.

The children were permitted to go out a walking in the fields, near that part of the town she lived in. Isabella therefore led the way, and they attained, in ten or fifteen minutes, a delightful country.

A luxuriant meadow first of all attracted their attention. It was every where enamelled with a vast variety of charming flowers; and butterflies, whose wings were of a thousand mingled colours, hovered in each quarter of it. The gay little ladies hunted these fine butterflies; they dextrously caught, but did not hurt them; and when once they had examined all their beauty, let them go, and with their eyes pursued the little creatures as they fluttered this and that way. They employed themselves in making nosegays likewise of the flowers that sprung up in the meadow, which they gathered for that purpose.

Isabella, who from pride had first of all disdained these mean amusements, wanted very soon to share the entertainment they afforded; but the ground, they told her, might be damp, in which case she would stain her shoes, and damage her fine slip; for they had now discovered, her intention, in thus bringing them together, was to vex them only with a sight of her fine clothes, and they resolved to mortify her in their turn.

She was of course necessitated to be solitary, and sit still; while she observed how gaily her companions frolicked round about her. The delight of contempla-

ting on her pea-green slip was, in comparison therewith, a very sorry kind of entertainment.

At the corner of the meadow, was a sort of little grove, in which was to be heard the music of a thousand birds, that seemed as if inviting every person that went through the meadow, to go thither, and enjoy the coolness of the shade. This grove our children entered, jumping as they went along with joy. Poor Isabella would have followed them, but she was told the bushes would entirely tear all her trimmings. She observed her friends divert themselves at *pussy in the corner*, and pursue each other through the trees. The more she heard them shout with joy, the more, as any one might have expected, was she peevish and ill-humoured.

But the youngest of her visitors had some sort of compassion on her. She had just found out a corner where there grew a quantity of fine wild strawberries, and therefore waved her to come on, and eat her portion of them. She would willingly have done so, but had scarcely got into the grove, when unexpectedly a cry was heard. The children gathered to the spot, and found poor Isabella fastened by the gauze upon her hat and ribbands, to a branch of white thorn, which she could not any how get free from. They made haste to loose the pins that held her hat on; but to add to her affliction, as her hair, which had been frizz'd with so much labour, was entangled likewise with the branch of white thorn, so it cost her almost a whole lock, before she could be set at liberty; and thus was all at once the charming superstructure of her head-dress absolutely pulled to pieces.

'Tis not difficult to guess how little this misfortune thus befalling Isabella touched her play-mates, when they found, as we have said already, why she had invited them. Instead of consolation, which she needed, and 'tis very probable expected, they could hardly keep from laughing at her comical appearance, and did actually jeer her with a hundred wicked witticisms. After having smoothed her down a little, they ran off in search

search of fresh amusement, towards a hill they saw at some little distance from them.

Isabella, in the interim, could not, without real difficulty, reach it. Her strait shoes, that had been made so to set off her little feet the better, were a great obstruction to her speed; nor was this all the mischief, for her stays were drawn so close, she could not easily fetch breath. She would have now been happy to go home, and change her dress, that she might be at ease; but then she knew her little friends would never have consented, upon her account, to be deprived of their amusement.

They had got by this time to the summit of the hill, and were enjoying the fine view a spacious horizon presented them on every side. They saw on one hand verdant meadows; on the other, yellow harvests; rivulets before them that meandered through the country; and by way of termination to the landscape, a large river, on whose banks were many pleasant country houses. So magnificent a prospect charmed them. They even danced about with joy, while Isabella at the bottom of the hill, (for she was absolutely out of breath, and could not possibly get further) was devoured with sorrow.

She had time and opportunity enough, in such a situation, to make many sad reflections. To what purpose, said she to herself, are these fine cloaths I've got upon me? how much pleasure do they not prevent me from enjoying! and what pain do I not suffer, for no other reason than because I have them!

She was giving up her mind to these afflicting thoughts, when suddenly she heard her friends come running down the hill, and all cry out together, as they passed her: Run, run, Isabella! there's a dreadful storm behind the hill, that's coming towards us! If you don't make haste, your slip will soon be made a pretty sop of!

Isabella felt her strength returning, at the fear of such a great misfortune as her play-mates threatened. She forgot her weariness, pinched feet and tight-laced middle,

middle, and made tolerable haste to reach some place of shelter. But in spite of every thing she did to shun so grievous a misfortune as the spoiling of her clothes, she could not run so fast as her companions, who were drest so lightly. Then, too, every moment she was stopped ; at one time by her hoop and flounces in the narrow paths she had to go through ; at another, by her train which the furze would frequently catch hold of ; and at others, by *Mounsheer's* fine scaffold work about her head, on which the wind bent down the branches of such trees, as, in going homeward, she was forced to pass under.

At that moment too the storm burst forth in all its fury ; and there fell a shower of hail and rain both mixed together, after all but Isabella had regained their several habitations.

In the end, however, Isabella got home likewise, but wet through and through. She had besides left one of her fine shoes behind her in a heap of dung, which, as she hurried homeward, she had scrambled over without seeing it ; and to increase the list of her disasters, she had not quite cleared the meadow, when a gust of wind blew off her hat into the middle of a dirty pool of water.

They had all the trouble any one can possibly imagine to undress her ; so much had the sweat and rain even glued her shift and other garments to her body ; so that her whole dress was spoiled, and absolutely good for nothing.

Shall I have another slip, my dear, against to-morrow made up for you ? said her mother drily, seeing her in tears.

O no, mamma, said Isabella, kissing her : I am convinced fine clothes can never make the wearer of them happy. Let me take up with my nice white frock again ; and have no more pomatum in my hair, till I am eight or ten years older than at present ; and forgive my folly.

Isabella with the dress of childhood, came again into the full possession of her liberty, and seemed as modest

deft and as charming as ſhe ever had been. Neither did her dear mamma regret the loſs ſhe had experienced in the purchaſe of this fine ſilk ſlip, &c. ſince it proved the means of reſtating her beloved daughter in the happineſs her vanity and folly would have taken from her, had it not been for this uſeful leſſon.

A COMPETENCE IS BEST.

MR. Draper had received no very great inheritance from fortune and his parents, but was not without the happy ſecret of conforming his deſires to what he had; and notwithstanding he was frequently obliged to go without a number of conveniences and comforts others could command by means of their abundance, never did one envious thought diſturb his equability of temper. He had never ſuffered more than one affliction of conſiderable magnitude, ariſing from his want of this life's comforts; and that was one in the loſs of an affectionate and virtuous woman, torn from his embraces by the hand of death.— A charming little fellow, Leonard Draper, was the only child remaining to conſole him; and the education of this charming little fellow, was the ſingle object of his ſtudy and attention.

Leonard was endued by nature with very ſtrong imagination; and by this, his father had found out the happy ſecret of improving, at a very early time of life, his reaſon; namely, by exhibiting before him every object in its real point of view, of which he had beforehand only given him an idea. By a ſeries of ſtrong images, arranged in order, and ſelected in a proper moment to produce their full effect, he had enabled him already to make many accurate and deep reflections.

Satisfied with his condition, this good father wiſhed particularly to inculcate in his ſon thoſe principles to
which

which he owed himself the calm of his condition, and the peace within his mind. Yes, often would he whisper to himself, if I can but accustom him to live contented with his humble fortune, and point out what folly there would be in putting any value upon what he must not hope to get, I shall have more contributed to make his manhood happy, than by leaving him a heap of gold and silver.

Occupied incessantly on this important lesson, he thought fit one evening to accompany his son to Vauxhall Gardens, for the first time in his life. Immediately on entering, Leonard was suddenly struck with admiration and delight. The perfume of the flowers, the beauty of the paintings, the well-ordered disposition of the walks, the crowd of men and women who were in them elegantly dressed, the incessant motion of the multitude, the hum of their discourse, the noise of the cascade, all joined to interest his contemplation; and his eye considered at one view ten thousand objects.—His good father seeing him, if we may say so, swallowed up in thought, conducted him to that part of the gardens which was more retired from public observation; that his senses, which were too much occupied by such a crowd of images, might be in some degree at rest.—Soon after, he proposed indulging him with some refreshment, if he liked it.—Leonard gladly took his father's offer; and soon after, having satisfied his appetite and palate, spoke as follows:

How extremely happy every one here present seems! I should like, papa, if we had such a charming garden. Did you notice what a number of fine carriages were at the door? And all those gentlefolks that pass us, how well dressed they are! I should be glad to know why we must live so sparingly, when others in the world indulge themselves with every thing they have a mind to. I begin, papa, believe me, now to see how poor you are. But why, then, are so many around us rich? They are not better people sure than you, papa.

You speak exactly like a child, replied the father.

Yous

You begin to see how poor I am ? For my part, I can tell you I'm quite rich.

Leonard. And where, then, are your riches ?

Mr. Draper. I've a garden bigger far than this.

Leonard. A garden ! you, papa ! I should be glad to see it.

Mr. Draper. When we go into the country, you shall see it.

They went very soon, it being now the season for its pleasures : and the very day of their arrival at the country-house, not far from London, Mr. Draper took his son and led him up a hill, from whence the eye commanded an extensive prospect. On the right, was seen a spacious forest, whose extremities seemed lost at the horizon. On the left, appeared a beautiful mixture of fine gardens, verdant meadows, and vast fields quite covered with the promise of a plentiful harvest. Close below the hill was stretched a valley, watered in its whole extension with a thousand little rills ; and all this landscape was in motion. There were fishermen in one part, busy with their nets ; and husbandmen, that in another were employed in gathering fruits and herbs, and sportsmen with their clamorous greyhounds, urging the swift stag, and shepherds watching by their flocks, or playing nearby them in the shade ; This delightful picture captivated Mr. Draper and his son, who for a time kept silence, till the child began the following conversations :

When papa, then, shall we reach your garden ?

Mr. Draper. We are at it now, my child.

Leonard. But this is not a garden : 'tis a hill.

Mr. Draper. Look round as far as you can see ; for this I tell you is my garden. Yonder forest, and these fields are all my property.

Leonard. Your property, papa ? you're joking !

Mr. Draper. No, indeed, I am not. I'll convince you in an instant, I dispose of every thing all around us as the owner of it only can do.

Leonard. "I will delight me to be sure of that.

Mr.

Mr. Draper. If you had all this country, what would you do with it ?

Leonard. What they do, who are possessed of an estate which is their own.

Mr. Draper. But what may that be ?

Leonard. In the first place, then, I would cut down a deal of timber, and make fire-wood of it, to be used this winter. In the next place, I would go a hunting to catch venison. I would likewise sometimes fish, breed sheep, and oxen ; and in harvest, gather in the corn that covers this fine country.

Mr. Draper. Why, you comprehend the matter admirably, Leonard : And I'm glad to find our notions are so like each others. Well, whatever you would do, that, I already do ; and I'll convince you of it.

Leonard. How, papa ?

Mr. Draper. I say, then, in the first place, I have men who cut down for me in this forest all the wood I have occasion for.

Leonard. And yet, I never heard you order them to cut down any for you !

Mr. Draper. And why not ? because they have the forethought to prevent me. We have always a good fire below, and sometimes, too, up stairs. Well then, I have the wood brought to me from the forest to keep up those fires ; for here, you know, we can't get coals to burn as if we were in London.

Leonard. You have, indeed, the wood brought to you from this forest ; but must pay for what you have.

Mr. Draper. If I were he you look on as the real owner of this forest, should I not be forced to pay for what I might have brought me from it, as I am at present ?

Leonard. No indeed, papa. It would be cut down for you, and sent in without a penny cost on your part.

Mr. Draper. You believe so, do you ? On the other hand, I think the cost might be a great deal more in that case than at present ; for you'll grant, if I pos-
 fessed

possessed the forest, I must keep at least a woodman to cut down the trees for fire-wood.

Leonard. Well ; pass over this : but can you go a hunting ?

Mr. Draper. And why, Leonard, should I hunt ?

Leonard. To have, for instance, venison.

Mr. Draper. Could we two, then, eat a buck or doe ourselves entirely ?

Leonard. We should have a charming appetite to do so !

Mr. Draper. Well then, as I cannot go a hunting, I send huntsmen in my place ; and very probably, the venison you have seen hang up at Charing-cross, where lately you went with me to buy some, was hunted in this forest. I can therefore, without hunting venison, have as much as I think proper.

Leonard. For your money !

Mr. Draper. Well ; and is it not a charming thing for me, that I can come at venison on these terms ? for I've no wages I need pay to those that hunt it for me ; or provided they should shoot it, I've in that case neither gun, nor ball, nor powder to supply them with : those various kinds of dogs our squire maintains, thank heaven ! they eat up nothing that belongs to me.

Leonard. Are those cows, too, and sheep that graze in yonder meadow, yours ?

Mr. Draper. Yes, truly. Have not you fresh butter every day ? 'Tis from those cows I get it.

Leonard. But papa, if all these flocks, and all those little rivers too, are yours, why have not we at dinner every day all sorts of meat and fish, as other rich folks I am told of ?

Mr. Draper. Do they eat up every thing their servants set before them ?

Leonard. No : But they may chuse at table any thing they like.

Mr. Draper. And as for me, I make my choice before my victuals come to table. Every thing that I want, I have. Superfluous things, 'tis true, I'm not

possessed of : but what benefit would they procure me if I had them ? I should want, in that case, a superfluous stomach also.

Leonard. Wealthy people make good cheer ; but you, papa, I fancy, don't.

Mr. Draper. Indeed I do, and better than the wealthy, Leonard. I've a sauce that almost always fails them ; namely, a good appetite.

Leonard. And have you then a deal of money, as they have, to satisfy a thousand wishes ?

Mr. Draper. Much more money ; or at least, what's better, I've no wishes.

Leonard. There's however, I believe, a deal of pleasure in contenting them.

Mr. Draper. A hundred times more pleasure, child, in being of one's self content, as I am.

Leonard. But does not God, pray, love the rich a great deal more than you, since he bestows upon them so much gold and silver ?

Mr. Draper. Leonard, don't you recollect that wine we had last Wednesday on the table, when your uncle came to dine and sup with us, and which you said was so delicious ?

Leonard. Yes, papa ; you were so good, I well remember, as to give me half a glass-full of it.

Mr. Draper. But you wanted more. I might have let you had it, since you know the bottle had a deal left in it, even after supper : Why, then, did I not oblige you, pray ?

Leonard. Because you were afraid 'twould make me ill.

Mr. Draper. I recollect I told you so : and don't you fancy I did right ?

Leonard. O, as for that, you did indeed ; I know you love me, and are always studying how to make me happy. So you would not have refused me such a trifle as a glass of wine, if you had thought it would have pleased me, and not hurt my health.

Mr. Draper. And can you think God loves you less than I do ?

Leonard.

Leonard. No, papa, I cannot, after what I've heard you say so often of his goodness.

Mr. Draper. On the other hand, do you believe he would have found it difficult to give you gold and silver in abundance?

Leonard. No more difficult than I should find it to give any one a handful of the dust we tread on.

Mr. Draper. Well then, if, as you acknowledge, he is able to bestow these on you, and does not bestow them, even tho' he loves you, what are you to think of his refusal?

Leonard. That the riches I desire he'd give me, would be hurtful.

Mr. Draper. Are you perfectly convinc'd of this?

Leonard. Yes, perfectly, and have not got a word to say against it. Yet, papa—

Mr. Draper. Well; why thus shake your head?—You've still some burthen on your heart: what is it?

Leonard. Notwithstanding all your reasonings, I can never bring myself to fancy all this county yours.

Mr. Draper. And why?

Leonard. Because you can't enjoy it as you please.

Mr. Draper. You know the famous Mr. Norton?

Leonard. Do I know him? why that's he who has such charming gardens.

Mr. Draper. And can he enjoy those gardens as he pleases?

Leonard. No, indeed; poor man! he dares not even eat a bunch of grapes!

Mr. Draper. And yet you've seen some very fine ones in his garden?

Leonard. That I have; but they would do him harm.

Mr. Draper. You see then, one may easily possess a number of good things, and yet not dare to use them as one likes. I dare not use my gardens as I certainly should like, because my fortune will not let me: and this Mr. Norton dares not use his garden as he likes, because his health will not allow him. So that I am much the happiest.

Leonard. But, papa, you love to ride a horse-back—don't you?

Mr Draper.

Mr. Draper. Yes; for 'tis an exercise that does me good, when I have time to take it.

Leonard. Well then, if these meadows are all yours, why don't you take the hay that grows upon them, and in future keep a horse?

Mr. Draper. Why that's the very thing I do. And those same hay-cocks you see there, are possibly intended for the horse I ride.

Leonard. And yet I never saw one in your stable?

Mr. Draper. Heav'n be prais'd, I'm not at such a great expence.

Leonard. Nor do you ride as frequently as you would like?

Mr. Draper. You're wrong: for I'm so prudent, that I never wish to ride but when a ride would do me good. And then I get it for about three shillings. God be prais'd! I'm rich enough to pay that sum.

Leonard. Don't you imagine 'twould be very charming to have two fine piebald horses, and be drawn about the country in a fashionable coach?

Mr. Draper. Agreeable enough: but when I think of all the inconvenience that attends a coach; how often one would want the harness-maker, smith and wheel-wright; how much one depends upon the health of horses, and the conduct of a coachman; and what risque one runs of being overfet, together with the fatal consequences luxury too often occasions,—truly, Leonard, I don't grieve I am obliged to use my legs, they certainly will last me long enough. But see the sun's now set, and we must think of getting home before the evening closes on us. Let me have your hand. Now, are you not quite pleas'd in having seen my great estate?

Leonard. Ah, dear papa, I should be much more so, could I but be persuaded it were yours.

The father smil'd at this reply; and down the hill they walk'd together. As it happen'd, they went by a meadow, which at first they thought had been a pond, because 'twas quite covered with water. Bless me! cried out Mr. Draper, do you see this meadow,
how

how 'tis overflow'd ? the neighbouring river must have burst its bounds, and all the hay this year is spoiled.

Leonard. I fancy he to whom the hay belong'd, will not be very happy, when they tell him of his loss.

Mr. Draper. No, no ; nor is this the worst : he will be forced to mend the banks, and very likely make another dam. Why, he'll be very happy, if he does not spend in these repairs the produce of ten harvests he could make in such a meadow.

Leonard. O, what a misfortune !

Mr. Draper. But I thought there had been hereabouts a windmill.

Leonard. And there is, papa : Look there before you.

Mr. Draper. Right, I see it now : the reason is, I did not hear it going. I'd lay any wager that the torrent coming down has forced away the wheel work.—Let's go see.—Just so.—'Tis broke to pieces.—What will the poor owner do ? He must be very rich indeed to stand against so many losses !

Leonard. O, I pity him with all my heart ! But since the day is over, why pray are the bricklayers still at work ?

Mr. Draper. I can't tell why. We need but ask the reason.—Pray friend, be so kind as to inform us why you work so late ?

A Bricklayer. We shall be here all night. For yesterday when it was dark, a gang of thieves pull'd down the wall, that they might get into the park, and steal away the furniture that had been put into a new built summer-house. The theft was not discovered till this morning ; and indeed 'tis very lucky no one caught them in the fact.

Mr. Draper. How so ?

The Bricklayer. Because the thieves had previously dispos'd combustibles to set the summer-house on fire, if they had been disturb'd in plundering : so that they might get away assisted by the bustle and confusion such destruction would have caus'd. The owner of this ground, as you may judge, is therefore very hap-

py in his loss; he might have seen his summer-house burnt down; whereas, the affair will cost him now no more than some slight reparation to his wall, the expence of keeping up a watch all night, and buying other furniture in lieu of that he had lain in, and which indeed had cost him much.

Well, Leonard, now said Mr. Draper to his son, when they had walk'd a little way in silence, what do you observe on these misfortunes? don't they grieve you?

Leonard. Why should I be sorry? I have suffered nothing by them.

Mr. Draper. But if this estate had been your property, as Mr. Norton's grounds are his; and if, when going out this morning, you had seen your meadow overflow'd, your wind-mill broke to pieces, your park wall demolish'd, and your summer-house broke open, would you have gone home as satisfied as you appear to be at present?

Leonard. O, by no means so. I should, upon the other hand, be miserable, having undergone so many heavy losses in a day.

Mr. Draper. But what if you had every day such losses to endure, or stand in fear of? would you be as happy as at present?

Leonard. I should be a thousand times more miserable.

Mr. Draper. Well then, Leonard, such is in reality the state of all possessing great abundance. Without reckoning up the cares that agitate them, and the innumerable wants they fancy,—in the elevation of their fortune lies too frequently the cause of its decay. A barren season, or false step in the pursuit of their rapacious projects, frequently suffices to produce their ruin. As they fear the loss of their imaginary consequence, should they resolve upon some sacrifices to their luxury and pride; the more they undergo distressing losses, they suppose they ought the more to make a sumptuous show to keep up the appearance of their riches, and support a credit that already totters to its fall.—

What

What then is the effect of such a wretched sort of vanity? Their servants, cheated of that pay they ought to have, proceed to introduce a sort of robbery thro' all the house. The improvement of their fortune, and the education of their children being overlook'd, their lands in some sort as it were lie fallow, or produce a blighted harvest only; and their children, left to riot in the ways of wickedness, commit disgraceful actions that are stifled by the necessary aid of money. All their property, when seiz'd on by inexorable creditors, is in the end completely dissipated, or the law lays hold of what would otherwise be left them. And these favourites of fortune, once so proud of their abundance, elevated station, and enjoyments, fall at once into the gulf of indigence, opprobrium and despair.

Leonard. O, what a frightful picture is not this, papa?

Mr. Draper. 'Tis one, however, daily to be gazed at in society; and be assured, there is not one exaggerated feature in the whole design. I can at all times shew you, in the public papers, the decay of some great family or other: and these striking instances God's providence exposes to the observation of the rich, that they may see what fortune is most likely to await their pride and folly. In the morning we will go and gaze on those fine buildings that excite your envy now, where you may read the ruin of too many families inscribed on every pillar round about, till they are swallowed up themselves in their own ruin. Why, alas, can I not spare your sensibility the cries of many desolated families, that are but too evincing tokens of such miserable revolutions!

Leonard. What then, should I look upon the mediocrity of our condition as a blessing meant us from above?

Mr. Draper. Yes, yes; if you are only frugal and laborious, and possess sufficient resolution to renounce ambition and the immoderate wish of getting money, of confining your desires, and keeping them within the limits of that state you fill.—Do I want any thing to
make

make me happy? and in reason, would you wish in future to be happier than your father? Consider the whole universe as your estate; since if you are but properly industrious, it will furnish you a comfortable maintenance. God's providence has placed your earthly habitation half way up a hill, whose summit is extremely craggy, and its base choak'd up with swamps. Lift up your eye at intervals upon the rich and great, not with a view to envy them their situations but to think upon the storms that bellow round them. Sometimes too, look down upon the poor beneath you, not by the way of insult on their friendless situation, but to hold them out your hand. If God should bless you with a family of children, let them often have the lesson I have just now taught you; but more particularly, give them the example in your life, God's blessing has enabled me to furnish you withal.

By this time they were both got home. The virtuous Mr. Draper went up stairs into his chamber, and there falling on his knees, gave thanks to God for all the blessings he had constantly receiv'd, and offer'd him the sacrifice of a heart devoted to his service, as the best return he had to make. His days had ever been replete with probity and honour, and by giving such a lesson on contentment to his son, he did whatever he was able to endow him with a valuable patrimony, such as no one could take from him.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

Mrs. Hunter, and Monimia, her daughter.

Monimia. **N**O, mamma: I had much rather make a finish of this purse.

Mrs. Hunter. But then Monimia, Caroline would certainly

certainly be pleased a great deal better with the work bag. Don't you recollect, she seemed delighted when you showed her yours ? and that you have up stairs is made exactly like it.

Monimia. Notwithstanding that, mamma, I'm sure she'd like the purse a great deal better.

Mrs. Hunter. Be it so ; but will the purse be finished ? There are still at least a dozen rows to do ; whereas, the work bag only wants a ribband to compleat it. Sure you would not pay a visit to your cousin, on her birth-day, and go there without some present for her ?

Monimia. O, mamma, you know I should not like to do so ; but believe me, you shall see the purse will very soon be finished.

Mrs. Hunter. Think before you come to any resolution in the affair. Your father, I suppose you know, sets out at four o'clock exactly, and if any one among you has not finished what she had to do, that one will not go with him.

Monimia. He sets out at five o'clock, mamma, not four.

Mrs. Hunter. Monimia, will you never then be rid of such a shocking trick ? Will you for ever be determined to assert the absolute reverse of every thing you hear ?

Monimia. But if I'm sure papa sets out at five, and not before ?

Mrs. Hunter. Well, well ; 'twill very soon be seen, Monimia, which is in the right. But I advise you, as a friend, to be prepared against the hour I mention.

Monimia. O, if that be all, mamma, you may be sure to find me ready, even at four : for look ye, 'tis, as one may say, quite finished. I should get a quarter of an hour beside, were I to run and work below there, in the garden.

Mrs. Hunter. Why so, pray ?

Monimia. Because 'tis so much lighter there.

Mrs. Hunter. But sure, you'll lose a deal of time in going thither and returning ?

Monimia.

Monimia. O! don't fear but I shall get it up again. My work will go on ten times better for it.

Mrs. Hunter. As you please, Monimia; but remember, I've forewarned you what may be the case.

Monimia. I'll take the consequence upon myself, and run as fast as possible.

In fact she did run thither very fast; so fast that she arrived quite out of breath. She wanted more than half-a-dozen minutes to recover; and at last, when she was set at work, her hands were in a tremble, owing to her flurry; so that frequently she took up one stitch for another. In the end, when she was quite recovered, one must own she pushed her work on very fast. And yet, in spite of all her diligence, it seemed to grow beneath her fingers. Mrs. Hunter, who was really uneasy, came to find her.

Mrs. Hunter. Well, Monimia, how goes business forward? Have you finished?

Monimia. No, not yet, mamma; nor is it five o'clock yet.

Mrs. Hunter. Right, Monimia; but 'tis four: the clock's just gone.

Monimia. Not struck, mamma. I have been listening; so I'm sure of that.

Mrs. Hunter. I don't know how it came about then that I heard it: and your father must have heard it likewise, for you'll find he's setting out.

Monimia. O! now, I'm sure you're joking: that can never be.

Mrs. Hunter. However, Dick has put the horses to, and here's your brother and your sisters coming. They are ready.

Monimia. O, dear me! You don't say so, mamma!

The Brother (coming forward.) Where, Monimia, are you? We are waiting now for none but you.

Monimia. A moment, brother.

The Brother. Four o'clock has struck, and you remember that papa at dinner told us he should go precisely to a minute; having an appointment here, at half past five.

Mrs. Hunter.

Mrs. Hunter. Well now, Monimia, you remember what I told you.

(*Monimia's three sisters enter, crying out,*) Monimia ! come, come, come !

Monimia (vexed.) Softly, softly, children.

The Brother. How, Monimia, have you not yet done your purse ! See here the little landscape I shall give my cousin.

First Sister. And this bow-pot, which will be my present.

Second Sister. And this house-wife of my making for her.

Third Sister. And these garters I have knit her :—But here comes papa.

Mr. Hunter (coming in.) Well, we are setting out.—You know, Monimia, I am never staid for, therefore never do I stay for others. If you're ready, follow ; but if not, remain behind.

Monimia. My purse is not yet done : I have but two short rows to finish.

Mr. Hunter. (beckoning the other children to follow.) Well, good by, Monimia : I'll give Caroline your love, and say you wish her well, and happy, on her birthday. (*They go out.*)

Monimia (to her mother, weeping.) They are setting out, and I must stay at home quite melancholy ! I that waited with so much impatience for this day's arrival ! Caroline will have a present from them every one, and I, the eldest, am not of the party ! What will she think of me ?

Mrs. Hunter. In reality, the case is pitiable, I must own ; and more particularly so, as it depended on yourself alone, to shun the mortifying situation. I forewarned you what would be the case, in proper time ; and if, instead of being obstinately bent to go on with your purse, you had but put a ribband to your work-bag ; if you had not lost so many minutes as you did in running hither ; if you had not got it from the first into your head, your father was not to set out till five, you would have saved yourself all this vexation. The
misfortune

misfortune now is come, and you have only to support it, as you ought, with patience.

Monimia. But my aunt and uncle, what will they think of me? They'll imagine I am in disgrace, or else don't love my cousin.

Mrs. Hunter. You must own, Monimia, they will have some reason to suspect as much.

Monimia. Ah, dear mamma! instead of lightening, you increase my sorrow!

Mrs. Hunter. No, Monimia, I am no less sorrowful than you; but then, if you think proper, I can end your sorrow.

Monimia. Ah now, you're quite good! Yes, yes; I'll make an end as soon as possible, and then we two will take the purse. My uncle, aunt, and cousin too, will be agreeably surprised, and see 'twas not my fault I came so late. I fancy, therefore you'll send out to fetch a coach, and in the interim I shall finish.

Mrs. Hunter. No, Monimia, that would be to disobey your father, and deprive you of the benefit accruing from a useful lesson. You shall not, at least to-day, go see your cousin; but may have it in your power to be as happy as you would have been by going. I've a certain method to propose to you for that purpose.

Monimia. And what is it, pray, mamma?

Mrs. Hunter. To form, from this time forward, a determined resolution not to settle matters just as you yourself think proper; to renounce particularly that intolerable trick you have of contradicting everlastingly whatever you hear said; and rid yourself of that vile habit you give way to, of opposing your ridiculous ideas to the counsels of such people as you know are wiser than yourself. I am persuaded you've sufficient courage to take up with any resolution, and support it.

Monimia. Yes, indeed, mamma, I will, I will so.

Mrs. Hunter. I expected nothing less, Monimia, from you; and if during what's still left us of the week, I see you persevere in your commendable resolve, we'll go next Saturday and see your cousin. We'll then carry her the purse, and more than that, the work bag also,

so, which will make her think you have delayed your present with a view of complimenting her with something worthier of herself, and more expressive of your generosity.

Monimia (embracing her mamma.) Oh! dear mamma, once more you make me happy!

Mrs. Hunter. You, Monimia, make me no less happy. Possibly this very moment you are laying the foundation of your happiness in future.

THE MAN WHO ROSE TO SUDDEN FORTUNE.

ONE fine evening, in the month of June, Mr. Ruffel went out with his son Eugene, to take a walk in some of the most agreeable environs of the city. The weather was mild, the sky clear, the purling streams and waving trees lulled them to an agreeable thoughtfulness. What a lovely evening! said Eugene, enchanted with the beauties of nature that surrounded him. He pressed his father's hand, and said to him, If you knew, papa, what thoughts rise in my heart! He was silent for a moment, then lifting up towards heaven his eyes, which were moistened with tears, I thank my God, said he, for the happy moments that he gives me to enjoy. Oh! that every body could taste the beauties of the evening as I do!—That all mankind overflowed with joy, as I do at this moment! I could wish to be king over a large country, that I might make all my subjects happy. Mr. Ruffel embraced his son. My dear Eugene, said he, the benevolent wish that you have just expressed, comes from a heart as generous as humane. But would not your thoughts change with your fortune? Would you preserve in an exalted station these sentiments that animate you now in the middling condition to which heaven has appointed you?

Eugene. Why do you ask that question, papa? can-

Q

not

not one become rich without becoming cruel or wicked ?

Mr. Ruffel. It does not always happen so, my dear. There are some fortunate persons who remember their past distresses, and in whom this reflection produces sentiments of charity towards the unfortunate. But to the disgrace of the human heart, a change of fortune frequently alters affections the most tender and sympathetic. While we are unfortunate ourselves, we think that heaven requires it of all men as a duty to relieve our sufferings. If the hand of God remove misfortune from us, we think all his intents in the preservation of the universe fulfilled ; and we no longer think of those wretches that remain in the gulf from which we have been rescued. We have an instance of this in the man that comes sometimes to ask relief of me, which I give him with a reluctance that I cannot conquer, though I reproach myself for it.

Eugene. Why true, papa ; I observed that you put your alms coldly into his hand, without ever giving him those words of comfort that you do to other poor people.

Mr. Ruffel. I will shew you, my dear, whether he deserves them. Mr. Low was a linen-draper in the Minories. Though the profits of his business were but moderate, a poor person never appeared at his door in vain. This was all the pleasure that he indulged himself in purchasing ; and he thought himself happy to enjoy it, though he could not command even this to the full extent of his wishes. Business called him one day upon change. He saw in one part of it a number of principal merchants together, who were talking of vast cargoes, and immense profits to be expected from them. Ah ! said he to himself, sighing, how happy these people are ! If I were as rich, heaven knows, I should not be so for myself alone, and that the poor should partake of my abundance. He goes home full of ambitious thoughts, but how can his narrow business enable him to fulfil his vast projects ? With tolerable economy, it was no more than sufficient to afford him

him a decent subsistence the year round. "I shall always be at a stand here!" cried he, "and never rise above this middling condition in which I linger at present." A hand-bill, inviting adventurers to purchase in the lottery, was at this moment put into his hand. He seized the idea with eagerness, as if inspired by fortune; and without minding the inconvenience to which his covetousness might reduce him, he went to the lottery-office, and laid out four guineas, the only money that he could spare in the world.—With what impatience he waited for the drawing! He one time repented having so foolishly hazarded a stake, the loss of which would disturb him. At another time he fancied that he saw riches falling down upon him in showers. At last the drawing began.

Eugene. Well, papa, did he get a prize?

Mr. Russel. Five thousand pounds.

Eugene. Aha! he would jump for joy.

Mr. Russel. He went immediately and received his money, and spent some days in thinking of nothing else. When he had had enough of that, I can put this sum to a better use, said he, than barely poring over it.—He therefore enlarged his stock, extended his dealings, and by his activity and knowledge of trade he soon doubled his capital. In less than ten years he became one of the richest men in the city. It must be said in his praise, that he had till then been faithful to his vow, in making the poor partake of his abundance.—At the sight of an unfortunate person he remembered his own former condition without being ashamed of it. And this recollection never failed of profiting the person who occasioned it. Led by degrees to frequent fine company, he contracted a taste for luxury and dissipation. He purchased a magnificent country-house, and fine gardens, and his life became a round of pleasures and amusement. The most extravagant whims he gratified without scruple, but soon perceived that they had made a considerable breach in his fortune. Trade, which he had given up in order to be quite at leisure to enjoy himself, no longer enabled

him to repair it. Besides, a habit of indulgence and a mean vanity would not suffer him to lessen his expences. I shall always have enough for one, thought he; let others provide for themselves. His heart, hardened in this resolution, was thenceforth shut to the unfortunate. He heard the cries of misery around him, as one hears the tempest grumble, when sheltered from its fury. Friends whom he had till then supported, came to solicit him for fresh relief. But he refused them harshly. Have I made a fortune, said he, only to squander it upon you? Do as I do, said he, depend upon yourselves. His mother, whom he had cut short of half the pension that he allowed her, came to beg for a retired shelter in a corner of his house, there to spend her few remaining days; but he had the barbarity to refuse her, and with dry eyes beheld her die in misery. This crime, however, did not long remain unpunished. His debaucheries very soon exhausted all his wealth, and deprived him of the strength necessary to support himself by work. In short, he was reduced to the state of misery in which you see him, and now begs his bread from door to door, an object of contempt and indignation to all honest people.

Eugene. Ah! papa, since fortune can make men so wicked, I wish to remain as I am.

Mr. Ruffel. My dear Eugene, I wish the same for the sake of your happiness; but if heaven destines you to a more exalted station, may you never forfeit the nobleness and generosity of your soul. Think often of the story that I have just now told you. Learn from this example, that we can never taste true happiness, without feeling for the misfortunes of others; that it is the powerful man's duty to comfort the sorrows of the weak; and that he reaps more true happiness from the performance of this duty, than from all his pomp and luxury.

The sun was now going to set, and his parting beams threw a lively glow upon the clouds, which seemed to form a purple curtain round his bed. The air, freshen-

THE GREY HOUND AND THE RING. 173

ed at the approach of evening, breathed an agreeable calm. The birds, in repeating their farewell songs, rallied all their powers of melody. The leaves of the grove mingled a gentle murmur with their concert, and every thing seemed to inspire sentiments of joy and happiness ; but Eugene and his father, instead of the transports which they had felt at first, returned home lost in melancholy reflections.

THE GREYHOUND AND THE RING,

A DRAMA, in Two ACTS*.

CHARACTERS.

MR CALVERT.

SERINA, - *his Daughter.*

EUSTACE, - *his Son.*

LIONEL, } *Friends to Eustace.*

RUFUS, }

SCENE, *An apartment in Mr. Calvert's house.*

A C T I.

S C E N E

Serina (alone.)

AH! my poor little Diana! I shall never be able to sit at work without you. It was here on this little cushion that you lay down beside me, while I was at my needle. How joyful and pleased were we both when you awoke! You would run, shaking your tail, under the sofa, and under the chairs and tables, and then

then jump from one to the other. How happy did you appear when I took you in my lap! How you would lick my hands and face, and play with me! Oh! how sorry shall I be if I never see you again! Ah! I should never have lost you myself; but that careless—

S C E N E II.

Serina, Euface.

Euface. (*overhearing these last words.*) I see, my name is called in question.

Serina. Ay, whose else should it be? If you had not been so positive in taking her out with you yesterday, she would not have been lost.

Euface. That is true, and I am as sorry for it as you are: but what can I do now?

Serina. Did I not beg of you to leave her at home? but you could not go a step without having her at your heels.

Euface. I own it. I was so pleased when she was along with me, to see her walk sometimes before me, and sometimes behind me. Then she would run from me as if I was pursuing her, and come back again at full speed, and jump up about me so playful.

Serina. Then you should have taken better care of her.

Euface. Yes, I should so. But as she used to go away from me, and come back of herself without any occasion for my calling her, I thought—

Serina. You thought?—you have never the least mistrust of any thing? and by that poor Diana was lost.

Euface. I promise you, sister, the next time—

Serina. Yes, another time when we have nothing to lose. I could not sleep a quarter of an hour together all last night. I thought I heard her whining to me at a distance, and that I ran to the side from which her cries seemed to come. Then I awoke, and found myself alone. Ah! I dare say she is as dull too, for her part.

Euface.

Eustace. Dear sister, it makes me doubly unhappy to see you grieve so. I would give all that I am worth in the world to have her again.

Serina. Now you make me grieve still more. Why, don't you know at least where you missed her? One might enquire amongst all the neighbours thereabouts.

Eustace. I'd lay a wager she followed me into this street, and almost as far as our own house too. But as she runs up into every court smelling about, somebody must have shut their door upon her, and kept her in.

Serina. Yes, I dare say it was so; otherwise she would have come back to her lodging. She knows the way to it well enough.

Eustace. Lionel was along with me, and declared to me that he saw her but the moment before we missed her. And it was his fault; for he was playing such comical tricks as we walked along, that I forgot Diana just then.

Serina. Well, he should have helped you at least to look for her.

Eustace. So he did all yesterday evening, and to-day again very early. We went into all the streets and lanes round about, and searched every court and market near us. We enquired, in short, among all our acquaintances, but could hear nothing of her. Indeed, sister, I am ashamed to look you in the face. I know you must be angry with me.

Serina (*taking him by the hand.*) No, I am not angry now. You did not mean to disoblige me; and besides, you are so sorry yourself! But who is this coming up stairs? Go and see.

S C E N E III.

Serina, Eustace, Lionel.

Lionel (*opening the door.*) It is I, it is I, Eustace. Good morning to you, Miss Serina.

Serina. Good morning, Master Lionel.

Lionel.

Lionel. I have got a scent of Diana, and I hope pretty soon—

Serina. What? to find her again?

Lionel. I'll tell you. You know that old woman that lives at the corner of the street, and sells cakes and garden stuff?

Serina. What? has she my little dog?

Lionel. No, no; she is a very honest woman, and a good friend of mine. You know, Eustace, that Diana too wanted t'other day to scrape acquaintance with her, standing up with her paws upon the counter, and smelling at the biscuits.

Eustace. Ah! yes; but her little fond tricks would not do there, for the old woman gave her a great stroke on the nose with her glove.

Serina. Oh! that is nothing. Well, Master Lionel?

Lionel. Well, just now I went to her shop to buy some cakes, and was telling her of our loss. What, says she, that little cur dog?—

Serina. Cur dog, Master Lionel? Don't call my pretty Diana so. I would rather not hear you talk of her at all.

Lionel. Nay, I only tell you her own words. That little cur dog, says she, that belongs to that pretty young gentleman, your acquaintance? Yes, said I, the same. Well, you know another little master that lives here below, at the large house with the balcony? It was he that coaxed her away.

Eustace. How? could she mean Rufus?

Lionel. Don't you remember that he was at the old woman's shop yesterday as we passed, and pretended not to see us, for fear of being obliged to offer us some of his walnuts?

Eustace. That is very true. I recollect it now.

Lionel. Well, when we had past her house a little way, he called Diana as she was following us, and offered her a bit of cake, and while the poor thing was busy feasting herself, he snatched her up in his arms
and

and carried her home. The good woman told me the whole trick.

Serina. An ill-natured creature ! well, however, we know where she is. Brother, you had better go to him without any more ado.

Lionel. I am greatly afraid that he would not find her there. Rufus has taken her only to sell her, as he does his books, and whatever else he can purloin at his father's. He is capable of any thing. Why, we were playing at marbles t'other day, and he cheated.

Euface. Ay ? is that his way ? I'll run to him this moment.

Lionel. You will not find him at home. I have just been there, and he was out.

Serina. Perhaps he bid them say that he was not at home.

Lionel. No ; I went up to his room, and I told the maid that I wanted him to come and play at marbles, and that I would wait for him at your house.

Serina. He will never have the face to shew himself here, if he has really taken Diana.

Lionel. Ah ! you do not know his assurance.—He would come here on purpose, that you might not suspect him ; but I'll convict him before you.

Serina. We must go cunningly to work, and question him sily, to make him discover the secret.

Lionel. I'll tell you. All the cunning required, is to shew him at the first word, that he is a rogue and a thief.

Euface. No, no, my dear Lionel, that would only bring on a quarrel, and my papa would not have any here. Mild words, perhaps, will touch him better than reproaches or violence.

Serina. Perhaps too he does not know that the little greyhound is ours.

Lionel. Not know ? Does not he see her along with your brother every day ? he has played with her a hundred times, and stole her yesterday to sell her. That is just his character.

Euface. Hift ! here he comes.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Serina, Eustace, Lionel, Rufus.

Rufus. They told me at home, Lionel, that you wanted me to play at marbles. Come, I am ready. Ah! Eustace, how do you do? Your humble servant, miss.

Serina. You are going to your diversion, Master Rufus. Nothing gives you uneasiness; but we are all in trouble here.

Rufus. What is the matter then?

Serina. We have lost our pretty little greyhound.

Rufus. Dear! that is a pity! she *was* a pretty little creature, indeed. Her body so handsome; a grey, with black spots here and there, and her breast and forefeet and tail all white. She is worth two guineas, if she is worth a farthing.

Serina. You know her so well! could not you help us to find her again?

Rufus. Do you take me for a dog-keeper? or am I obliged to look after yours?

Eustace. My sister did not mean to affront you, Rufus.

Serina. Oh dear! no. It was only a civil question. As you live in our neighbourhood, and she was lost not far off, I thought that you might have been able to give us some account of her.

Lionel. Certainly, you could not apply to a better person.

Rufus. What do you mean by that, Master Lionel?

Lionel. What is best known to yourself; though I am perfectly acquainted too with the whole affair.

Rufus. If it were not out of respect to miss—

Lionel. You should thank her yourself, that I do not chastise you for your impudence.

Eustace (taking Lionel aside.) Softly, my dear Lionel, or we shall lose the greyhound.

Serina. If, as you say, you have some regard for me, Master Rufus, be so good as to hear me attentively, and answer me, yes or no.

Lionel.

Lionel. And without shuffling.

Serina. Have not you our greyhound? or don't you know where she is?

Rufus (confused.) I? I your greyhound?

Lionel. Do you stammer at the question? you have her. And I know the whole story too. You took her treacherously, coaxing her with a bit of cake.

Rufus. Who told you so?

Lionel. One that saw you do it.

Serina. I ask it as a favour of you, Master Rufus, to tell me is that true or false?

Rufus. And suppose I did give your dog a bit of cake, or that I took her up a moment to play with her, is that a reason that I should have her, or know what is become of her?

Serina. Nor do we say so. We only ask you if you know where she is just now.

Eustace. Or if you did not keep her at your house last night out of a frolick, to frighten us a little, and afterwards to give us the pleasure of a surprize?

Rufus. What do you take our house for a dog-kennel?

Lionel. He must have a vast deal of assurance!

Rufus. I have nothing to say to you. You may be counsellor for greyhounds as long as you will, I won't be examined by you.

Lionel. Because I have confounded you.

Serina. Softly Master Lionel, you must be mistaken. I cannot suspect Master Rufus of so much meanness as to keep our dog if he had found it.

Eustace. If he had lost any thing, and I could give him an account of it, I would do it with pleasure. So he need not be angry at our questions.

Rufus. I am very angry at them, and I will make a complaint of it to your father.

Lionel. You had better come to the cake-woman's house; I will go along with you.

Rufus. It is very pretty of you, to believe such a prating gossip before me.

Lionel. Such gossips, however, have eyes and ears,
and,

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and, as far as honesty is concerned, I should trust them sooner than you.

Rufus. I won't put up with this affront, and you shall pay for it. (*He goes out.*)

S C E N E V.

Serina, Eustace, Lionel.

Lionel. What an impudent liar ! I would lay my life that he has the dog. Did not you see how he was confounded, when I told him flatly that he had her ?

Serina. I cannot believe it yet, and indeed it would be quite too scandalous.

Lionel. You cannot believe it, miss, because your own heart is so good ; for my part, I can believe any thing of him.

Serina. I must own, however, that it was very rude not to answer our questions civilly.

Lionel. If you had not been here, miss, I would have tweaked him by the ears a little.

Eustace. Tut, man, he is taller than you by the head.

Lionel. If he was twice as tall, I'll wager he is a coward. Did not you observe that he grew more impudent as we were more civil ? and the harder I pushed him, the quieter he became. But I'll go and follow him, and take Diana from him, wherever he has put her.

Serina. Your pains would be to no purpose, master Lionel. Once more, I cannot believe it. He lives too near us, to expect to hide such a theft from us.

Eustace. I hope he may not go and kill her, for fear of being found out in a lie.

Lionel. No, my friend, he won't kill her. He keeps her for sale.

Serina. O heavens ! what an opinion you have of him !

Lionel. It is such as he deserves, and I'll go and convince you of it.

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

Serina, Eustace.

Eustace. Lionel is too hot. He makes a terrible quarrel of the smallest difference. If they must wrangle, I am glad at least that it is not here.

Serina. For then, papa would give us a fine lesson. Lionel, I believe, is willing to serve us; but I am sorry that he seems to seek his own revenge more than our advantage.

Eustace. He desires no better than to be in every quarrel, and he has done us more harm than good. If Rufus really stole Diana, he would return her to me sooner for good words than for threats. But here comes papa.

S C E N E VII.

Mr. Calvert, Serina, Eustace.

Mr. Calv. What have you done to Rufus? He came to me as I was in my room, and seemed quite ruffled. He complains of you very much, but particularly of Lionel, and says that you accuse him of stealing Diana. Is she lost?

Eustace. Ah! yes, papa. I did not like to tell you, because I hoped every moment to find her again. She went astray from me yesterday evening.

Serina. Ah! you cannot imagine how sorry I am for her. I cried the best part of last night, when I awoke and missed her from my side.

Mr. Calv. Luckily, it is but a dog. Losses of much more consequence happen every day in the world, and we should early accustom ourselves to bear with them. But you, (*to Eustace*) why did not you take care of her?

Eustace. You are very right, papa. It was my fault. I should have left her at home, or else not have lost sight of her, since I took her in my charge. And I am
R
sorry

sorry for it especially, on account of my sister, because Diana was hers, more than mine.

Serina. I cannot be angry with my brother for it. I have sometimes vexed him without intention, and he has excused me.

Mr. Calv. Kifs, me, my dear child! I love to see you bear a misfortune with courage; but I am still better pleased to see you, in the midst of your grief, not the least provoked against him that occasioned it.

Serina. My poor brother is sufficiently punished for his negligence, for he was as fond of Diana as I. She was all his amusement; and he grieves, besides, that he was the occasion of my uneasiness.

Mr. Calv. Always preserve these sentiments, my dear children, one towards the other, and indeed towards all your fellow-creatures, for they are of the same family. I know many persons who, for such a trifle, would have turned away an honest servant.

Serina. Oh! heaven forbid! Prefer a dog to a servant? A creature without reason to a person of our own kind?

Mr. Calv. Why do not all men make that difference as well as you, my dear child? We should not then know those who would rather see a poor child suffer hunger or thirst than a favourite dog; who shed tears at the indisposition of a spaniel, and look without pity on the lot of an unhappy orphan abandoned by all the world.

Serina. O papa! is it possible?

Mr. Calv. In return for the sentiment which draws that generous sigh from your breast, I promise you, my dear, a greyhound as handsome as the one you have lost, if you are not lucky enough to find her again.

Serina. No, papa, I thank you. I have suffered too much from the loss of Diana. If she does not come back, I will never have another. I will not run the risque of grieving so again.

Mr. Calv. You carry things too far, my dear Serina. In that case we must resign all the most agreeable pleasures of life. We should be afraid to love a friend, because death or absence might one day separate us from

from him. If you compare the pleasure which Diana's playful fondness has afforded you ever since she was born, to the short uneasiness that her loss occasions to you now, the first you will find exceeds the second by a great deal. Nothing is more natural than to be fond of a pretty little creature, like Diana; and indeed, it would be a mark of ingratitude in you—

Serina. Yes, if I did not think of her now, because she is not here to play about me.

Mr. Calv. What comforts me a little in this misfortune is, that from this you will be better enabled to bear perhaps a greater. Every thing that we possess upon earth may slip from our hands with the same readiness, and it is wise to accustom ourselves early to the most severe losses. But, with regard to our first subject of conversation, you have treated Rufus ill, it seems.

Serina. Not we, papa; we spoke to him very mildly. It was Lionel that touched him close a little.

Mr. Calv. And what did he say in answer?

Eustace. He defended himself but lamely. Indeed he was quite out of countenance at the first question.

Serina. But now I will ask you, papa, do you think that he could have the assurance to deny it, if he had really taken my Greyhound?

Mr. Calv. I can say nothing as to that; but I should think that confusion could not come from a very clear conscience. However, that we may have no reproach to make to ourselves, concerning Diana, we must advertise her to-morrow in the public papers.

Eustace. But, papa, if she is really in his power, that trouble will be useless.

Mr. Calv. No, it cannot be useless. A dog requires to be fed, and is not so small or so quiet that one can hide it from every body's eyes. There may happen to be some person in his house honest enough to give us information of it. I will not apply to his father, I know his rude manners too well. Besides, he is offended with me for forbidding you a too close intimacy with his son. We must wait to see what our advertisement will produce.

Serina. I should have some hopes from it, if I were able to promise a large reward to whoever would bring me back the dog.

Mr. Calv. I shall take care of that. Come, *Eustace*, into my closet; we will put down her description, and you shall take it to the printing-office.

Serina. Oh! what joy it would be for the poor little creature, and for me too, to see each other once more!

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Serina, Eustace.

Eustace (running into the room overjoyed.) Sister! Sister!

Serina. What is the matter? You seem to be in high spirits. Is *Diana* found?

Eustace. *Diana*? Oh! something much better. See, (showing a ring in a small case) look at what I have found not a yard from our door.

Serina. Oh! the charming ring! But the stone that should be in the middle, where is that?

Eustace. I suppose it had fallen out. See here it is in a paper. Look at this diamond in the light. See how it sparkles! My papa's brilliant is not so large.

Serina. I pity him very much that has lost it.

Eustace. It is worse than to lose a greyhound.

Serina. Oh! I don't know that. My little *Diana* was so pretty, and so fond of us. And then we had her a whelp. Oh! when I think how happy we were to see her learn new tricks as she grew bigger, and to amuse ourselves with her play, the finest ring that ever I could put on my finger would not make me half so happy.

Eustace. But with this ring you might buy a hundred greyhounds like her.

Serina.

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Serina. It should not buy mine, for all that. He that lost the ring has others, perhaps, and I had only my poor Diana. I am worse off than he is.

Eustace. It must belong to a rich man. Poor people have not such toys as this.

Serina. Yet if it was some unfortunate servant that lost it, in taking it to the jeweller—or if it was the jeweller himself; the diamond being loose would make one suspect so; what a misfortune it would be for the poor people!

Eustace. You are right. Well, now I am quite out of humour with my prize. We must ask papa's advice about it. Oh! this is lucky! here he comes.

S C E N E II.

Mr. Calvert, Eustace, Serina.

Mr. Calv. Well, will the advertisement for your greyhound be in to-morrow's paper?

Eustace. Papa, I have not been at the office yet.— Here is what kept me. A ring that I have found.—
(*Gives him the case.*)

Mr. Calv. A very fine diamond, indeed.

Eustace. An't it? This is enough to put a little dog out of one's head for a moment or two.

Mr. Calv. Yes, if it was your own. Do you intend to keep it?

Eustace. Why, if nobody makes inquiry about it.

Mr. Calv. Did any body see you take it up?

Eustace. No, papa.

Serina. For my part, I should never rest until I knew who owned it.

Eustace. Let the owner shew himself, and certainly the ring shall not stay long in my hands. No, that would be as bad as if I had stolen it. We must give every one his own.

Mr. Calv. You will not be, perhaps, so well pleased then?

Eustace. Why not, papa? I own, I did not think of anything at first but my good luck in finding such a jewel. I looked upon it as already my property: but my sister has given me an idea of the trouble that he must feel who lost it. I should be much happier in putting an end to his uneasiness, than in keeping this ring, which would make me blush every time that I looked at it.

Serina. There is so much pleasure in comforting those who are troubled. For that reason, I cannot imagine that Rufus, or any other, could be so ill-natured as to keep my Diana, if he knew how sorry I am for her.

Mr. Calv (*kissing them.*) Amiable little innocents! My dear children, how I rejoice in being your father! Let such generous sentiments continue to spring up, and gain strength in your hearts. They will be the foundation of your own happiness, and that of your fellow-creatures.

Serina. You give us the example, papa. How should we have other sentiments?

Eustace. Oh! I'll go and shew my prize to every body; and we should advertise both together in the papers, that we have lost a greyhound, and found a ring.

Mr. Calv. Not so fast, my dear; there are precautions to be taken. There might be some people who would claim the ring, without being the owners.

Serina. Oh! I should be as cunning as they. I would ask them first, how it was made, and I would not give it to any but him that told me very particularly.

Mr. Calv. That way is not the surest, neither. A person may have seen it upon the owner's finger, and come here before him to demand it.

Serina. Ah! papa, I see you know better how to manage than we do.

Mr. Calv. The loser will think it worth while to make every enquiry after so valuable an article. So we must wait.

Eustace. But they should not think of doing so?

Serina.

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Serina. We thought of doing so for Diana; certainly others will for a diamond.

Mr. Calv. Meanwhile I shall take care of it; and do you be cautious not to speak of it to any body.

S C E N E III.

Eustace, Serina.

Eustace. It is very stupid, for all that, not to be able to talk, when one has any thing so agreeable to tell. I should have been so happy to shew every body my ring!

Serina. And why, since you neither can, nor would keep it? There is no great merit in finding any thing valuable in the street.

Eustace. That is true; but what I tell you is very true too.

Serina. People say of the ladies, that they cannot keep a secret. Let us see which of us two will be most discreet.

Eustace. For fear my secret should want to escape, I will think of nothing but Diana; and now I'll go to the printing-office with the advertisement.

Serina. Go, brother; do not lose a moment. But what does Lionel want with us?

S C E N E IV.

Serina, Eustace, Lionel.

Lionel. (to *Eustace*, who is going out.) Where are you going, *Eustace*?

Eustace. I have something particular to do.

Lionel. Oh! before you go, you must listen to a story that I have to tell you. It will make you die with laughing. Ha, ha, ha!

Eustace. I have not time for laughing now.

Lionel. You will laugh in spite of yourself. Only listen. We have got full satisfaction.

Eustace.

Eustace. Full satisfaction? Of whom?

Lionel. Of Rufus. He has lost his father's ring. Ha, ha, ha, ha! (*Eustace and Serina look at each other with an air of surprise.*)

Serina. His father's ring?

Lionel. It is fact. He had it given to him this morning to take to the jeweller's, to have the middle diamond set in again, that had fallen out. (*Eustace jogs Serina; she makes a sign to him to be silent.*) He had it when he came here; but as he went away, quite flustered with anger, the case of the ring must have dropt out of his pocket as he whisked along.

Serina. And have you seen him since he lost it?—How does he look?

Lionel. Frightened out of his wits.

Serina. Does his father know it?

Lionel. There he has drawn himself into a fresh scrape, by telling a great fib. When his father asked him if he had given the ring to the jeweller, he answered with the greatest assurance, that he had.

Serina. Unhappy creature!

Lionel. Why you pity him, do you?

Eustace. Indeed he is to be pitied.

Lionel. He? I wish you had seen what game I made of him.

Serina. What did you find so comical in all that?

Lionel. How? don't you take the jest? To see him running from shop to shop, inquiring about his ring, and plucking every one by the skirt that passed. I stuck close to him, to enjoy his distress, and at last he came up to me: "Have not you found it? Have you heard nothing of it?" What is it to me? said I to him. Am I your ring-keeper?—"If you knew what it is worth." So much the better for him that has found it. "And then my father, what will he say?" Why, he'll talk to you with a good stick.

Serina. Fie! Master Lionel, that was very cruel of you.

Lionel. He had not more feeling for you.

Eustace.

Eustace. Should we be ill-natured then, even towards those that are so themselves?

Lionel. Oh! revenge is sweet, and I never have any compassion for them that offend me. If I had the good luck to find his ring, he should not have it so soon.

Serina. Would you keep it then.

Lionel. Oh! no. I would give it to him after his father had threshed him well.

Eustace. I should never have thought you so ill-natured, Lionel.

Serina. And I cannot believe it, though I hear it from his own mouth. You were so much concerned about my poor greyhound. It seems, it was not in earnest.

Lionel. It was from the bottom of my heart. I love those dearly, that I do love; but when I hate any one, I hate him heartily.

S C E N E V.

Serina, Eustace, Lionel, Rufus.

Lionel. Heh! there he comes. (*points at him with his finger.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Rufus. Oh! pray now forgive me. I have been very bad to be sure, but I have been full as unfortunate. I am punished now, and well punished too, for——

Lionel. Have you stuck up hand-bills concerning your ring?

Rufus. I dare not appear before my father, and I don't know where to hide myself.

Lionel. I would lay a wager that the ring is hanging at Diana's tail. We shall find them both together.

Rufus. I have deserved your jeers; but, for pity's sake——

Eustace. Make yourself easy, master Rufus; your ring is here.

Rufus.

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Rufus (astonished.) What, have you it? you my ring?

Lionel (aside to Serina.) He is making game of him: that is right.

Rufus. But is it really so? Oh! on my knees I'll—
But no—you shall first hear how wicked I have been.

S C E N E VI.

Serina, Eustace, Lionel.

Serina. What is the meaning of that? He is gone off.

Eustace. I am afraid the poor boy has lost his wits.

Lionel. Your joke, for all that, may cost you dear. If he goes and fetches his father to demand the ring?

Eustace. Do you think then that I will keep it?

Lionel. Why, have you actually the ring?

Eustace. Certainly I have it, otherwise I should not have said so. I picked it up close by our door.

Lionel. Indeed you are too good. He does not deserve to be so happy. You should have left him a little longer in pain, at least.

Serina. How, master Lionel? Does not my brother's example move you? Do you know that you lose ground now very much, in his friendship and mine?

S C E N E VII.

Mr. Calvert, Serina, Eustace, Lionel.

Mr. Calv. What is the matter with Rufus? I saw him from my window, come in here all in tears?

Serina. The poor boy was half dead.

Eustace. It was he who lost the ring that I found. It belongs to his father.

Mr. Calv. Have you convinced him of the meanness of his behaviour towards us?

Lionel.

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Lionel. Dear, sir, no. Diana has not been so much as mentioned.

Mr. Calv. At least I would have insisted upon his returning her. He should not hear of his ring without that.

Eustace. Ah! papa, my heart would not let me be so harsh. I saw Rufus so afflicted.

Serina. Though I love Diana very well, I could not possibly think of her just then, nor of any thing but the grief of that unfortunate boy.

Mr. Calv. You have both acted generously, and you are my dear children, my best friends, all my joy and all my pride. None but base souls would insult the distress of an enemy that is fallen. But where is Rufus? Why did not he ask for the ring as he went away?

Eustace. He was so transported with joy, that he did not know what he was doing.

Serina. He ran towards the door, and went out as if he was mad.

Eustace. O, papa, did you but know how overjoyed I am to see you approve my behaviour, and my sister's!

Mr. Calv. Could you believe me insensible to a generous action?

Eustace. Because you had forbidden me—

Mr. Calv. I forbid you to speak unguardedly about the ring, but I did not tell you to keep it, when the owner should appear.

S C E N E VIII.

Mr. Calvert, Serina, Eustace, Lionel, Rufus (having the greyhound under his arm.)

Serina (with an exclamation of joy.) Ah! Diana, my dear Diana. *(She runs to her, takes her up in her arms, and caresses her.)*

Rufus. You see how much I was to blame, and how little I deserved your generosity. Can you pardon me
this

this fraud, and my unworthy behaviour? (*perceiving Mr. Calvert.*) Ah! sir, how bad I must appear in your eyes!

Mr Calv. A person is no longer so when he acknowledges his fault, and endeavours as you do, to repair it. Here is your father's ring.

Rufus. I am ashamed and sorry, to have offended so excellent children. What difference between them and me! how wicked I am, and how generous are they!

Serina. It is only a little prank of yours, Master Rufus and you would not have let the day pass without returning Diana to me.

Rufus. You think too well of me. I had hid her up in the garret, and——

Mr. Calv. We don't wish to know any more. It is sufficient that you are sorry for what you have done. You now see yourself, that bad actions make God and man our enemies, and are always discovered sooner or latter. I should take the liberty too of proposing to you as a model, the behaviour of my children, generous little creatures! how should I thank heaven for sending me such a gift! You see, the most noble and certain revenge is that of doing kindnesses, and that nothing is more worthy a great spirit, than to repay ill-nature with good offices.

Rufus. Ah! I feel that now myself with the most lively sorrow: (*to Eustace and Serina.* Will you ever forgive me?

Eustace (taking his hand.) Yes, from this moment, and sincerely.

Serina. I have my Diana once more, and all is forgot.

Rufus (to Lionel.) We should be unworthy of this pattern, if we did not follow it.

Lionel. I am as much ashamed as you, and this lesson shall not be lost on me.

Rufus. I have just confessed all to my father. In proportion as he was angry with me, he was touched with your generosity. He requests permission to come

in

in about an hour hence, to thank you, and to beg your acceptance of a small token of his gratitude.

Mr. Calv. No, there is no occasion for any presents. To do well, my children desire no reward but from themselves. Besides, restoring a person his property is no more than a strict duty.

Eustace. How pleasing to perform that duty ! I have gained a friend for my whole life ; have not I, Rufus ?

Rufus. If I could be worthy of that honour. I shall do every thing in my power to be so.

THE YOUNG SPARROWS.

LITTLE ROBERT one day perceived a sparrow's nest under the eaves of the house, and running immediately for his sisters to inform them of his discovery, they all contrived together how to make themselves masters of the little covey. It was agreed to wait until the young ones should be fledged ; that then Robert should raise a ladder against the wall, and that his sisters should hold it fast below, while he climbed up for the nest. When they thought the little birds sufficiently feathered, they made ready to put their design in execution. It succeeded perfectly, and they found three young ones in the nest. The old birds sent forth piteous cries on seeing their little ones taken from them, which they had nourished with so much care ; but Robert and his sisters were so overjoyed, that they did not pay the least attention to their complaints.

They were at first a little puzzled what to do with their prisoners. Augusta, the youngest, being of a mild and compassionate disposition, was for having them put in a cage : She promised to take the charge of them upon herself, and to feed them regularly every day : She described in a lively manner to her brother and sister, the pleasure that they should have in

seeing and hearing those young birds when grown big. This was opposed by Robert: he maintained that it was better to pluck them just as they were, and that it would be much more *funny* to look at them jumping about in the room without feathers, than to see them dismally shut up in a cage. Charlotte, the eldest, declared herself of the same opinion as Augusta, but Robert persisted in his own.

At last the two little girls, seeing that their brother would not give up the point, and that besides he had the nest in his possession, agreed to whatever he desired. But he had not waited for their consent to begin his execution. The first was already plucked.—“There is one stript, says he, setting it on the ground. In a moment all the little family was deprived of their tender feathers. The poor things cried, *peep ! peep !* and complained very piteously; they shuddered with the cold, and shook their bare little wings. But Robert, instead of pitying their sufferings, did not end his persecutions there: He pushed them with his toe to make them go on, and whenever they tumbled over he burst out a laughing; and at last his sisters joined in the laugh with him.

While they were indulging this cruel amusement, they saw at a distance their tutor coming towards them. Mum! each pocketed a bird, and was slinking off.—“Well, cried their tutor to them, where are you going? Come hither!” This order obliged them to stop. They advanced slowly, with their eyes fixed on the ground.

The Tutor. Why do you run away at my coming?

Rob. We were only playing.

The Tutor. You know I do not debar you of amusement, and indeed I am never so happy as when I see you all merry.

Rob. We were afraid that you were coming to scold us.

The Tutor. Do I ever scold you for taking an innocent diversion? I see you have done something amiss. Why have you each your hand in your pocket? I must know

know the reason. Shew me each your hand, and what you have in it. (*They shew each their hand, with a bird plucked.*)

The Tutor (*with an emotion of pity and indignation.*) And who could give you the idea of treating these poor little creatures thus?

Rob. Why, it is so droll to see sparrows jump without feathers.

The Tutor. You think it very droll to see innocent creatures suffer, and to hear their cries when in pain?

Rob. No, sir; I did not think it made them suffer.

The Tutor. Didn't you? Come hither: I will convince you it did. (*He plucks a few hairs out of Robert's head.*)

Rob. Oh! Oh!

The Tutor. Does that hurt you?

Rob. Do you think it does not, to pluck one's hairs?

The Tutor. Pshaw! there are only a dozen.

Rob. But that is too much.

The Tutor. What would it be then, were one to pluck out all your hair so? Have you a notion of the pain that you would feel? And yet you have put these birds to the very same torture, though they never did you any harm. And you, young ladies, you that should be more tender-hearted, did you suffer this?

The two little misses were standing by silent, but hearing these last words, and feeling the keenness of the rebuke, sat down with their eyes swimming in tears. The tutor remarking their sorrow, was touched with it, and said no more to them.

Robert did not cry, and endeavoured to justify himself thus: I could not think that I did them any harm. they sung all the while, and they clapped their wings as if they were pleased.

The Tutor. Do you call their cries singing? But why should they sing?

Rob. I suppose to call their father and mother.

The Tutor. No doubt. And when their cries should

have brought them, what did the young ones mean to tell them by clapping their wings?

Rob. I cannot say exactly; perhaps to ask their help.

The Tutor. Just so. Therefore, if those birds could have expressed themselves in our speech, you would have heard them cry, "Ah! father and mother, save us! We have unhappily fallen into the hands of cruel children, that have plucked all our feathers. We are cold, and in pain. Come, warm us, and cure us, or we shall die."

The little girls could hold out no longer; they sobbed, and hid their faces in their handkerchiefs. It was you, Robert, that led us to this cruelty. We hated the thought of it ourselves. Robert was then himself sensible of his fault. He had already been punished by his tutor plucking his hair; he was now much more so by the reproaches of his own heart.—The tutor thought there was no occasion to add to this double punishment. It was not, indeed, from an instinct of cruelty, but purely from want of thought, that Robert had done this ill-natured action, and the pity which he felt from that moment for all creatures weaker than himself, opened his heart to the sentiments of kindness and humanity that have animated him all the rest of his life.

HONESTY

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A DRAMA, in Two Acts.

CHARACTERS.

THE COUNTESS OF C——

AUGUSTUS, } *her Children.*

JULIA,

HARRY,

a nobleman's younger son.

ELIZA,

his sister.

GABRIEL,

LUCIAN,

} *friends of Julia and Augustus.*

FLORA,

RACHEL,

ADAM,

} *servants to the Countess.*

The scene is in the country, at the Countess's, and in two rooms that open to the garden.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Rachel, (reckoning up the counters on a table.)

'TIS all lost labour to stand counting thus. I can't make more than fifty-four. There should, however, be five dozen. Well, I think there never was a house like ours for hare-brain'd children; for wherever they once put their foot, one may be sure they'll jumble every thing together, if they don't lose something or another. I must look about however, or my lady, when she comes, will scold me finely.—Here she is.

The Countess, (entering.) You seem uneasy, Rachel! what are you in search of?

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Rach.

Rach. Of your ladyship's best counters.

The Countess. Don't you see them on the table?

Rach. Yes, my lady; but the number is not complete.

The Countess. That should not be.

Rach. That should not be, indeed; and yet there are no less than half a dozen wanting. Were there not five dozen?

The Countess. Yes; you know as well as I there were.

Rach. Well then, there are but four and fifty.

The Countess. (after having counted them.) There are indeed no more.—And yet last night the number was complete. I put them up myself, when we had finished playing. But what caused you to come now, and count them up?

Rach. Because, as I passed by the door, I saw the children had been playing with them.

The Countess. Yet I absolutely ordered they should not be touched: they've ivory ones to play with: who could give them these?

Rach. Themselves.

The Countess. Themselves! Where are they?

Rach. In the garden, madam, with their little company.

The Countess. Fetch Julia here.—But stay, have none been here but Julia and Augustus?

Rach. Yes, their friends: And who can tell—

The Countess. What, Rachel? can you possibly suspect—

Rach. I'll answer for your children, please your ladyship, and likewise the three young St. Lukes, as if they were myself.

The Countess. And not the others?

Rach. I don't know them well enough.

The Countess. What Rachel, two such children as the little Harry and his sister?

Rach. If your ladyship thinks fit, I'll call Miss Julia in; but here she comes.

The Countess.

The Countess. (to *Julia* coming in.) Who told you, miss, to use my silver counters? Did not I—

Julia. 'Tis not my fault, mamma.

The Countess. And whose then, pray?

Julia. The little Harry and his sister's. I had got the ivory counters, when they asked me if I meant to play with them, as they never had such at home, and must have better; upon which they opened all the drawers and closets till they met with these.

The Countess. And why not mention I would never let you use them?

Julia. Good! as if they'd hear me. I believe they would have beat us, had we not surrendered them.

Rach. Upon my word, these children, as it seems, are charmingly brought up.

The Countess. You should at least have counted them when you left off playing.

Julia. That was what I wished to do. But after I had got to twenty-four or thereabouts, young Harry snatched them from me, put them up pell-mell, and dragged us out into the garden with him.

The Countess. Do you know that six are missing?

Julia. Sure, mamma!

The Countess. How! sure! when I have told you? See now whether one can trust you in the least! You know it was your duty to take care of them.

Julia. I was confounded, dear mamma: these children are so mischievous! I was obliged to have my eye continually on them, as I thought they would have broke your china. I was obliged frequently to follow them about the room: they may have flung the counters, then, into some corner or another.

The Countess. Well, but I must have them found.

Rach. I know but one way, madam. Were I you, I'd turn the little master's pockets inside out before they left the house.

The Countess. Fie, Rachel! would you have me thus affront their parents?

Julia. O I'm sure, mamma, not one among them can have stole the counters.

The Countess.

The Countess. So I think; but children of their age may be a little giddy-headed. So go to them, Julia, and politely ask if any one among them may not by mistake have put them up into his pocket. Your commission is a nice one, and requires a little management. Take care you don't offend them, by insinuating you think any one has got them.

Julia. I'll take care, mamma.

The Countess. Accuse yourself of negligence, and tell them I shall think you've lost the counters, if they should not soon be found.

Julia. I understand you.

The Countess. And bid Adam, as you pass, come here.

Julia. I will, mamma.

S C E N E II.

Rachel and the Countess.

Rach. (*who has been employed in looking round the room.*) I'll answer for it, they're not here: there's not a corner but I've searched into it.

The Countess. This should not have happened in my house. I dread, yet long to know, by what means they are vanished.

Adam, (entering.) Here I am, my lady: what's your pleasure?

The Countess. To inform you, Adam, I have lost since yesterday six counters.

Adam. Does your ladyship suspect I took them?

The Countess. God forbid I should. I am too well acquainted with your honesty for that. But I suppose if you had crossed the room, you might have seen them on some chair or elsewhere.

Adam. Counters on a chair?

The Countess. I know that's not a proper place for counters; but the children have been playing where they were, and might have inconsiderately left them in some corner, and you seen them.

Adam.

Adam. No, my lady, I have not.

The Countess. I'm sorry for it; and don't know what method to pursue. They must have certainly been lost since morning, as I counted them myself last night.—But look about.

Rach. Your ladyship has seen how I've been searching for them. Servants are but badly off, when any thing is lost about a house. However honest they may be, they're constantly suspected.

The Countess. Very likely; but the honest servant will on this occasion pardon me, if I include her in my search of the dishonest.

Adam. You may first of all examine me, my lady.—Rogues are constantly the first to be displeased when they're suspected.

Rach. God be thanked, I have no fear of that sort; but it cannot be a matter of indifference to the honest servant, when a thief is in the house.

The Countess. But put yourself into my place; what would you do? Think, Adam.

Adam. Do, my lady?—I've a thought this moment struck me; and provided I have leave to put it into execution, I'll engage to find the counters.

The Countess. But you must not think of giving any one occasion to suppose himself suspected.—What is your design?

Adam. I can't at present tell your ladyship. A single syllable might spoil the business: do but bring together all the children in the adjoining room. I promise you the thief, if there is any thief among them, shall betray himself.

The Countess. I can't tell whether I should let—

Adam. You know me, my dear mistress. Be assured that no one but the guilty person shall have reason to complain; and him, I dare believe, you would not wish to spare.

The Countess. Well, Adam, as I know your prudence, I rely upon it.

Adam. Good! my lady. Therefore I'll go get my conjuring-stick, and other matters ready.—(he goes out.)

Rach.

Rach. Madam—did he not say something about conjuring? But that I myself am innocent, I should beforehand die of fright.

The Countess. Peace, Simpleton! What now, Augustus? (*to Augustus, who comes in.*) You seem big with something or another! have you brought the counters with you?

Aug. No, mamma: I have but learned that six are lost. My sister told us so just this moment.

The Countess. And how was the intelligence received?

Aug. We were exceedingly surprized. The two St. Lukes particularly, and their sister, want to come and plead their innocence before you.

The Countess. Plead! they are the last I should suspect of such a deed. And Master Harry?

Aug. O, he's furious; and told Julia, that to look upon him as a thief, was but a bad reception.

The Countess. Julia was not rude, I hope, in telling them my message.

Aug. No, mamma, quite otherwise. She spoke with great politeness.

The Countess. Why then, pray, was Harry angry? there was nothing personal in what your sister said.

Aug. I can't well tell the reason; but Eliza drew him privately aside: he would not condescend to hear her. He's determined to be gone: his hat is fortunately here; he'll come and fetch it, and declares he'll not remain a minute in the house. He threatens he'll complain to his papa.

The Countess. He must not positively go. I'll tell his Lordship of the whole affair myself, when he comes to take him home.

Aug. The rest wish greatly for permission to appear and justify themselves before you.

The Countess. There's no need of that. I only wished to know if they could give me any information of the counters. They are all of them too well brought up, that I should venture to accuse them of the theft. But I am well acquainted with the whims of children—
They'll see every thing, and finger every thing; and
from

from a want of thought, might easily have put a thing into their pocket, without any criminal intention.

Aug. Certainly they might, mamma; as I did, you remember, when I took my sister's purse up by mistake, and would have carried it away.

The Countess. But softly; here they are. Go Rachel, and enquire if Adam is preparing matters. (*Rachel goes out*).

SCENE III.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, Harry, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucian, and Flora.

The Countess. Well, how fares it with you all, my little friends? I'm glad to see you here.

Harry. Miss Julia has just now informed us, you have lost six counters of the number we unluckily were playing with. I'm sorry for it; but could never think your ladyship would have suspected any one of us had taken them. At least I can assure you for my sister and myself, that we know nothing of them.

The Countess. God forbid I should suspect such well-bred children, as I look upon you all to be. Sure Julia did not tell you I supposed you had the counters.

Eliza. No, my lady; all she said, was to enquire if we had brought them out through inattention, or to play a little longer with them in the garden.

The Countess. Which you might have very innocently done. 'tis she alone I blame in the affair, because she did not let you have *her* counters.

Gabriel. She designed, I think, to use them.

Lucian. I never dare to shew my face again, if I had taken nothing but a pin.

Flora, emptying her pockets.) See, my lady, I have nothing.

The Countess. My dear children, I've already told you I am far from thinking any of you has them, when you say you have not. They are certainly of no great value; yet I cannot but confess their loss affects me.

Harry.

Harry. Were they only worth a straw, they are your ladyship's, and should not now be missing. But you know there are such things as servants; and they are not always very honest. 'Tis not the first time we have suspected them at home.

Julia. But 'tis the first time any thing of the kind has happened in our house, dear Master Harry, I assure you.

Aug. I would answer for our servants, men and women.

The Countess. I have trusted them this long time; but if you, sir, (*to Harry.*) have made any observations, I'd request you'd let me know them.

Harry. Oh, no no!—but when we went into the garden, did not what's her name—the house-maid enter?

The Countess. Rachael! Oh, I don't fear her. These six years past that I have had her, she might easily have made away with things of value, had she been dishonest.

Harry. Did not your old footman come in likewise? I don't like his looks; and should not chuse to meet him in a lane at night.

The Countess. Fie, sir! what makes you thus suspect the honest Adam? he was my father-in-law's confidential servant, and has been much longer in the family than even I myself. If *he* could possibly turn pilferer, neither you nor I could know what living creature we might trust.

Harry. 'Tis not unlikely then, but some one may have got into the room when we were gone.

The Countess. That's not at all unlikely; and I'm going to enquire. Amuse yourselves till I come back.

Harry. No, madam; after what has passed, I can't stay any longer here. Augustus, can you tell me where they've put my hat?

Augustus. 'Tis taken to be brushed; you'll have it brought you.

Harry. I must have it instantly.

Eliza.

Eliza. But won't you stay a little for papa? You know he means to come and fetch us.

The Countess. I can't let you possibly go home on foot. You would have upwards of three miles to walk. Stay here till I return: I won't detain you long. (*She goes out.*)

Harry. I'm very much astonished your mamma should have such thoughts of us! we steal her counters!

Julia. Neither has she such a thought. She might have fancied we had put them, without thought, into our pockets. I might easily have taken them in this way, as yourself, or any other: But as you say *steal*, she did not think of such a word, or any like it.

Harry. Had there been none here but tradesmen's children, she might well have entertained suspicions; but should make some difference now.

Gabriel. You speak of us, sir, I can see. Your looks inform me so: but let me tell you, in my turn, that 'tis one's way of living, and not birth, one should be proud of.

Harry. How these tradesmen talk about their way of living! You are very happy there are so few children hereabout, and that Augustus and myself are forced to make you our companions, or have no diversion. Did you live in London, you would not have such an honour, notwithstanding your fine way of living.

Augustus. Speak, sir, for yourself alone: for just as here, in London too, I should be proud to entertain my little friends.

Julia. Yes, certainly. They give us, to the full, as good examples as such whipper-snapper noblemen as you.

Eliza. This, brother, you've deserved. Why first attack them?

Harry. And you, too, upon me? you think certainly as I do, though you won't confess you do.—Have you forgot mamma's instruction on the subject of familiarity with those beneath us? “Never mix

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with

with tradesmen's children : in the lower ranks of life you'll always have low thoughts."

Augustus. And can you possibly suspect my friends are capable of being thieves ?

Gabriel. Did we approach the table ?

Flora. No : whereas we saw you take the counters, and look at them half a dozen times, I fancy. (*Harry aims to strike her.*)

Augustus. Softly ! you'll have me to deal with else.

Gabriel. No, no, my friend. I thank you, but I can take care of my sister. Let him even threaten her. I'm not a bit more frightened at his size than title.

Harry. O 'tis far beneath me to dispute with traders.

Julia. Very well : I hope then it is beneath you likewise to attack a little girl.

Harry. I shan't permit her to insult me.

Eliza. She would certainly have done much better, had she held her tongue.

Julia. But being such a child, she might be pardoned : and particularly when she spoke the truth.

Harry. The truth ?

Gabriel. Yes, if you understand that word.---She said you took the counters and looked at them ; and this certainly was true.

Harry. I shan't even condescend to answer.

Gabriel. You can't take a better resolution, when you've nothing but such answers for us.

S C E N E IV.

Augustus, Julia, Harry, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucian, Flora, and the Countess.

The Countess. What's the meaning of all this ? I won't have any quarrels here.

Harry. My lady, I expect you'll do me justice on these little folks.

The Countess. Folks ! folks ! and who are these ? I'm not accustomed to have such as visit here called so.

Augustus. He's angry, since we were not in a humour to endure his airs.

Julia.

Julia. He thought he should have had a company of dukes at least to play with.

Gabriel. And imagines we should be suspected of this theft, much rather than a nobleman.

Lucian. As if we had no character to keep, as he has!

Flora. Aye, and would have beat me, had not Gabriel taught him better.

The Countess. But it can't be true; however, let us withdraw into the adjoining chamber; Adam will be with you there: his scheme, at least, will certainly divert us; for as to any way he has of coming at the truth, respecting things that have been lost, I laughed at such pretensions. Yet if any of you present should refuse his company, it could not but be looked upon as very strange; and who can tell, if he or she would not, on that account, incur suspicion? But I make the affair too serious.---Go in, my good friends: I wish the whole were over.---As I said just now, 'twill make you laugh; and you'll be reconciled with one another.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, Harry, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucian, and Flora.

Eliza. To say the truth, my brother is too hasty.

The Countess. He will mend that fault, I dare persuade myself, in future: But here's Adam. (*Adam enters with a basket.*)

Adam. So; 'tis here your ladyship fees company: well then, with your permission, and the little gentlefolks, I'll introduce my cock, who, you must know beforehand, is a conjurer. (*Putting down the basket on the table.*)

Flora. O, a cock! a cock!

Adam. Yes, nothing more; for look you: (*He lifts up a napkin in the basket, so that Flora and the rest discern*

the creature's neck and crest.) Just like others, saving that my cock has not his equal in the world for knowledge: why, he'll tell me things no other person possibly can know of. If a single straw, and nothing else is missing, I need only run and have a consultation with him; he'll be sure to know who stole it.

Julia. You can then find out our counters, can you?

Adam. Can I? why last Christmas, at the ale-house, I had lost my pipe; so what does I do, but away and fetch my cock, who let me know the groom had got it: and I think you recollect he broke his leg about a fortnight after.

Flora. He can talk then?

Adam. Yes, like other cocks: *Cock, cock-a-row----* On which, I understand him just as if 'twere you spoke to me.

Julia. Yet you never told us this before.

Adam. Because we never yet lost any thing.

The Countess. Well now, a truce to all this conversation, and begin.

Adam. Not quite so fast, my lady. I must go to conjuring in the dark.

The Countess. A very easy matter; you need only close the shutters.

Julia. I'll go out and push them to.

The Countess. You're much too short: you cannot reach them. Adam will do that himself.

Adam. Yes, madam. *(he goes out.)*

Augustus (with the rest, excepting Harry, who appears embarrassed, lifting up the napkin.) This same cock seems supernatural, I fancy. *(Looking at him earnestly.)* How his eyes shine!

Julia. And his comb, how red it looks! my patience! how it shakes upon his head!

Flora. Do you imagine it has so much knowledge, then, as Adam says?

Lucian. Papa has often told us, what we ought to think of such strange stories.

Gabriel. Adam is a cunning sportsman, and I'm sure can make birds hold their tongue, much rather with his

his piece, than teach a cock to talk by virtue of his wand.

Eliza. Who knows ! my governess has told me many wondrous things of conjuration, and all that.

Harry. I wonder, sister, you can listen to such stories !

The Countess. I am glad you have these notions of the matter, and should like to laugh at Adam for his folly. What simplicity ! a cock discover thieves !

Harry (*forcing a smile.*) I fancy we shall have a deal of laughing very shortly. (*The shutters come together.*) But why put the shutters to ? (*with uneasiness*) I don't love darkness.

Julia. If the cock can't see, he'll never find the thief out.—Will he, pray, mamma ?

The Countess. Well asked : for I can't tell you.

Flora. I should like, if I knew how, to make him speak. Come pretty little cock, say something.—See how dark it is.—Look out a little.—He don't speak a word !

Julia. The reason is, I fancy, he'll obey his master only. (*Adam comes in again.*)

The Countess. Well, you're satisfied now, Adam, since you've thus shut out the day-light ?

Adam. Yes, my lady ; every thing is as it should be. And so now, let those remain that have not stole the counters, but if any one is guilty, let that one go out. What all remain !

Harry. How cunning !

Adam. I see clearly then I must employ my art. (*He waves his hand, and draws a circle on the floor ; pronouncing something unintelligible.*)

That's well ! So now, my cock, take heed ;
And tell us, who are rogues indeed.

Come now my little gentlemen and ladies, and let every one of you, in turn, lift up the napkin here, and with his right hand, do you see, stroke Chantic-leer upon the back. You will hear his music, when

the thief once puts his hand upon him ; but don't lift the cloth too high ; just high enough to let your hand pass under it.

So now, my pretty cock, take heed ;
And tell us who are rogues indeed.

Well ! what will none of you begin ?

The Countess. What, every one afraid ? Why, one would think you all, at this rate, guilty !

Flora. I'm the youngest, but I'll set the example. (*She lifts up the cloth, and strokes the cock twice over in the basket.*) Do you see, the cock don't speak. It is not I then that have stole the counters.

Adam. Very well. Stand now in this place, with your hand behind you.---Is it so ?

Flora. Feel, feel.

Adam. That's right. Now you, sir. (*to Augustus.*)

Augustus. O ! I fear as little as Miss Flora.---There.---He has not spoke.---Must I too hold my hand behind me ?

Adam. Certainly ; and every one.---Come here, by this young lady.---Well, another.

Julia. I'll go next.---(*She strokes him.*) If he had said a word, he would have been a story-teller.---

Adam. By your brother here. Who's next ?

Eliza. 'Tis my turn now. (*She strokes him.*) As mute as any mackarel---Yet I stroked him four times over.

Adam. Are your right hands all behind you ? Don't forget that part.

Gabriel (to Harry.) I'll follow you.

Harry. As if I'd have to do with such child's play !

The Countess. You would not surely spoil our sport. A little complaisance, pray, Harry.

Harry. If that's all, I've no objection.---(*he puts his hand under the cloth.*) There.---I don't find he has spoke for me, though I have stroked him more than others.

Adam. Here, sir, with the rest ; and keep your hand behind you.

Flora. There are none now, but my brothers left,
that

that have not stroked him. It is one of them!—O, no; I don't think so. (*Gabriel and Lucian imitate the others; upon which, the children all burst out a laughing.*)

Lucian. And where's the thief?—Why, no-where.

The Countess. Adam, you should send your cock to Norwood; he's not deep enough.

Adam. I must acknowledge this confounds me.—For a little while, however, patience; and don't stir. —Stand still, I say.—They're just like so much quicksilver!—My circle, as I think, must be imperfect. I'll go fetch a candle, and examine. Pray your ladyship, let no one quit his place.

SCENE II.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, Harry, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucian, and Flora.

Harry. I knew before-hand what all this would come to.—Stupid nonsense!

Flora. Why, this cock's no wiser than his master.

Eliza. Truly, I'm glad he's caught.

Julia. And what does he design to do, when he has got his light?

The Countess. He'll shew us.

Flora. I should like to see the cock now.—He'll scarce hold his head up, I suppose, for shame.

Adam (*returning with a light, and going up to Flora.*) Come, let me see your little hand. (*She holds him out the left.*) Not this,—but that behind you. Good!

Flora (*looking at her hand, and crying out.*) O! what a hand I have! as black as any coal! and will it always be so?

Adam. Don't be frightened, little miss! I'll speak about it to my cock, and you shall have both hands as white as snow.—(*The children have not patience, but look altogether at their hands, and instantly cry out at once.*)

Augustus. How black my fingers are too!

Julia. And mine likewise! What does Adam mean by this?

Eliza.

Eliza. I'd twist the creature's neck off, if I had him.

Gabriel. Fegs! my wristbands are come in a little for it!

Lucian. 'Tis as if my hand were painted!

Harry (*lifting up his hand in triumph.*) But see mine! There's none; but I have got a hand that's fit to look at.

Adam (*taking hold of Harry by the collar.*) Very likely! 'Tis then you have stole the counters.—Give them up, young gentleman, this instant, or I'll search your pockets, and then blacken you all over!

Eliza. Blacken him? O, brother! if you've got the counters, give them up this moment.

The Countess. Take care, Adam, what you say!

Adam. I'm sure he has them. So, quit the counters, or expect to have a countenance as grimy as the blackest negro's.

Harry (*turning pale and trembling.*) Is it possible I should have put them in my pocket, and not thought of what I was about? (*He feels about him.*) I recollect, indeed, I had them in my hand. (*he seems surprised at finding them thrust down into a corner of his waistcoat pocket.*) Dear me! they're here indeed! who would have thought it? (*All the children look at one another with surprise, while Harry stands confounded.*)

The Countess. Adam! (*he approaches*) take away your cock and candle, and go open us the shutters. Take care, (*in a whisper,*) and don't tell your fellow-servants how you found the counters. Say they were thrust a great way back into the table-drawer.

Adam. I will, my lady. (*he goes out.*)

The Countess. Go, my little friends, into the other room: you'll find I have ordered water there to wash your hands. Take care, and don't splash one another's clothes.

Flora. No, no:—but if this black should not come off?

The Countess. 'Tis nothing but a little ivory black, and

and water will remove it. You, sir, (*to Harry*), as your hands are clean, may stay with me.

SCENE III.

The Countess, Harry.

The Countess. Well then, my haughty little gentleman! and is it possible you could be guilty of so scandalous an action? You, that scarce a quarter of an hour ago looked down with so much scorn upon the children of a reputable worthy tradesman, and supposed your quality disgraced by being in their company. They have at present their revenge, since they may call you, and with justice, a vile thief!

Harry. Pray pardon me, my lady!--I was playing with the counters---and without considering at the moment, must have put them into my pocket.---I have no other method of accounting for their being found upon me.

The Countess. Pitiful excuse! that aggravates your fault! At such a tender age as your's, could I have possibly imagined one with so much front?

Harry. Believe me, madam, I had certainly no bad design!--I took them without meaning so to do, and afterwards concealed the matter, from my dread of being looked on as a thief.

The Countess. But after I had bid my daughter make enquiry for them with such delicacy, you might easily have seemed to search your pockets, and restored them without blushing. Your proceeding would have then been looked upon as nothing but an inadvertency.

Harry. I did not think of that, my lady.

The Countess. What then did you think of, when you durst drop hints that possibly my honest servants might have taken them? or that my children's little friends were objects of suspicion? What were your ideas, when you made believe to stroke the cock?

Harry. But, madam, I *did* stroke him.

The Countess.

The Countess. Hold your tongue, you little rascal?—for that name is not too bad for your deservings. Happily, as yet, you have not got sufficient cunning to conceal your wicked actions. *You did stroke the cock!* Is that then your assertion? Don't you see, that if you had you would have blacked your hands, as all the others, Adam having smeared him over with a certain composition? Your companions were not in the least afraid to stroke him, as their conscience did not any way reproach them for the theft; but as for you, the apprehension you were under that the servant's artifice might really be conjuration awed you, and the means you pitched on to avoid detection have betrayed you. Oh! how politic you thought yourself, I warrant, in pretending only, as you did, to stroke the cock: but honesty you would have found much better policy.—You merit I should tell my lord, your father, of your laudable behaviour, when he comes to fetch you.

Harry (falling on his knees.) Oh, no! pray, my lady, I beseech you! He would beat me; he would tread me under foot.

The Countess. And 'twould be better he should do so, than bring up a monster to disgrace him at some future period. For of what hereafter will you not be capable, since in the season of your infancy, as I may call it, you can perpetrate so great a crime?

Harry. Ah! madam, pardon me for pity's sake, and never——

The Countess. Doubtless you have often made these promises to others; for this hardly is your first transgression. Every circumstance confirms it. So much falsity and impudence——

Harry. Then hear me, my good lady! if you ever hear in future that I make free with any thing whatever that's not mine——

The Countess. Inform me, in the first place, what did you intend to do with these six counters? You could hardly think you would have any opportunity of using them, but they must instantly be known. You meant to sell them, then, for money?

Harry.

Harry. No, believe me ! I was pleased with looking at them. I considered no one would remember having seen them elsewhere, and on that account secreted them, my lady.

The Countess. And how could you desire to have another's property ? Confess ! Is this your first offence ?

Harry (hiding his face.) No, no indeed, my lady. I have often been a thief at home ; but never having been suspected there, supposed I should have had the same good fortune here.

The Countess. A very wicked sort of reasoning this ! For, granting no one upon earth suspected you, I'm certain you well know God sees and punishes whatever people do amiss. Perhaps, however, this event is for your benefit ; and you will prove more likely to amend, when you have once been punished as you merit.

Harry. Let it be by you, my lady, or by any one, but not by my papa. Let him know nothing of the matter, I conjure you. Tell it, if you please, to my mamma, but keep the matter from his knowledge.

The Countess. There again ! you would not have your father know it, as you fear the blows he might bestow upon you. Thus 'tis nothing but an abjectness that guides you, even in the work of your repentance : and it is not for his peace of mind you would conceal it from him, for you fear not your mamma should know it, since she would not beat you. 'Tis not your idea to consult her peace of mind.

Harry. Then tell it my preceptor,

The Countess. I am sensible, indeed, how much the knowledge of your fault would mortally afflict them ; and from that consideration, not upon your own account, consent to spare you ; but on this condition, that you come with your preceptor hither, and before him let me have your solemn promise of amendment. I will get him to keep watch upon your conduct ; but if ever you should break your word, not
only

only will I mention this adventure of the counters to his lordship, but let every body know it.

Harry. I consent you should do so, my lady.

The Countess. You might think that, after this, I should forbid your company with Julia and Augustus; but I have at heart your reformation, and will judge thereof myself. You may continue therefore coming here.

Harry. I thank you---yes sincerely; but how face your servants?

The Countess. You have nothing upon that account to fear, for I have had more care and forethought for your reputation than yourself, by telling Adam not to speak about it in the kitchen; and to hide your lie, have been compelled to one myself, that they might not suppose you guilty.

Harry. Ah! my lady, how much am I not indebted to your bounty! Never shall I, if I would, forget the service you have done me. But your children?—and the little company now with them?

The Countess. I am well acquainted with their goodness, and am sure they will forgive you. Call them. (*Harry, with a downcast look, goes slowly towards the door, and bids them enter.*)

S C E N E IV.

The Countess, Harry, Augustus, Julia, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucian, and Flora.

Eliza. Go, sir, you're a thief! I'll never call you brother for the future.

The Countess. No, my dear Eliza, he is not so guilty as you think him. He has told me every thing. It was to play a little with the counters out of doors he took them; but when once the matter seemed considered as a theft, he was terrified at the idea of incurring my suspicion. This apparent guilt has sprung from a mistaken shame, which I am very willing to excuse; but not (*Looking at the St. Lukes*) his scandalous

lous endeavours to make you, my little dears, seem guilty.

Gabriel. Oh! my lady, we don't wish him any harm at present for it, as we know we should forgive even such as wrong us, and particularly when we see they are unhappy.

The Countess. Do you mark that, Harry? Such a conduct ought to shew you how much nobler 'tis to have an elevated way of thinking, than to boast an elevated birth. You find yourself entirely at the mercy even of those you have insulted; and, with all the boast of your nobility, you are the object of their pity.

Harry. Oh, what shame! but I submit to undergo it.

Gabriel. We shall never introduce again the mention of this matter. It shall be a secret for the time to come between us; shan't it, brother?

Lucian. Yes, he may rely upon my silence.

Gabriel. And you, sister?

Flora. I'll not have him beat. I know what pain it gives one. (*Harry in the transports of his gratitude, embraces them.*)

Harry. I desire, but dare not ask, to be acquainted with you for the future.

Gabriel. 'Twill be doing us an honour, if you'll still continue upon terms of friendship with us.

Augustus and Julia. And for our part, we shall be no less delighted with your company, as long as you regard our friends.

Eliza. You're all of you too good. He does not merit such indulgence, and papa must be informed of every thing.

The Countess. You'd lose my friendship and esteem entirely, I must tell you, Miss Eliza, could you possibly be unaffected with your brother's laudable repentance, when even strangers overlook his error. Don't employ the advantage his offence affords you, to undo him in the good opinion of his parents; but, in future, let your counsel shew him how to act, that he may

merit their affection. I dare answer, you need never be ashamed of any thing he does hereafter.

Harry. I should be unworthy of such bounty, if this lesson could be blotted out from my remembrance.

Flora. Take due care it be not, or *Beware of the cock in future !*

THE LITTLE PRATER.

L EONORA was endued with spirit and vivacity. When scarcely six years old, she was exceedingly well practised in the art of managing her needle, and could very cleverly employ her scissars. All the garters her papa and brothers wore were of her making. She could read with ease in any book she happened to take up; her writing was also extremely neat and fair. She did not huddle great and little letters in one word together, neither did they lean some this and others that way; and her lines were strait along, not dancing up and down from one side of her paper to the other, as too often I have seen in many children's copy-books, even older by a year or two than Leonora.

Her papa too, and mamma, were no less satisfied with her obedience, than her masters with her diligence and study. She kept up a perfect union with her sisters, treated every servant with the greatest affability, and her companions with regard and condescension. All the friends of her parents, and every stranger that came there a visiting, were equally enchanted with her company and conversation.

Who would think, that with so many commendatory qualities, and so much understanding, any little girl could possibly be so unfortunate, that none, when they grew acquainted at the house, could bear her? Such was Leonora, notwithstanding; for a single fault she had unhappily contracted, was so great as to destroy

destroy the effect of all her juvenile accomplishments. The intemperance of her tongue made every one forget the graces of her understanding, and the goodness of her heart. In short, our Leonara was the greatest prater living.

When, for instance, she was sitting down to work, one might have heard her say, O, ho! I fancy 'tis high time I should be doing something! what would my mamma say, should she find me sitting with my arms across, a lolling on my elbows? O my stars! how much I've got to hem here! all this apron! But at worst, I never let the grass grow under me when I do set out, and I shall soon have done. Ah! there the clock strikes: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine---Yes, positively nine o'clock! Well then, I have but two poor hours before I go to music; yet a deal of business may be done in such a length of time.---Mamma, when she observes how diligent I have been, will be sure to give me sweatmeats. O! what pleasure I shall have in looking at them! Nothing do I love like nice crisped almonds. Not that I don't like egg-plumbs preserved: they are very good too, for papa popped one into my mouth last Thursday, and then gave me a whole bag-full; but I think crisped almonds better.---I should like to see Miss Winifred this morning: I would shew her the fine petticoat mamma has bought me. Winifred's a funny little girl enough! I like her vastly. O! but she loves talking, and I don't know how it happens, but one cannot thrust a word in when her clapper's set a-going. Where's my thimble got to? sister have you seen my thimble? Patty must have surely lost it for me, when she came to sweep the parlour.---It's so like her! she is always such a hair-brained creature! Who can work without a thimble? I, at least, never take a stitch, if I mislay it; for the needle pricks one's finger, and one's finger bleeds of course; and then, besides the pain it gives one, how one's work looks when 'tis spotted with red marks! Why, Patty! Patty! where can you be got to? Have you seen my thimble? O, no! Here it is;

and just as if the matter were contrived on purpose, at the bottom of my work-bag.

It was thus the little creature would be always dining people's ears that happened to be near her.--- When her parents were engaged in any interesting conversation with each-other, she would come and mix in their discourse, by prating upon twenty different subjects. And at dinner, she had hardly ever ended with her meat, before the pie or pudding was on the table. She would really forget to eat and drink, while everlastingly employed in prating.

Her papa would frequently reprove her twenty times a-day for this defect ; but all reproof was lost upon her, neither would the greatest punishment produce a reformation in her conduct. As it was not possible for any one to hear himself when she was by, Miss Chatterbox was often sent to pass the morning all alone in her apartment. During dinner, they would put her at a little table by herself, as distant from the company as they could place her. Leonora seemed afflicted at this separation, but was therefore not a whit more silent. She had always something to converse of, even with herself, and, notwithstanding talked so loud that every word she said was heard ; for 'twas the same to her if any body was or was not by her : and I verily believe, that, rather than be mute, she would have entered into conversation with her knife and fork.

From such a foolish habit, what advantage did she get ? The story tells us, only punishment and hatred. If you should not be convinced of this by what I have already mentioned, you will certainly be so when you read what follows :

Once upon a time, her parents were invited to go down into the country for a week or fortnight, by a friend. 'Twas autumn then, the weather was extremely fine, and 'tis not easy to conceive what great abundance there was then of every kind of fruit, pears, apples, nectarines and peaches.

Leonora thought it was designed to make her of
the

the party, but stood very much surprised when her papa, directing both her sisters to get ready for the journey, told her she must stay at home. She fell a-crying, ran to her mamma, and said, my dear mamma, what fault have I committed, that papa should be so angry with me? Your papa, she answered, is not angry with you; but believe me, 'tis impossible for any one to bear your constant chatter. You would surely interrupt our pleasure, and the pleasure of the family we are now going to; and therefore for the future, when we visit, we must leave you constantly behind us.

Must I never speak, then? answered Leonora.

That, said her mamma, would be no less a fault than what we wish to see you cured of. You are not to be entirely mute; but then you ought to wait till you perceive your turn for speaking is come round, and not incessantly prevent your parents, and as many as have more experience than yourself, from talking.--- You should also take care how you say whatever comes into your head. When you desire to be informed of any thing, 'tis not improper you should ask, employing as few words as possible; and having any thing to tell, you should, in that case, first of all reflect within yourself, if those about you would or would not like to hear it.

Leonora, though she could not reasonably call in question this advice, would not have wanted words to justify her prating, if she had not heard that moment her papa call out that every thing was ready; and, in fact, the coach was off that very instant.

Leonora fell a-sighing, and with tears pursued the carriage till her eye no longer could discern it. When 'twas wholly out of sight, she went into a corner, and began to weep most bitterly. Ah, bubbling gossip! she began, (*now speaking to herself,*) 'tis owing all to my long tongue that I have thus been punished. I'll take care, in future, it shall never speak a word more than it ought.

Some days after they returned. Leonora's sisters brought

brought home with them baskets full of pears and apples. They were both exceedingly well tempered ; therefore Leonora would on no account have gone without her share, but then the tears she had been shedding so compleatly took away her appetite, that 'tis not to be wondered at she did not wish for any. She that moment ran to her papa, imploring his pardon for her fault in having forced him, (she knew,) much against his will, to punish her. We have been both unhappy, added she ; but for the future I'll take care, and never speak too much.

Her father tenderly embraced and kissed her.

On the morrow, Leonora was permitted to sit down and take her dinner with the rest. She spoke but very little, yet whatever she thought to say was full of grace and modesty. 'Tis true, it cost her very much to check her tongue, that, through impatience and the itch of talking, rolled, if I may say so, this and that way in her mouth ; but on the following day, this work of checking her propensity towards talking was less painful, and the next day still less so. At length the difficulty, by a gradual diminution, was compleatly done away. At present she has totally got rid of her bad habit, and she figures in society with credit to herself, and pleasure to her friends, who are no longer vexed with what they were accustomed to entitle, in derision, her *incessant clack*.

PLEASURE WILL NOT ALWAYS PLEASE.

I Should be very glad to play, mamma, all day, said Laura.

Mrs. Holmes. What, *all day* ?

Laura. O yes, mamma !

Mrs. Holmes. I shall be very glad to give you any pleasure

pleasure in my power, my little Laura; but I fear you'll very soon be tired.

Laura. Of playing ! Never. You'll see that, mamma.

And saying so, the little Laura ran to fetch her play-things. She had got them all together, but was quite alone ; for both her sisters were that day to be employed with different masters, till the afternoon.

At first, she played as she thought proper, and was very happy for an hour or thereabout ; but, by degrees, the pleasure she enjoyed began to lose a little of its power to please her.

She had handled now her play-things twenty times, or oftener, and could tell no longer what to do. Her favourite doll was grown quite troublesome and tedious to her.

She desired her dear mamma to shew her some new method of diversion, and play with her ; but unfortunately her mamma had very pressing business, and could not attend to her, however she might wish to do so.

Laura, after this, sat moping in a corner, till her sisters had quite finished with their masters, and were now about to take a little recreation. She ran to them in a melancholy mood, which was as much as mentioning how long their time of study had been to her, and with what impatience she had wished to see them.

They proposed immediately such games as they supposed most entertaining, since they loved her greatly. But alas ! all their sollicitude was useless. Laura could not but complain that every game they mentioned had already tired her ; nay, in her impatience, she even ventured to accuse them of conspiring with each other to afford her such diversion only as they knew would not amuse her. Upon which Miss Rose, her eldest sister, an extremely sensible young lady, ten years old, took Laura by the hand, and with a smile, began as follows :

Look at us, dear Laura, and I'll tell you which at present

present in the room occasions your dissatisfaction.

Laura. And who is it, sister? I, for my part, don't know who.

Rose. The reason is, you don't look at yourself. Yes, *Laura*, you yourself occasion your dissatisfaction; for you see these games amuse *us* still, though we have play'd them over, you may easily imagine, before you were born. But then we have been both at work, and therefore are they in a manner new to us. If you, by previous study and attention, had obtained an appetite for pleasure, it would certainly have been as easy to you, as we find it, to be pleased.

The little *Laura*, who, however young she was, by no means wanted understanding, was so struck with these remarks, as to discern that every one who would be happy should take care to mix improving exercise with pleasing recreation. And indeed, I know not but that, after such experience gained, the menace of a whole days pleasure would have more terrified her than a whole day's labour.

MODERN

MODERN EDUCATION.

A DRAMA, in TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. COURTLY.

BERTHA,

her Niece.

HILARY,

her Nephew.

MR. GOODWIN,

a Clergyman, formerly Tutor to the Children's Father.

DANDIPRAT,

a Dancing-master.

The scene is in the house of Mrs. Courtly.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Mrs. Courtly, Mr. Goodwin.

Mrs. Courtly. NO, I can't forgive you, Master Goodwin. What! not come and see your well-beloved little friends, or me, these five years past!

Mr. Goodwin. Consider, my good lady, the inevitable duties of my parish, the bad state in which my health is, and the fear of accidents by the road.

Mrs. Courtly. What, forty miles! a very long journey, truly!

Mr. Goodwin. Long to me, that cannot easily change place. My bodily infirmities no more permit me now to go a gadding, and especially so far from home.

Mrs. Courtly. And pray, to what strong motive, Mr. Goodwin, do we owe at last your resolution?

Mr. Goodwin.

Mr. Goodwin. To the great desire I had of seeing Bertha and her brother, once more, I may say, before I die.

Mrs. Courtly. Don't speak of dying, or of seeing them but once more, my good sir : for with respect at least, to Bertha, one might come to view her from the furthest corner of the world ! Oh such an understanding and vivacity !

Mr. Goodwin. Indeed you make me very anxious, Mrs. Courtly, to behold her : pray, where is she ? I am like a child, and longing to embrace her.

Mrs. Courtly. She has not yet left her toilet.

Mr. Goodwin. Not at this late hour ! And Hilary, why is not he yet come from school ? I thought he would have been here long ago, and waiting to receive me.

Mrs. Courtly. You remember, 'twas a little late when your arrival was announced last night. The servants have been very busy all this morning, and my niece's waiting woman could not leave her.

Mr. Goodwin. Pray oblige me, by dispatching some one instantly for Hilary ; and in the interval, I'll go up stairs and see his sister.

Mrs. Courtly. No, no, Mr. Goodwin ; the surprise of seeing you might overcome her spirits : I'll prepare her for the interview. (*She goes out.*)

Mr. Goodwin (alone.) As far as I can see into the matter, Mrs. Courtly brings her niece up by the plan that regulated her own education, and permits her to employ a deal of time in setting off her person to the best advantage, like a doll, intended for the window of a toy-shop. Happy, if these trifles have not caused her to neglect the cultivation of her understanding.

Mrs. Courtly, (returning.) I have sent for Hilary ; and Bertha's coming down this instant. She has but one feather more to settle.

Mr. Goodwin. How ! one feather ! just as if you could suppose a feather more or less would interest me ! Should not her anxiety to see me be as great as mine is !

Mrs. Courtly.

Mrs. Courtly. Certainly it should, and is ; but then her wish to give you pleasure.

Mr. Goodwin. Possibly it will not be her feathers that will do that ; but if I recollect, you told me you had sent to fetch her nephew ?

Mrs. Courtly. (*somewhat piqu'd.*) Oh, my nephew ! you'll have time enough for Hilary.

Mr. Goodwin. You speak as if I was not to expect great things from him.

Mrs. Courtly. He's far from being vicious ; but he won't attend to my instructions on the subject of good breeding.

Mr. Goodwin. What, is he unpolished, wild, or rustic ?

Mrs. Courtly. No, not that. They tell me he has got his head well stored with useful knowledge, as they call it ; but that *je ne sçai quoi* the polite possess, and that *bon ton* —

Mr. Goodwin. If that be all he wants, he's not a great way from perfection ; but his heart ?

Mrs. Courtly. I think it neither good nor bad : but Bertha ! how accomplished she is ! what enchanting manners ! As for Hilary, we don't see one another often.

Mr. Goodwin. And why not ?

Mrs. Courtly. For fear of taking him from his beloved studies ; and because, when he comes here, he pays no heed to what I tell him of the way of living in the fashionable world. He can't express himself with any sort of grace. I sometimes carry him into the company of women, and he never has a handsome word to say.

Mr. Goodwin. Because, as I suppose, the conversation runs on matters he is quite a stranger to.

Mrs. Courtly. But sure a well-bred youth should never be a stranger to such topics as are started in the company of women !

Mr. Goodwin. A respectful silence suits his present age ; and 'tis his business to be silent, and so learn to speak in future, when his turn comes round.

Mrs. Courtly.

Mrs. Courtly. And would you make the youth a doll, that is not to have motion till his wheels are on? But you shall hear my Bertha talk; she does it with such ease! such spirit! such vivacity! There's no such thing as following her, when once she's set a-going.

Mr. Goodwin. We shall see which of them will be most entitled to my love. You cannot but remember, how I promised at their father's death to look upon them as my own. I will perform this sacred duty. As I cannot tell how long I have to live, or rather I should say, how soon my death may happen, I am come to see these children, after doing them all the services I could at such a distance by remittances. 'Tis needful I should know their different characters, which I design to study; so that I may regulate accordingly the final disposition of my fortune in their favour.

Mrs. Courtly. Such proceeding is entirely of a piece with every former token of your gratitude and generosity. My father and my mother's spirits certainly are pleased at your beneficence. And how can I express my obligations to you as I ought, for Bertha and her brother!

Mr. Goodwin. What you call beneficence, dear lady, in me, is no more than duty. Your esteemed and worthy father trusted to my care the education of his son, your brother; and this brother, anxious for his tutor's happiness, presented me the living I possess. To him I am indebted, therefore, for my present happiness; and as I have myself no children, his belong to me; and have a right, even while I am living, and much more then after I am dead, to all that worldly fortune I possess, and which I study to increase for their advantage, and no other purpose.

Mrs. Courtly. I can easily believe you, and in that case, Bertha, as the loveliest——

Mr. Goodwin. If I make distinctions, 'twill not be upon account of frivolous, or outside beauty; but superior

perior virtue, or superior merit in them, will obtain the preference.

Mrs. Courtly. Ah! here Bertha comes.

S C E N E II.

Mr. Goodwin, Mrs. Courtly and Bertha, (dressed in all the extravagance of fashion.)

Mr. Goodwin, (with astonishment.) Is this then Bertha?

Mrs. Courtly. You're surprised, I see, to find her at first sight so captivating. *(To Bertha.)* You have made us wait a little, my sweet girl.

Bertha, (making a ceremonious curtesy to Mr. Goodwin.) Because the servant could not place my feathers as I lik'd to have them, notwithstanding she removed them half-a-dozen times. I sent her off at last quite out of humour, and did every thing myself.--I hope I see you well, sir.

Mr. Goodwin, (going towards her, and affectionately holding out his hand.) Dear Bertha!----*(Bertha turns away, and seems indifferent.)* Well!--are you unwilling to consider me as if I were your father?

Mrs. Courtly. Yes, my dear; your father and your benefactor. I request *(to Mr. Goodwin,)* you would excuse her: She has always been brought up in modesty, and I have constantly enjoined her a reserve.

Mr. Goodwin. She would not sure have violated either, by receiving me as children do a father. I must likewise tenderly reproach her for the circumstance of having kept so long up stairs, while I was all impatience to behold her.

Bertha. Pardon me, dear sir, I was not fit to come before you with propriety.

Mr. Goodwin. But surely a young lady should be always fit to come before a merely decent man, as I am, with propriety! A modest *deshabille* is all she wants, for such a purpose, when at home.

Mrs. Courtly. You're in the right: but to receive

a guest like Mr. Goodwin! the respect she owes you whispered the necessity of putting on——

Mr. Goodwin. One feather less; and might have whispered the propriety of being eager to come forth and meet a friend, who travels forty miles to see her. Yes, I own my heart would have been infinitely more delighted to behold my children—for the tenderness with which I think at all times of them, and the gratitude I owe their father, makes them such; and therefore I repeat it—to behold my children run with open arms to meet me!

Mrs. Courtly. But the veneration she was seized with at first——

Mr. Goodwin. Let's however drop the subject.—— When you see me next, you will receive me more affectionately, won't you, Bertha? You are not displeased I speak thus freely to you. I was used to such a language in your childhood; and the five long years I have consumed without once seeing you, have made no alteration in my heart. I hope when you are married, I shall have permission to continue such a sweet familiarity.

Bertha. It will be doing me a deal of honour.

Mr. Goodwin. O, no more of these same ceremonious compliments. Say only it will give you pleasure. But how much you're altered for the better since I saw you last! an elegant appearance, easy manners, and a carriage——

Mrs. Courtly. O, quite charming! quite adorable!

Mr. Goodwin. And yet all this is nothing, if one wants the grace of modesty, the charm of affability, the sweet expression, goodness marks the countenance withal, and that perpetual source of pleasure, a well cultivated understanding.

Mrs. Courtly. Yes, that sort of cultivation which can only be pursued by intercourse with fashionable people.

Mr. Goodwin. Fashionable people, madam? And is Bertha, pray, to spend her life with such? I've nothing left to wish her, if she has but those endearing qualities

ties that may obtain her honour in a chosen company, at times indeed abroad, but commonly at home; ensuring her the approbation of her friends, and her own heart.

Mrs. Courtly. Yes, yes; that's always understood. I mean that she should learn what sort of conduct will procure her honour and respect from such as know what life is, as we say. Come, Bertha, and let's hear you play some pretty piece on your piano-forte.

Bertha. No, dear aunt, it might not be acceptable to Mr. Goodwin.

Mr. Goodwin. Not acceptable, my dearest child! I'm quite delighted when I hear good music; and think no amusement more becomes you.

Mrs. Courtly. What more worthy of our admiration, than those charming sciences called drawing, music, dancing, and perhaps, too, some few others? Bertha, give us that sweet air of Signor Pasqualini's composition you're so fond of. (*Bertha with reluctance goes to her piano-forte, and begins to play.*) No, no; you must sing too, Bertha. She has such a voice!—so sweet! you'll hear it. If you knew how much applause she got for her performance at the concert, you'd be perfectly astonished, Mr. Goodwin. You must know, however, she's a little vain; and one must sometimes kneel, or not a note——

Mr. Goodwin. I hope I shall obtain a note, without proceeding to that ceremony.—Shan't I Bertha?

Bertha, (in a whisper to her aunt, while looking for the air.) I'm indebted for all this to you!

Mrs. Courtly, (whispering Bertha.) For heaven's sake, Bertha, seem more cheerful; and do every thing you're asked. Your fortune very possibly depends upon it.

Mr. Goodwin. If your voice, my love, is not so clear as you could wish, no matter: only sing your best, and you are sure to please me.

(*Bertha plays and sings the following words.*)

Sweetly smelling flower,
Thus walking with the morning hour,
Go to my Laura's breast, and grace
With added fragrance, that already fragrant place;
So thou wilt bloom indeed :—
But like a useless weed
If on the stalk, here, thou remain,
Thy beauty will decay ;
Thy fragrance pass away ;
And thy bright colours glow in vain.

Mrs. Courtly, (*clapping her hands.*) Bravo ! bravissimo !

Mr. Goodwin. In truth 'tis not so much amiss, considering she's as yet a child. However, I supposed I should have heard a song containing something of the principles with which, no doubt, you study to inspire her.

Mrs. Courtly. How, dear sir, don't you perceive the moral of it ? (*she sings.*)

If on the stalk, here, thou remain,
Thy beauty will decay ;
Thy fragrance pass away ;
And thy bright colours glow in vain.

Which is as much as saying, our young women should come forth and mingle with the world, if they would turn their knowledge to advantage, and not die shut up within their houses.

Mr. Goodwin. Trust me, my dear lady, 'tis much rather there than elsewhere, worthy husbands will be glad to find them : But what's this ? (*casting his eyes upon a drawing.*)

Mrs. Courtly. That's one of Bertha's doing. Don't you find it charming ?

Mr. Goodwin. 'Tis not bad indeed, if Bertha did it all without the assistance of her master.

Mrs. Courtly. Why to say the truth, sir, he has touched it up a little.

Mr. Goodwin.

Mr. Goodwin. My opinion here again is, Bertha would have shewn more judgment in selecting something of a different subject; as for instance, if instead of representing thus a shepherdess surprised while sleeping by a filthy faun, she had applied her pencil to set forth some virtuous action: *that* would have improved her hand as much, while it improved her heart still more.

A Servant, (entering.) Sir, (*to Mr. Goodwin.*) your portmanteau is arrived.—Where will you have it put?—In your apartment?

Mr. Goodwin, (to Mrs. Courtly.) Do you mean, then, my good lady, I shall have my lodging with you?

Mrs. Courtly. Certainly; and by accepting it, you'll do me no less honour than myself have pleasure in the offer.

Mr. Goodwin. You oblige me. Therefore, with permission, I'll go see if every thing is right, and afterward return.

SCENE III.

Mrs. Courtly, and Bertha.

Bertha. He's gone at last, then! is he?

Mrs. Courtly. Softly, softly, Bertha! he may chance to hear you.

Bertha. Let him hear me if he pleases. I'm so vexed, I could destroy my drawings, tear my music book, and dash my instrument to pieces.

Mrs. Courtly. Be composed, my dear; you have occasion now for all your moderation.

Bertha. 'Tis enough, I think, I shewed my moderation in his presence. You yourself both saw and heard him.

Mrs. Courtly. People of his age have always many oddities.

Bertha. Why then expose me to them! You should not have said a word about my singing, aunt.—I did not like to sing. This always comes of your de-

fire to shew me to the best advantage, as you say ; and though you see the mischief, you'll repeat it when he comes again.

Mrs. *Courtly*. My dearest Bertha, be persuaded :--- You don't know, perhaps your fortune in the world depends on Mr. Godwin.

Bertha. What ? my fortune ?

Mrs. *Courtly*. Yes, indeed. Must I inform you how much you're indebted to his bounty ?

Bertha. O ! I know : as far as certain petty presents come to, which he sends me now and then : but surely I could do without his presents !

Mrs. *Courtly*. Ah, my dearest child, without him you would be exceedingly unhappy. What your father left you is a very trifle ; and my income no great matter. By these means alone, it was not possible I could have given you such an education as you have.

Bertha. And is it possible I am so indebted to him ? Does he likewise shew himself a friend and benefactor to my brother ?

Mrs. *Courtly*. Yes ; 'tis he that pays his board and education.

Bertha. I was never told of this.

Mrs. *Courtly*. Since you have never wanted any thing, what need was there to tell you of it ? you observe by this, of what importance you should think it to keep watch upon your conduct, and behave to Mr. Goodwin with respect. But still, my dear, this is not all ; for he is come expressly for the purpose of observing you and Hilary before he writes his will, and gives you his estate accordingly, to each, as he supposes you deserve it.

Bertha. O, how sorry I am now, I seemed so vexed and fretted in his presence !

Mrs. *Courtly*. He is certainly a worthy man ; but still was much to blame in hearing with such coldness your sweet voice, and not appearing charmed with your piano-forte. But however that be, you must absolutely

absolutely seek to please him, or your brother will obtain a preference in his will.

Bertha. Alas! he merits it much more than I do.

Mrs. Courtly. More? You have too mean a notion of yourself, my sweetest, if you think so; and besides, if he should obtain a preference, what would be your destiny? A man can always make his way through life, but what resources can a woman fly to?

Bertha. What indeed! your argument convinces me I should have learnt things much more necessary than the use of a piano-forte, dancing, or even drawing.

Mrs. Courtly. Why, you simpleton; with such a fortune as by Mr. Goodwin's favour you may hope for, what can you desire in preference to the arts of shining in a fashionable circle? Mr. Goodwin must be won: and with a little complaisance, if you but shew it, you may do whatever you think proper with him.

The Servant. (coming in again.) Mr. Dandiprat, the dancing-master, madam.

Mrs. Courtly. Well, desire him to walk up. (*The servant retires.*)

Bertha. No, aunt; let him be sent away to-day, I beg; or I shall once again fret Mr. Goodwin.

Mrs. Courtly. He must absolutely see you dance; you move with so much ease, you'll charm him, I am certain. (*going to the door.*) Mr. Dandiprat, come in.

SCENE IV.

Mrs. Courtly, Bertha and Dandiprat.

Mrs. Courtly. Now is it not a truth, sir, Bertha dances like an angel!

Dandiprat, (bowing.) Absolutely, madam

Mrs. Courtly. Very likely I shall have a friend come here to see her dance a little. You'll oblige me therefore, if you make her shew her skill as much as possible, to please him.

Dandiprat.

Dandiprat. That you may depend on, madam ; and I'll shew my skill too.

Mrs. Courtly. A-propos ; for here he comes. (*to Mr. Goodwin entering.*) A chair for Mr. Goodwin.—Here.—here, my dear sir,—You're come in time for Bertha's dancing lesson ; you must see how she performs.—You'd take her for a zephyr ! Mr. Dandiprat, pray let your pupil dance the allemand you know of.

Bertha. I can't dance it by myself.

Mrs. Courtly. Fear nothing, Mr. Dandiprat will dance with you ; and I'll hum the tune. Come come ; you'll find I do it capitally.

Mr. Goodwin. But what hinders we should have a minuet ? I like that best, and beg to have it.

Dandiprat. I shall not perform it with a grace, if I must play as well as dance.

Mr. Goodwin. Sir, 'tis not your performance we consider, but your pupil's.

Dandiprat. You would judge much better of her merit in a grand *Chaconne*.

Mr. Goodwin. *Chaconne* ! What's that ?

Dandiprat. A dance the quality admire ; 'tis in the higher stile of dancing, and the opera-house re-echoes with the plaudits of the company, when *Vestris* makes his *entree* in it.

Mr. Goodwin. But Bertha never means to figure at the opera-house. I want a minuet.

Dandiprat. As you please, sir ; come then, miss, a minuet. (*Bertha dances ; Dandiprat moves with her, playing on his kit, and interrupts his music now and then with these instructions.*

Your head a little higher.—Mind your shoulders.—Let your arms play freely.—Sink.—One, two, and three.—Your partner.—Look at me.

Mr. Goodwin, (*when the minuet is finished.*) Come, this is tolerable, Bertha. (*to Dandiprat.*) Sir, your lesson, if you please, is finished for to-day. (*Dandiprat makes a ceremonious bow, and leaves the room.*)

Bertha, (*whispering Mrs. Courtly.*) Well, aunt, you see what compliments I've had ?

Mrs. Courtly.

Mrs. Courtly. And is it possible, my dear good sir, that you are not enchanted, ravished, nay, transported? Surely your attention was diverted; or perhaps you're not recovered yet from the fatigue your journey has occasioned you?

Mr. Goodwin. I beg your pardon, madam. I've already signified to Bertha how I liked her dancing; but you would not surely see me in a transport at her merit in this way? No. I reserve my extasy for merit much more proper to excite it.

SCENE V.

Mrs. Courtly, Bertha, Mr. Goodwin and Hilary.

Hilary, (running into the room towards Mr. Goodwin, and embracing him with ardour.) O my dear, dear Mr. Goodwin! my good friend and father! how rejoiced I am to see you!

Mrs. Courtly. Well, what signifies all this, pray? Should you stifle Mr. Goodwin?

Mr. Goodwin. Let him do it, my good madam; for the transports of his joy delight me more than cold and ceremonious salutations. Yes, my dearest Hilary, come here, and let me press you to my heart. What pleasing recollection you awake within me! Yes, these open features are the living image of your dear departed father!

Mrs. Courtly. Why not put your best clothes on? Do people visit in that trim?

Hilary. But aunt, it would have cost me half an hour at least to change my dress, and put my hair in order; and I never should have had the patience to delay so long the pleasure I expected, when they told me Mr. Goodwin was arrived.

Mr. Goodwin. And I too, my dear boy, was quite impatient, and thought every minute half an hour between the time of my arrival and this moment.

Mrs. Courtly. Have you nothing then to say to me or Bertha? you have not so much as wished us a good morning.

Hilary.

Hilary. Pardon me, dear aunt, I was so glad, I did not know what I was doing: And do you forgive me too, dear sister, (*holding out his hand*) if without intention I've displeased you. Have I, Bertha?

Bertha, (half offended.) No.

Mr. Goodwin. Excuse him, madam, upon my account; I should be vexed, were I the cause of getting him your anger.

Mrs. Courtly, (aside.) I can hold no longer. Be so kind, good sir; as to excuse me. I have several orders I must give the servants.

Mr. Goodwin. Don't confine yourself on my account.

Mrs. Courtly, (whispering Bertha.) You'll hardly stay and hear their insupportable discourse? (*aloud*) Come, Bertha, I have something to employ you in.

Bertha. No, aunt; I'll stay with Mr. Goodwin, if he'll please to let me.

Mr. Goodwin. Let you, my dear child! I shall be glad to have you with me.

Mrs. Courtly, (going out with manifest vexation, but returning.) But on second thoughts, the servants are to lay the cloth here. Mr. Goodwin, shall I beg you to come this way? I'll conduct you to another chamber, where you will be undisturbed.

Mr. Goodwin. With all my heart.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Mr. Goodwin, Bertha, Hilary.

Mr. Goodwin. And so you say your master is content with your behaviour and improvement?

Hilary. No, dear sir; I said it would become me more to let him tell you my behaviour and improvement. This however I can say, that I am pretty well established in his favour.

Mr. Goodwin.

Mr. Goodwin. What are you at present studying ?

Hilary. Latin, Greek, and geography ; the history of England ; and the mathematics.

Bertha, (aside.) Here are many things I scarcely know the name of !

Mr. Goodwin. And pray tell me, do you like them ?

Hilary. O, the more I learn, the more I wish to go on learning ; and am not the lowest in my class.

Mr. Goodwin. Then too, your drawing, music, dancing-----

Hilary. Them too I am learning ; but apply myself much more this sultry weather, to the music-master and my drawing, as the doctor says I must not exercise myself too violently. In revenge, when winter comes, I shall apply myself more closely to my dancing, when a deal of jumping will be comfortable.

Mr. Goodwin. Why your plan, I must acknowledge, seems well laid.

Hilary. Besides, sir, never shall I give a deal of time to dancing ; hardly more than what the doctor lets me have for recreation. The essential thing, he tells me, is to form my heart, and cultivate my understanding, so that I may live with honour in the world, become a useful member of society, and make myself by that means happy.

Mr. Goodwin, (embracing him.) You are in the right, dear boy.

Bertha, (aside.) If these are so essential, how has not my aunt neglected me !

Hilary. And yet, dear sir, though you embrace and love me so, I'm not, perhaps, so good as you imagine.

Mr. Goodwin. How !

Hilary. I'm very giddy, and I waste my time. I cannot rid myself of several exceptionable habits : and for want of thought, relapse into those very faults that I've so frequently been sorry for.

Mr. Goodwin. And will you still relapse into them ?

Hilary. Not if I've my thoughts about me ; But I find it very difficult to keep in memory, at all times, my good resolutions.

Mr. Goodwin.

Mr. Goodwin. I am very glad to find you can discern yourself, these faults within you. To acknowledge that we do wrong, is something of a kin to doing well. What think you, Bertha?

Bertha. I believe I'm neither giddy, nor yet wasteful of my time, nor any thing my brother is.

Mr. Goodwin. You've other faults then, I suppose?

Bertha. I never heard my aunt say I had any.

Mr. Goodwin. She should know indeed, and be the first to notice them; but love too often blinds us, so that we can see no faults in those we're fond of.---I don't mean to vex you, saying this, believe me.

Bertha, (aside.) What a man! he flatters Hilary, and answers me with nothing but vexatious speeches!

Mr. Goodwin. Wait here a little. I'll go see if Philip has unpacked my trunks: I've something for you, and shall soon be back.

Hilary. Yes, yes; we'll wait here for you. Don't stay long.

SCENE II.

Bertha and Hilary.

Bertha. I fancy he may keep his presents to himself! They must be charming things indeed *he* has to give us!

Hilary. What! dear sister! does not every thing you have in your apartment, and even upon your back, come from our dear benefactor? should he have the veriest trifle in his trunk to give me, I should still be charmed in thinking on his bounty!

Bertha. Possibly you might; but I'm so angry with him, with myself, and with my aunt---that I could find it in my heart to cuff the dearest friend I have.

Hilary. What me, too, with the rest?---What ails you then, my poor dear sister? (*taking Bertha by the hand.*)

Bertha. Had you been so mortified!---

Hilary. So mortified! have you been mortified then, sister?

sister? Who has mortified you? Not my aunt, for she will hardly let you breathe, for fear of catching cold; and would, I fancy, suffer you to tread upon her, if to touch the ground could hurt you.

Bertha. Yes, but Mr. Goodwin! he's so captious!

Hilary. How you talk! I find him, on the other hand, indulgent and good-natured.

Bertha. I've done nothing to his liking: when I sung and danced, I could not please him; and my drawing had no better fortune: he despises every thing I know; and speaks of merit much more calculated to excite his approbation, than a skill in dancing.

Hilary. And 'tis very likely, sister, you'll confess he's in the right at last.

Bertha. Confess he's in the right! My aunt's then in the wrong, according to your notion, is she? What then does he mean by merit much more calculated to excite his approbation, than a skill in dancing?

Hilary. I can tell you, and yet not be very learned.

Bertha. O yes, you indeed! Well then, what is it?

Hilary. Tell me, Bertha, do you ever read?

Bertha. Yes, doubtless, when I've time.

Hilary. And what?

Bertha. Why plays, before I go to see them; and a great variety of songs, that I may sing them to my master.

Hilary. That's fine reading, truly, for your age! and don't you think you might have books much more instructive?

Bertha. If I might, what time have I to read them? 'Tis full one o'clock before I've breakfasted, and got my morning dress on. Then comes Mr. Quaver; and when he has left me, Mr. Dandiprat. I dine at three; and after dinner, dress for company, which we receive at home; or else go out a visiting, and then the day is over.

Hilary. And is every day spent thus?

Bertha. No doubt.

Hilary. Well, sister, I can tell you Doctor Sharp, my
Y master,

master, has three daughters of about your age; but they employ their time in quite another manner.

Bertha. How?

Hilary. First then, at six in summer, and at eight in winter, they are dressed completely for the day.

Bertha. They don't sleep then enough, and must be very heavy long before night comes.

Hilary. Upon the other hand, they're brisker far than you, because they go to bed at ten the over night.

Bertha. To bed at ten!

Hilary. At ten; that they may get up early in the morning. When you're fast asleep in bed, they've read their geography, and counted. When the clock strikes ten, they take their needle-work in hand till noon; and then assist their mother in the house.

Bertha. Does then their mother mean to make them house-maids?

Hilary. She may hope, by means of such an education, to procure them something better. But however that be, should they not be taught to govern servants, regulate a table, and conduct their house?

Bertha. And after dinner are they busy?

Hilary. Why not busy? They have then their harpsichord, or writing; and at night, assemble round a table, where they read by turns in the *Spectator*, or Miss Moore's last publication, *Sacred Dramas*; while the two that are not occupied upon their book, employ themselves in mending their own garments, or examining the linen of the house, and mending it, if needful.

Bertha. So they never take, then, any recreation?

Hilary. O, I beg your pardon: they amuse themselves as if they were three queens; for all these tasks are intermixed with little sports, and pleasant conversation. They pay visits also, and receive them; but take care to have their work-bags, and I never saw them idle for a minute.

Bertha. This is certainly what Mr. Goodwin meant. And yet my aunt has often told me, such an education

as you mention the Miss Sharps receive, is only fit for tradesmen's children.

Hilary. But supposing they were tradesmen's children, would they find this education useless to them? They should certainly know household work, or how will they be able to direct a servant to do theirs? If they know nothing of it, every one will join to cheat them; and the richer they may be, the greater probability there is that even the servants they employ, will join each other to effect their ruin.

Bertha. I protest you fright me! I know nothing of the work about a house! scarce how to hold a needle! Yet I've just been told, we've nothing in the world, except what Mr. Goodwin's bounty gives us.

Hilary. Ah dear sister, the worse luck for us! should he leave us, or unfortunately we lose him—But possibly my aunt is rich?

Bertha. O no; she told me the contrary scarce half an hour ago. She has no more than is sufficient for herself. In case then any accident should happen with respect to Mr. Goodwin, what would be our fate?

Hilary. I should be at first put to difficulties; but my master tells me, I should put my trust in God, and hope he never would forsake me. His opinion is, that there are always generous people in the world, whose friendship may be gained by an exertion of one's skill to serve them in the way of some profession, and who frequently create employment for the industrious. Thus then, in the course of some few years, when I am more advanced in learning, I might undertake to teach such children as know less than I do. I should even improve myself by such an occupation, and with good behaviour on my part, be sure of living with some sort of ease and comfort, and perhaps strike out a way to fortune.

Bertha. But what benefit could I derive from all my skill in dancing, or in drawing, or in music? I should die perhaps of hunger, notwithstanding all these vain accomplishments.

Hilary. And therefore Mr. Goodwin cannot be well
Y 2 pleased

pleased when he discovers you've been put to nothing but those arts that serve for ornament or pleasure.

Bertha. And vexation sometimes, Hilary ; for when I dance, or sing in company, if I'm not praised as much as I conceive I merit, you can't think how much I'm fretted at the disappointment !—Shall I also tell you I am often tired of those fine matters, which my aunt says serve us to pass time away with satisfaction.

Hilary. And what then do you resort to for amusement ?

Bertha. To the opera, drefs, fashions, walks, and scandal ; as we tell in one house what we have observed beforehand in another. But these helps to conversation, and the art of killing time, soon fail us.

Hilary. I believe so ; and remember what the doctor told us very lately in a lecture, that the recreations men in general resort to, are not worthy being called so, when one thinks of those that may be found in art and nature, which not only occupy our time agreeably, but teach us to reflect upon ourselves.

Bertha. You have convinced me of it by yourself, who notwithstanding you are two years younger than I am, are so much more improved. How many useful things has not my aunt neglected in my education !

S C E N E III.

Bertha, Hilary, and Mrs. Courtly.

Mrs. Courtly, (having overheard what Bertha said) And what useful things have I neglected in your education then, Miss Thankless ? (*aside.*) But all this is due to Hilary.

Hilary. Well, good bye, sister, and good bye, dear aunt. I wonder Mr. Goodwin stays so long up stairs. I'll run and seek him, if you please. (*goes out.*)

Mrs. Courtly. The good-for-nothing blockhead ! Let his friend be once set off, and we shall see if he presumes to come within my doors again.—But what has he been

been saying, that you think your education thus neglected?

Bertha. Nay, dear aunt, that's true; for have you let me learn those useful matters a young person ought to know?

Mrs. Courtly. Useful matters, my divine, dear Bertha! Is there any thing then wanting in the least to your perfections? Does not every one acknowledge you are quite accomplished?

Bertha. Some things I'm acquainted with, 'tis true; but they are only such as serve to flatter vanity. Those arts that ornament the mind, as geography, arithmetic—

Mrs. Courtly. All downright pedantry! I should be vexed to death, if I had puzzled your poor brains with such odd stuff, that's only fit for such a one as Hilary. Why Bertha, did you ever hear, where I have carried you, that fashionable women mind such nonsense?

Bertha. No indeed; but still, why not instruct me in those household arts at least, a person of my sex should be complete in? Can I even hold a needle?

Mrs. Courtly. No; and why? because I never meant you for a mantua-maker.

Bertha. But supposing Mr. Goodwin's death, as you have told me, what I am possessed of is so little, how should I subsist?

Mrs. Courtly. If that be all, I have a single word will settle every thing, as I can tell you now you'll never want for money, but even swim in plenty. I've tormented Mr. Goodwin so effectually, that he means to leave you every thing he has. But here he comes himself. I leave you with him, as he means to tell you his intentions.

SCENE IV.

Bertha, Mr. Goodwin, Hilary.

Hilary, (running to his sister with a watch.) Look ye! look ye, sister!

Y 3

Bertha.

Bertha. How ! what's this ? a watch ?

Hilary. Yes, sister ! and a gold one ! O my dear, dear Mr. Goodwin ! how rejoiced I am ! Pray let me go and shew it to the doctor. I'll be there and back again immediately.

Mr. Goodwin. With all my heart. Inform him, 'twas not my design to please your vanity by such a present, but that you might know the different hours allotted to your different studies, and be always ready for your masters.

Hilary. O, I shall be always ready for them now, that's certain.

Mr. Goodwin. Beg him likewise to allow you the remainder of the day from school ; and say I mean to call upon him in the afternoon.

Hilary. Yes, yes, I will. (*He goes out.*)

Mr. Goodwin. Well, Bertha, why so gloomy ? What's the matter with you ?

Bertha. Nothing, sir.

Mr. Goodwin. You are not vexed that I have made your brother such a present ?

Bertha. Doubtless he'll be very careful of it, and knows how to handle it !

Mr. Goodwin. I've shewn him how, and there's no difficulty in the matter. You are sensible he wanted one.

Bertha. Quite so : and I, for my part, could not find a use for such a bauble.

Mr. Goodwin. I was thinking so : you have a clock upon the staircase.

Bertha. True ; and yet there's hardly a young lady I associate with, but has a watch.

Mr. Goodwin. That's lucky ; you may ask them then the hour at any time.

Bertha. I may ; and when they ask the same of me, make answer, I can't tell them.

Mr. Goodwin. Bertha, Bertha, you're an envious little pufs, I see ! but here's to prove you have not been forgotten. (*giving her a case.*)

Bertha.

Bertha, (blushing.) O, my dear good Mr. Goodwin !

Mr. Goodwin. Well, I see you don't know how to open it. (*he opens it himself, and shews a pair of diamond ear-rings.*) Are you content with these ?

Bertha. O yes, if you are but content with me !

Mr. Goodwin. To say the truth, my dear, I am not quite so : we are now alone, and I must use a little freedom in conversing with you. Your dear aunt has spared no cost to let you have agreeable accomplishments ; and your appearance is a proof of her affection and good taste. I could have only wished she had been minded to bestow a useful education on you.

Bertha. Hilary has been discoursing on this subject, and convinced me I want every thing that would be useful to me at a future time of life : but how may I acquire a knowledge of these useful matters ?

Mr. Goodwin. I'm acquainted with a worthy gentleman, who instructs young ladies in such knowledge as is suited to their sex.

Bertha. My aunt, however, mentioned you would put me into such a state as would not need this knowledge.

Mr. Goodwin. I conceive you ; and to shew my real disposition, leave you quite at liberty to chuse that way of life in which she meant to see you figure, since it suits your inclination. Yes, my dearest child, rely on my affection. After my decease, I'll give you every shilling I possess.

Bertha. What, all your fortune ? is it possible you should be such a generous friend ?

Mr. Goodwin. Yes, Bertha, all ; but not without a fear it will be still too little to prevent your being really unhappy.

Bertha. What, sir, do you tell me ?

Mr. Goodwin. Are you qualified to do yourself the slightest service ? or make up, upon occasion, I don't say a costly garment, but the plainest gown you ever wore ?

Bertha. Alas ! sir, I was never taught.

Mr. Goodwin.

Mr. Goodwin. 'Tis plain, then, you must always have a crowd about you to make up those articles you have no hands to make yourself. You know, I fancy, how much fashionable women have occasion to lay out, that they may keep their title up with those that are as gay and foolish as themselves! Now tell me, are you to suppose my property, when you are mistress of it, will suffice for this?

Bertha. I hope, sir, it will be enough, with the oeconomy I shall observe, to render me as happy as you wish I may be.

Mr. Goodwin. Trust me, notwithstanding your oeconomy, if you continue ignorant, it will not. And besides, when you are come of age, what prudent man will take a woman who possesses no one talent useful to his happiness? 'tis plain, then, nothing but the fortune you possess will render you an eligible wife; and you are sensible, I fancy, from the little knowledge you must have of life, how miserable money-matches generally prove! my resolution is however taken, and my all in future shall be yours: if you are miserable, 'twill not be my fault.

Bertha. O, sir! but then my brother——

Mr. Goodwin. He must be content with what I do in his behalf while living, and the proof of your affection when I'm dead. I mean to have him taught whatever may be useful to him in the state of life he may incline to; as in that, with industry, 'tis not improbable but he may make a fortune. I myself am an example of this probability: he need but do as I have. I shall leave you to reflect on my intentions, and am going to communicate them to him. Think on what I've told you.

SCENE V.

Bertha, (alone.)

O, what pleasure! all his fortune! This is what my aunt desired so earnestly. I should be glad to know what

what Hilary will say when Mr. Goodwin tells him his intentions. He can't chuse, I'm certain, but be very jealous of me. He will have great cause: however, I shall not forget him. No, indeed; if I have any thing to spare. I must and will have something for him: but I hear, I fancy, Mr. Goodwin. Yes, he's coming back with Hilary.—A lucky thought! I'll steal into this closet here, and listen to their conversation. (*She gets in, and shuts the door, unnoticed.*)

SCENE VI.

Mr. Goodwin, Hilary.

Mr. Goodwin. So your master's glad then I have made you such a present?

Hilary. Yes, enchanted; but for my part, upon second thoughts, I'm sorry for it.

Mr. Goodwin. Sorry, Hilary, and why?

Hilary. Poor Bertha! she must doubtless be quite vexed at having nothing, when I've got a watch. I would not seem indifferent to your favours; notwithstanding, if I durst, I would desire you——

Mr. Goodwin. Generous little fellow! don't you be uneasy; Bertha has received a pair of diamond earrings, worth ten watches such as yours.

Hilary. O, my dear Mr. Goodwin! how I thank you!

Mr. Goodwin. And I shan't confine my friendship and affection to the gift of such a trifle.

Hilary. O, my generous friend and father!

Mr. Goodwin. I observe, with grief, her education cannot but in future be the cause of sorrow to her.

Hilary. So I likewise fear, sir; my dear aunt imagines that a little drawing, dancing, sing-song, and the like, are all she is in want of to be happy in the world.

Mr. Goodwin. 'Tis to these frivolous embellishments she sacrifices the much more important cultivation of her understanding; and forbears inspiring her

her with those good qualities that have alone a claim on human approbation. As your sister's reason has been so neglected, she is pleased with those applauses that are offered on the altar of her vanity. But when, in some few years, she sees how many useful matters of instruction, and how much inestimable time she has for ever lost, she will inevitably blush at her own conduct, and even execrate her flatterers; who, on their side, will repay her hatred with their ridicule and scorn.

Hilary. O, sir, you make me tremble for my poor dear sister!

Mr. Goodwin. And besides, what reasonable man will take up with a wife whose want of knowledge is so glaring; who, instead of being able to establish order and œconomy within a house, must dissipate the greatest fortune by her love of luxury; and who will have an incapacity, no less unworthy the esteem of him that is to be her husband, than the veneration of his children. She must of necessity be as a stranger in the world, to every one about her. What would such a woman do without my friendship?

Hilary. O, dear sir, let me beseech you, do not take away your favour from her.

Mr. Goodwin. No; for on the other hand, I'm now upon the point of doing something for her.

Hilary. Yes, dear sir; procure her a more useful education. Bertha does not want for understanding, or good principles.

Mr. Goodwin. I would with all my heart; but at her age, can one expect she will submit to any rigid treatment, after the indulgences she has received at home? No, no; I see it will be better to determine upon something for her benefit, which shall take place when I am in my grave.

Hilary. For heaven's sake, sir, don't speak so, I beseech you. No: I trust you are to live much longer for our common good; and providence will not so soon deprive us of our second father.

Mr. Goodwin. I am sensible of your affection; but the

the fear of death will not delay the fatal moment of its coming. Bertha's future fortune gives me pain, whenever I reflect on what it may be; and in short, I am resolved to give her every thing I am possessed of, that at least she may have wherewithal to keep herself from want.

Hilary (taking hold of Mr. Goodwin's hand.) O, thank you ten times over! how rejoiced I am, sir! Shall I leave you for a moment, and go tell her this good news? But no; it will be better to conceal it from her, or at least till she has been induced to get some useful knowledge, from a notion she must live, in future, by her industry. She will, by that means, know much better how to manage what you give her. O, my dearest Bertha! after all, then, I may hope to see you happy.

Mr. Goodwin. Worthy little fellow! I'm no less delighted with your generosity, than understanding. Having such a heart, could I intend to give your sister every thing, and leave you nothing? That were to the last degree unjust: and therefore I revoke my first intention. It is you that *should* be my sole heir, and with propriety I ought to make my will accordingly.

Hilary. No, no, dear sir, preserve your first intention, and give Bertha every thing. I shall be much more diligent in my improvement knowing I have nothing but my learning to subsist on. I shall then be much more anxious to get useful knowledge; which I doubt not, with God's blessing, will suffice for my advancement.

Mr. Goodwin. Be at peace upon account of Bertha. When I said you *should* be my sole heir, it was not my idea, Bertha should be left without a trifling legacy, sufficient to obtain her necessary things.

Hilary. Well then, let's make exchange; the trifling legacy for me, by way of token from you, and the rest for Bertha.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Mr. Goodwin, Hilary, and Bertha (issuing from her hiding-place, and running to embrace her brother.)

Bertha. O, my dearest brother! have I merited so much affection from you?

Hilary. Yes, dear sister, if you will but do as I could wish, and be what our good benefactor so much longs to see you.

Bertha. If! should it become a question? I *will* be so. I discern how much the difference of our education has exalted your ideas above mine, though I am so much older.—My good friend and father, let my future fortune be whatever you think proper; I can never be unhappy, if I leave you to determine for me. I desire instruction, likewise, and will take my brother for a model.

Mr. Goodwin. You will unavoidably be happy, if you keep this prudent resolution. But pray tell me, whence proceeds this change in your ideas?

Bertha. From the closet whence I issued, I have heard my brother's wishes for me; his disinterestedness and generous sacrifice. I've heard too how *you* love me. I will reverence you in future, and give up the little jealousies I entertained against my brother. He shall be my guide and friend.

Hilary. I will endeavour to be such, dear sister: it will be my boast and pleasure, if I prosper.

Mr. Goodwin. With what pleasing sentiments, dear children, do you not inspire me! I am now no longer sorry providence has left me childless. I consider you no less affectionately than I should do had I given you life; and think I see your father, who looks down from heaven, well pleased in having left me such dear pledges of his love. (*Bertha and her brother take him by the hand, and bathe it with their tears.*)

Bertha. Let us not lose a moment, sir. Where does that worthy gentlewoman live, of whom you told,

told me, as a person who would teach me useful things ?

Mr. Goodwin. I'll introduce you to her shortly. I shall stay here some few days, and will endeavour to bring over, if I can, your aunt, not all at once, but by degrees, to second my designs. You must be careful not to vex or displease her. She deserves your gratitude. She has but erred respecting what was likely to insure your happiness : her wish was not the less to make you happy.

Bertha. I believe so ; but renounce, from henceforth, all the nonsense I've been put to study. No more dancing, no more drawing, or piano-forte-work, in future.

Mr. Goodwin. No, dear Bertha, now you're wrong upon the other side, in such a resolution. On the contrary you ought to cultivate them ; for, in truth, they are not undesirable accomplishments. They may render a woman more welcome in good company ; form an agreeable relaxation from those cares attendant on a house and family, and make her still more fond of living in retirement ; add another tie to the attachment of her husband, guide her in the choice she is to make of masters for her children, and enable her to further their improvement. They are only prejudicial when they feed her vanity, and make her give into a fatal dissipation, or contempt of duties in that state of life to which God's providence has called her. They are flowers, in short, that may possess some little portion of one's garden, if the rest be set apart for fruits and vegetables.

THE BORROWED PURSE.

SPENCER, though a dull companion, was a special workman. He aspired at nothing in his heart

heart so much as to become a master; but he wanted money to set up.

A merchant, who was well acquainted with his industry, was willing to supply him with an hundred pounds, that he might open shop.

One may, without much difficulty, guess at Spencer's joy. In his imagination, he already had a warehouse full of goods. He reckoned up how many customers would crowd to buy them, and what money he should have at balancing his books.

In the extravagant emotions of that transport into which these notions threw him, he perceived an ale-house. Come, said he, and entered it, I'll have a little pleasure with one six-pence of this money.

He demurred, however, some few moments, to call out for punch, which was his favourite liquor, as his conscience loudly told him, that the moment of enjoyment was not yet arrived; that he was, first of all, to think of paying what his friend had lent him; and at present that it was not honest for him to lay out a penny of the sum, for things not absolutely necessary. He was ready to come out again, impressed by such right notions, but bethought himself, upon the other hand, that if he spent a sixpence of his money, he should still have ninety-nine pounds nineteen shillings and a sixpence left; that such a sum was full enough to set him up in trade, and that a single half hour's industry would compensate for such a trifling pleasure as he wished to have at present.

It was thus, that taking up the glass, he sought to quiet his interior scruples; but alas, his present conduct was to open him a door to ruin.

On the morrow, so agreeable a recollection of his pleasure at the ale-house filled his mind, that he was now less scrupulous with conscience in expending one more sixpence at it. He had ninety-nine pounds nineteen shillings still remaining.

On the following days, the love of liquor had besotted him in such a manner, that he constantly returned to his beloved ale-house, but increased the quantum of

of his liquor, to a shilling's worth at first ; then sixpence more ; and so on, till he came to half-a-crown ; at which he seemed to make a stand, and every time he went, he would console himself with saying, 'Tis but two-and-sixpence I am spending. O, I need not fear but I shall have enough to carry on my trade.

Such then was his delusive way of reasoning, in reply to what his conscience whispered, which would now and then be heard. It did not strike him, that his fortune was an even hundred pounds, and that the useful application of the whole depended on the fit employ to which he put its parts.

You see then, my dear little friends, how by insensible gradation he incurred a spendthrift life. He found no longer any joy in industry, employed entirely as he was in contemplating on his actual riches, which he fancied inexhaustible ; and yet, from day to day, he did not fail to find it was diminishing. He was convinced, and his conviction all at once came over him just like a clap of thunder, that he could not make amends for his preceeding dissipation, as his benefactor would not be so fond of lending him another hundred pounds, when he had seen him so misuse the first.

Quite overcome with shame and grief, the more he fought to stifle his ideas with hard drinking, so much by a great deal sooner, did his ruin fall upon him.--- And at last the frightful moment came, when quite disgusted at the thought of industry, and being, as it were, an object to himself of horror, life became a burthen, owing to that scene of poverty now opening to him.

He renounced his country, followed by despair, and joined a gang of smugglers, formidable for the ravages they spread through every country on the coast. But heaven did not permit their violence should long remain unpunished. A disgraceful death soon ended his career of wickedness.

Alas ! if when his reason first of all addressed him, he had listened, and been wrought upon by the reproaches

proaches of his conscience, easy in his situation might he now have been, enjoying in repute and honour, the repose of a respectable and opulent old age.

You shudder, children, at his lamentable folly. Such is notwithstanding that of multitudes among us, in the use they put their money to. It was bestowed upon them for the best of purposes, and yet they exercise themselves thereby in every shameful dissipation. 'Tis but such or such a sum of money I am spending! and what's that? They think there will be enough always left them, for the proper use thereof. However in the interval, days, months, and years flow onward, and they find, at the conclusion of them, they have not made such a use thereof. In some sort, they are even happy if their conduct does not plunge them finally into despair.

THE DIRTY BOOTS.

FORTUNATUS, proud of his high birth, was not content with inwardly despising every one inferior to himself in point of fortune, but presumed to take such airs upon him as evinced the scorn with which he looked upon them. As it chanced, one day he saw his father's footman cleaning shoes. Foooh! what a filthy business! was his exclamation, as he passed him, turning up his nose: for all the world I would not be a shoe-black.—Very likely so, said John; and I, for my part, hope that I shall never be *your* shoe-black.

All the last week's weather had been very bad, but now it was grown clear and bright: on which account young Fortunatus got his father's leave to take a ride on horseback. Now the promise of this ride afforded him the greater pleasure, as the day before, when he was out, he had been hindered, by a heavy shower of rain, from going far. However, he had been

been already far enough to splash his boots from top to bottom, and they were not yet quite dry.

Transported with the thought of so much pleasure, he ran down to John, who was at breakfast in the kitchen, and employing an imperious tone of voice, cried out, "John, John! I'm going out on horse-back! Run and clean my boots! Well, don't you hear me?" John pretended that he did not, and continued at his breakfast, quite composed. It was in vain our Fortunatus put himself into a passion, and bestowed an hundred terms upon him. John considered it enough to answer him with great indifference, "I have told you, sir, already, if you recollect, I hoped I never should become *your* shoe-black."

In the mean time Fortunatus, seeing he could not, in spite of all his menaces, get John to do as he desired, returned quite full of rage, and made complaint about him to his father. Mr. Railton could not comprehend why John refused a business that belonged to his employment, and which hitherto he had performed without expecting orders for that purpose; so he sent to speak a little with him, and was told of the affair.

His conduct was approved of to the full by Mr. Railton, who not only blamed his son, but told him he might go and clean his boots himself, or stay at home, which ever he thought proper. He forbade the other servants to assist him in this business. "You will learn, sir, (added he,) how silly 'tis to look with scorn on services contributory to our comfort and convenience; services, the rigour of which you should rather strive to soften, by a gentleness of manners in yourself. So, since a *shoe-black's* trade is so disgraceful, be so kind as to ennoble it, by being for the future your own shoe-black."

Such a sentence turned his promised pleasure into sorrow. He was very eager for a ride on horse-back, such fine weather was it;—but to clean his boots himself! he could not stoop to such an office. On the other hand, his pride would not permit him to

go out with dirty boots, in which case every one he met would ridicule him. He applied successively to every servant in the house, with offers of a piece of money to corrupt them; but there was not one could be prevailed upon to disobey his master's order.— Thus, then, Fortunatus was obliged to stay at home, till in the end his pride permitted him to stoop so low as the conditions laid upon him. On the morrow, John resumed his office without bidding; and the humbled Fortunatus, having exercised it once, would never after gratify his pride by vilifying what was in itself so useful.

THE MOUNTAIN PIPE.

FROM the highest summit of those hills that overlook the vale of Lucca in Savoy, an English traveller, we mean to call Fitzwilliam, was contemplating the extended landscape round about him: he was quite alone, his faithful servant being ordered to a neighbouring city, there to wait the time of his return when some few days should once have passed; which interval he meant to spend in rambling over that romantic country.—More than half way down the hill, Fitzwilliam saw a hamlet, that assured him of a lodging for the night.—Thus free from all inquietude, and swallowed up in thought, he left his mind to roam at large in contemplation, and his eye to wander from one object to another of the spacious view. But soon the sylvan choristers last song admonished him to think of getting under cover for the night. The sun, already hid behind the mountain, did but colour the sky with his gold and purple rays that floated, as it were, just close above the trees. He descended slowly, mortified to see the spacious horizon, whose limits he could hardly trace, contract itself as he proceeded. The crepusculum, or twilight, now began to veil it with a shade, so
that

that at every step it grew browner, till the empress of the night dispelled this gloomy darkness, with her light more placid, though less glorious than the sun's that had so lately sunk from sight. Fitzwilliam sat down for a moment, to enjoy the picture. Nothing intercepted, or broke off his view, throughout the vast expanse. He contemplated on the infinite extent at leisure.— From the trembling moon and stars that twinkled while he gazed upon them, he passed over to the calm and spotless azure of the firmament. The air was fresh, nor did the slightest breeze disturb it. Nature was absorbed in universal silence, saving the low murmur of a stream meandering through the country at a distance.— Stretched upon the grass, he might perhaps have contemplated till the rising of the sun next morning; but the music of a lute, made more harmonious by a voice, soon after struck upon his ear. He thought at first his ravished senses were deluded by the power of his imagination, and experienced the delight of fancying he was suddenly transported in a dream to what are called the regions of enchantment. In the midst of this illusion, while both musics still continued, getting on his feet, a lute, said he, upon the mountain! he turned round on that side whence the melody proceeded, and discovered through the darksome verdure of the trees, no great way distant, the white walls and garden paling of a cottage. He approached it with a beating heart; but what was his surprise, when he beheld a youthful peasant with a lute, on which he was playing with exquisite address. A woman, seated on his right, kept looking at him with an eye of infinite affection. At their feet, upon the turf, were many children, boys and girls, and ancient people, all in attitudes of pleasure and attention. When Fitzwilliam first made his appearance, several of the children came to meet him, looked at one another, and then said among themselves, What gentleman is this? The young musician turned his head, but did not leave off playing. I, that is to say Fitzwilliam, for the author henceforth, for more perspicuity, must be supposed as speaking in the person of Fitzwilliam, could

could not possibly withstand the first emotions of my heart.—I held him out my hand ; he gave me his, which I laid hold of with a sort of transport.—Every body upon this got up and made a circle round us. I informed them, as concisely as I could do, of my business in that quarter of the country, at such a time of night. We have not, for many miles about, an inn, remarked the youthful peasant, as our cottage is not near the road ; but if you are content to put up with a cottage and poor people, we will do our best to entertain you.

If at first I was astonished at his execution on the lute, and taste in singing, I was still much more surprised at the politeness of his manners, the precision of his language, and the ease with which he spoke. You were not born, I told him, in a cottage ? Pardon me, replied he with a smile ; I *was*, and even in this. But you're fatigued, I fancy. Didier, bring a chair. Excuse me, sir ; I owe my neighbours this nocturnal entertainment I'm now giving them.

I would not take the chair, but laid myself upon the grass, as all the rest did. Every body had, by this, resumed his former posture ; and the silence I had interrupted by appearing as I did among them, now took place again.

The youth immediately began to play upon his lute ; and in the intervals of playing, sung a favorite ballad, which he did with so much sweetness, that a tear, as I could see, stood trembling in the eye of every one about him, by the time he had repeated the first couplet. I could not refrain from envying the surprizing genius of the rustic bard, whoever he might be, that could impress so powerfully an unlettered, and almost an uncivilized society of people. I was charmed in seeing how surprizingly those beauties that are drawn from nature, please the souls of all men. Of the poet's touches, none were lost ; and at the last, which was the most affecting, I heard notwithstanding round about me, nothing but half sighs, and badly stifled sobbings.

After some few minutes silence, the whole company got

got up, each wiping, as I could see, his eyes. They wished each other a good night with perfect cordiality. The neighbours, with their children, went away, and none were left, except an ancient man upon a seat beside the door, and whom till now I had not noticed; the musician, with the woman sitting by him; Didier, the young boy whose name I recollected; and myself.

'Twas painful for me to give up the charming state in which at that time I was plunged. I still continued sitting, but got up at last, and drawing near the young musician, put my arms out, as it were by instinct, to embrace him. Sweet it is, said I, to meet with people who surprise us at the first slight glance, and finish by attracting our esteem, before a quarter of an hour is passed. He answered me no other way than by an ardent grasp, while I was speaking, of my hand. Dear sir, began the old man upon this, you are content, I fancy, with our evening's entertainment? I am glad you have conceived so suddenly a friendship for my dear Auvergne, for which you shall repose you in my bed.--- No, father, interrupted Didier, who came running from the barn, I have been littering me some straw; and 'tis my bed the gentleman shall lie in, if he pleases. I was forced to promise I would yield to this last offer. Didier, upon this, held out his hand; the old man rested on his shoulder, and went in, when he had wished me a good night: and now I found myself alone with Auvergne, and the young woman, who, he told me, was his spouse. I asked them, if, for my sake, they would not pass fifteen minutes more, in conversation with me, as 'twas moon-light, where they then were? Willingly, said Genevieve, to such a question, who was not a little vain of the attention I had paid her husband. Yes, quite willingly, replied Auvergne, who saw how much his wife desired it.

I sat down between them, with a linden tree behind me; through whose foliage, the moon darted all her brightness.

My dear friends, said I, and took the woman by the hand, pray let me know how long you have enjoyed
your

your present happiness? These six months, answered she; and now 'tis upwards of a twelvemonth that Auvergne is happily returned among us from his travels. You have travelled then? said I, with some surprise, excited by this intimation. Yes, sir, answered Auvergne: I've visited a part of Europe.—Every thing I see about you, interrupted I, and every thing I hear you say, excites a deal of wonder in me! if you have no secret motive for concealing the transactions of your life, do not refuse me, I beseech you, when I beg to know them. Certainly you will not, answered Genevieve, with that simplicity, which conscious of no evil meaning, never hunts for phrases or set forms of speech. This gentleman appears so worthy of the favour he has asked you! and besides, you know, I always hear the story with a deal of pleasure.

He consented, with a smile, to our request; and 'tis *his* words I am at present going to set down, as far as my remembrance has preserved the narrative.

As I have mentioned, I was born, sir, in this cottage, towards the end of sixty-three; at present, being three-and-twenty years of age. I had the misfortune to lose my mother, when an infant, hardly being weaned. My father was in easy, though not in affluent circumstances, but a law-suit he was forced into, by one who is no more at present, but was then a very wealthy farmer, ruined him entirely; and he died of grief, when he was torn from his paternal cottage, and beheld it sold for the advantage of the lawyers. The old man you saw just now, who is become my father, bought and came to settle in it. He was struck with pity, seeing me an orphan at my early time of life, and, though so little, told me I should be his shepherd. I was treated very kindly by him; and his children looked upon me as their brother. Notwithstanding which, the loss of my poor father, the unkindness of my other kindred who forsook me, with the thought of being nothing but a stranger in the cottage where I first had my existence, and the lonely life I led upon the mountain, whither I was sent to watch my father's cattle, all at
once

once afflicted me, and my accustomed gaiety was changed to melancholy. I consumed whole days in weeping, while my flocks were grazing round me on the plain.

(Here Genevieve withdrew her hand, which I had got in mine, to wipe away a falling tear, and then returned it me.)

One evening I was sitting on the summit of the mountain, and amusing my afflicted thoughts by singing, to myself, the very ballad you have just now heard.—Towards the conclusion, I observed a man among the trees. I noticed he was dressed in brown: his countenance was very pale; he seemed quite melancholy; and he waited till my song was finished. Thereupon, he came close to me, and enquired how far he might be from the public road? O! very far, dear sir, said I; above five miles. Can you conduct me thither? I would do so gladly, might I quit my flock.—'Tis possible your parents may accommodate me with a lodging for the night?—Ah, sir! my parents are a great way off.—Where, then?—They lived like honest people upon earth, and they are happy now in heaven.

The tone, as he informed me after, of my voice, affected this good man, and my reply, he said, could not but interest him. He put several questions to me, and my answers pleased him. Night by this time being come, I brought him to our cottage; and my master hospitably entertained him. On the morrow, they had some discourse together with regard to me, and when I was prepared to re-assume my daily charge, they told me Didier would in future take it, as the stranger meant to have me with him. 'Twould be useless I should tell you what was my affliction at the thought of quitting this dear cottage, though not mine, and parting from my Genevieve, whom even then I loved, though she was quite a child. My situation was not any way a happy one; and yet I could not quit it without shedding tears. I could not possibly foresee my future destination was to be decided by the present moment. Yes, to thee, beneficent protector of my youth, I am a debtor for my present happiness! thou knowest, generous man,
how

how ardently I prayed to God for thy prosperity while thou wert living, and with what exhaustless gratitude I bless even still thy ashes ! He was called *La Rue*, and had the place of organist in no great parish. You would judge imperfectly of his abilities, if you adverted to the nature and obscurity of his employment. Many travellers turned out of their road to hear his music ; but their praises only made him the more modest. I much doubt, if in the course of your acquaintance, you have ever met with such a genius. He received from the affection of his father, who, when living, was a very great physician, such an education as would certainly have made *him* eminent as a physician likewise ; but he rather chose to yield himself entirely to the ardent passion he had long before conceived for music. He had married the daughter of the organist, whom he succeeded, but was childless. His dear wife, whom he had lost for several years, still lived within his heart. Her image, and his books, were now the sole society he had in that deep melancholy which had seized upon his mind ; but still, while he avoided men, he did not hate them. On the other hand, he did much good in secret. He was forty years of age when I came to him. He instructed me at first to read and write, and afterwards took pleasure in the cultivation of my voice, and teaching me to play the lute, which was his favourite instrument.--- He did not stop at musical instruction, he provided me selections from the works of the greatest poets. He formed at once my heart, my understanding, and my taste. 'Twas thus he acted, for five years, the part of an assiduous master, without any expectation of reward for all his pains and labour, but from him, who best knows how to recompence the services we do our fellow-creatures.

In the midst of all these occupations, I had never banished from my mind the recollection of my cottage, or the countenance of Genevieve, the partner of my childish pastimes. I was often speaking of them to my patron, and accordingly one day---I never shall forget

forget it, 'Twas the first of June, four years ago—he rose betimes, and going, as his custom was, to take a morning's airing, bade me follow him. We talked of many matters while we went along, as chance presented subjects for our conversation; till at last he brought me to the very mountain where at first I saw him. Dear Auvergne, said he, I have fulfilled the duty providence I thought imposed upon me, the first time I saw you. I am sensible how much you sigh, when you reflect upon the habitation whence I took you; and have had no other view in undertaking to protect and educate you, than at last to put you in a way of getting once again possession of it. I now shew it you; look at it: But take notice, I forbid, on pain of my displeasure, your returning thither, till such time as you have wherewithal to purchase it. I give you my own lute. I have instructed you to play upon it. Travel. You are not without a charming voice. Wherever people hear it, you will be the first of artists in your way, and need not be averse to take the name of an itinerant musician. Such a novelty will never fail to get you auditors and money; only be discreet and frugal; and when rich enough, return into your country, and buy your father's cottage.

My heart beat high at this discourse, and grew enlarged with hope and joy. He held me to his bosom, shedding tears. They were the first I ever yet had seen fall from him, and they made a singular impression on me. After this, we thought of coming back, and he conducted me in silence to his house.

Upon the morrow, at the break of day, I was to leave my benefactor: he bestowed, at parting, the instruction he imagined I most needed, with two louis-d'ors. In four years time I footed it through Italy, all France, and Germany, equipped like what I was, a peasant of the mountains, with my hair as you may see at present, floating in large curls upon my shoulders. I took notice that the singularity of such a dress increased the effect proceeding from my music; and particularly in the capitals of every country I

passed through. Few noblemen, I fancy, ever travelled more delightfully than I did. Every where I found a good reception, and not only from the middling sort of people, but the most polite. The quality in cities made up concerts, for no other purpose than to hear me; and in villages, I verily believe they married for the mirth of dancing to the music of my instrument. In many places I had advantageous offers made me to take up my residence among them. They seduced me sometimes, I acknowledge, for an instant; but as soon as I again reflected on my cottage, every thought of fortune vanished; nor of all my projects, was one trace left remaining. I remember still what sweet sensations seized me every time, while travelling, I went over any mountain, or even came in sight thereof. I fought this hamlet on it, and imagined for a moment I could see my cottage. With my mind continually full of such an image, I endeavoured to express my notions, and these couplets were my composition.

Sweet little cottage of my fire,
Where when a child I play'd;
In foreign realms my whole desire
Pants to enjoy thy shade.

Each object lives within my mind,
'That there the eye runs o'er;
The hamlet and the hill behind,
The linden tree before.

Astonish'd at men's pomp and pride,
Vast mansions oft I see;
But only can be satisfied,
Sweet rural cot, with thee.

Whence then would spring that blest content,
In name alone even sweet,
I should enjoy, had heaven but meant
To keep me that soft seat?

I should indeed live happy there,
Nor thro' the world thus roam ;
And Genevieve the bliss would share
Of my paternal home.

Sweet breathe my pipe then, since the strain
Pleas'd daily I renew ;
For if my double wish I gain,
To music's power 'tis due.

Auvergne went through these couplets with such sweetness and expression, that the fabulous ideas of Apollo wakened in me ; and methought I heard that exiled deity on earth, and in the vales of Theffaly, complaining he had lost Olympus. I desired to speak. I wanted to cry out ; but I found my tongue was without motion. Auvergne could not but conceive the meaning of my silence, and went on as follows :

I am now about to tell you by what means I came again into possession of this precious cottage.

Towards December last, when I had taken up my dwelling for a season at Turin, and had been twice from one extremity of Italy, in which Turin is situated, to the other, I examined what my fortune came to, and conceived myself then rich enough to pay a visit to my native mountain. I immediately set out, and after several forced journeys, came in ten days time as far as to the city where my benefactor had resided. With what anxious expectation did I not that moment enter it ! and as I went along, ask every one I met, what tidings he could give me of him ? But, alas ! I was not to enjoy the pleasure of expressing what I owed him ; or behold him, happy in the consequences of his friendship shewn me. He had two months since been dead. I went to pour out my tears on his tomb, and made a vow to heaven that I would call my first child by his name, if I should ever be so happy as to prove a father. On the evening of that day, I gained this hamlet. Every one, I found, spoke favourably of me, without knowing who I was

at first. My lute, and the remembrance of our friendship, soon obtained me Genevieve's affection. I received her from her father. I bought back, with his consent, the cottage, and the field belonging to it, for two hundred crowns, with which his eldest son procured a farm below us, in the village, and has now been some time settled in it. With respect to him, he acquiesced to pass the remnant of his days with Didier, in our cottage. 'Tis from him I learn the art of husbandry; for now that I am once more in possession of my little patrimony, the amount of my ambition is to be, as was my father, a good husband, a kind parent, and a virtuous peasant. I have not, as you may see, forgot my lute, the precious instrument that made my fortune; but still keep it at my side, and often put it to my lips, for my own recreation, or to please my family and neighbours.

He stopped short at this; but still I thought I heard him speaking. My attention, captivated by his narrative, was turned insensibly upon his person, after he had finished. His ingenuous animated countenance, the contrast of his dress and conversation, his attachment to a rustic habitation, and the gratitude with which he cherished the remembrance of his benefactor; his uncommon fortune, travels, and profession; every thing, I thought, exhibited the youth, in some sort, as a being of enchantment, and superior to the ordinary race of men. 'Twas Genevieve first roused me from my contemplation, by her motion in the act of leaning forward to embrace him; I embraced them both, and was embraced too by them. We got up, and went into the cottage, where, to my astonishment, I saw an air of order and propriety about me. After having made a plentiful, but light repast, upon such fruits as I was told the mountain yielded, Didier led me to a niche in one of the apartments: it was rather narrow but the bed that filled it was both clean and wholesome. Of this bed, the little fellow told me he disposed with pleasure in my favour. 'Twas not long before I fell into a downy slumber, and my sleeping

sleeping thoughts were occupied upon the charming objects I had recently been witness to. I did not, all the following day, once quit this happy family, when they were either unemployed or occupied.

Auvergne related to me many entertaining matters that occurred to him in travelling, and explained how he acquired that easiness of manners and politeness of expression that at first had charmed me, and which afterwards, as I discovered, notwithstanding his great youth, conciliated the respect and love of every aged individual thro' the hamlet. The acuteness of his understanding, the unstudied openness of Genevieve, the old man's blunt good sense, the restless curiosity of Didier, made their conversation interesting, and diffused an inexpressible variety through every part thereof, that charmed me, and connected them much closer to each other. I was sure I could have passed my life away quite happy with them. But why, said I to myself, why brood on such a contemplation? 'Twas that very night I was to leave them. I confess I felt a pang of sadness to reflect upon our separation, and imagined, by their looks, it would occasion them some sorrow likewise. If my fortune should in future let me, with more liberty, dispose of the remainder of my life, I then intended, and do still, to make a yearly visit to this mountain, for the purpose of revisiting my friends, and filling my whole heart with those sensations of contentedness and peace which their society and habitation cannot but inspire.

MONEY MAKES THE OLD WIFE TROT.

Derby, and Simon.

Derby. **G**OOD morning, neighbour Simon! I have half a dozen miles to go, and should be glad if you would lend me Ball.

Simon. I should be quite rejoiced, friend Derby, to oblige you, but must needs set off myself immediately to fetch three sacks of meal home from the mill.—My wife wants some this very morning.

Derby. She must want it still, then; for the mill, I can inform you, does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell squire Thomas that the water was too low.

Simon. You don't say so? That's quite unlucky; for in such case I must gallop up to London for the meal. My wife would make a fine to do, should I neglect it.

Derby. I can spare you such a journey. I have several sacks of meal at home, of which I'll lend your wife as much as she can want.

Simon. Ah! Master Derby, I am sure your meal will never suit my wife. You can't conceive how whimsical she is!

Derby. Let her be ten times more so, and I'm notwithstanding certain she will like it, as you sold it me yourself; the best, as you assured me, you had ever had.

Simon. Yes, yes, that's true, indeed; I always have the best of every thing. You know, my good friend Derby, no one is more ready to oblige than I am; but the mare refused this morning to eat straw: and truly I'm afraid she would not do to carry you.

Derby. Oh, never fear! she shall not want for oats upon the road.

Simon. Oats, neighbour! Oats are very dear!

Derby.

Derby. They are so; but no matter. Having a good job in view, one never stands for trifles.

Simon. It will certainly be foggy, and the road is slippery enough. If you should fall and break your neck—

Derby. What fear of that? the mare is certainly surefooted; and besides, you talked yourself of galloping to London.

Simon. Well then, to speak truth, my saddle is all in pieces, and I've sent my bridle likewise to be mended.

Derby. Luckily, I've both a bridle and a saddle hanging up at home.

Simon. Ah, like enough! but I am sure your saddle will not fit my mare.

Derby. Why, then, I'll borrow Goodman Clodpole's.

Simon. Clodpole's! his will no more fit than your's does.

Derby. At the worst then, there's our 'squire. His stable-boy is a friend of mine, and he can lend me one to fit her, or the deuce is in it, out of twenty that his master has, at the least.

Simon. You know, friend Derby, no one is more willing to oblige his neighbours than myself. Believe me, you should have the beast with all my heart, but she has not been curried, I believe, these three weeks past. Her mane is quite out of order; and if any one should see her in this trim, she would not fetch two guineas, should I wish to sell her, as 'tis probable I may do.

Derby. Oh! a horse is very quickly curried; and my plowboy shall dispatch her in a quarter of an hour.

Simon. Yes, very likely; but I've thought a little, and now recollect the creature must be shod.

Derby. Well, is there not a farrier here, hard by?

Simon. Oh, yes! such a bungler for my mare! I would not trust him with my ass; and none but Spavin, the king's farrier in the Meuse, at London, will suit me.

Derby. As luck will have it, when I get to London, I shall go quite near the Meuse.

Simon (*seeing Frank, his man, calls out.*) Frank! Frank!

Francis.

Francis (approaching.) What want you, master?

Simon. Look, here's neighbour Derby, and he wants the loan of Ball. You know the skin last monday was rubb'd off her back a hand's breadth, if not more. (*He tips Frank the wink.*) So go and see if she is well. (*Frank lets his master see he understands him, and goes out.*) I think she must be cured by this: Oh, yes! so shake hands, my good friend! I'm glad I shall be able to oblige you. We must help each other in this life. Had I at once refused to let you have the mare, you would yourself in future have refused me something or another.—Yes, that's plain. The worst that can be said of Simon is, that his acquaintances always find him ready when they want assistance. (*Francis now re-enters.*) Well, how fares it with poor Ball?

Francis. How fares it with her, master? Bad enough indeed! About a hand's breadth, did you say? You meant about the breadth of both my shoulders. The poor creature cannot stir a step! And then too, I have promised her to Gossip Blaze, to carry her to market.

Simon. Do you hear that, neighbour? I am sorry matters turn out thus. I would not for the world have disoblighd you, but must not refuse the mare to goody. Trust me, I am very sorry, for your sake, dear Derby.

Derby. And I as much for your's, dear Simon; for, to tell the truth, I had a note this morning from Lord Hazard's steward, and he tells me, if I can but get to London time enough this very day, he'll let me have the first refusal of a deal of timber that my Lord is minded to cut down. It will be upwards of a hundred guineas profit to me, out of which I meant to let you have from fifteen up to twenty, as I meant that you should fell the trees. But——

Simon. What, from fifteen up to twenty guineas, did you say?

Derby. Ay, truly, did I; and perhaps it might have been a great deal more. But, since your mare is out of order, I'll go see if I can get old Roan, the blacksmith's horse.

Simon. Old Roan! My mare is at your service.—
Here,

Here, Frank! Frank! tell Gossip Blaze she can't have Ball to-day, as neighbour Derby wants her; and I won't refuse him any thing.

Derby. But what are you to do for meal?

Simon. My wife can go without it for a fortnight, did you want the beast so long.

Derby. And then your saddle, that is all in pieces?

Simon. I was speaking of the old one: I have got another since, and you shall have the first use of it.

Derby. So then, you would have me leave the mare at Spavin's, to be shod?

Simon. No, no: I had forgot, our neighbour shod her here last week, by way of trial; and, to do him justice, I must own he shoes extremely well.

Derby. But if the creature has lost so much skin from off her back, as Francis——

Simon. O! I know him. He delights to make things worse a great deal than they are; and I would lay any wager 'tis not bigger than my little finger.

Derby. Well then, let him curry her a little, as these three weeks past you know——

Simon. These three weeks past! I would not have him fail to curry her a single day.

Derby. At least, however, let him give her something she will eat, since she refuses straw.

Simon. She did, indeed, this morning; but the reason was, that she had had a belly-full of hay. Don't be afraid of any thing! She'll skim along like any bird: the road is very dry, and we shall have no fog. I wish you a good journey, and a profitable job! Come, come this moment, and I'll hold the stirrup for you.

OH! I'll be revenged, and make him heartily repent it, cried the little Philip, while his countenance

nance turned suddenly quite red with anger, and he walked along, not seeing Stephen, his dear friend, who, at that instant, as it chanced, was coming on to meet him, hearing what he said with some degree of pain. Who is it, Stephen asked him, you design to be revenged on?—Philip lifted up his eyes; he saw his friend, and reassumed the smile with which his countenance was generally glowing. Ah! said he, come, come, my friend, and you shall see whom I will be revenged on. You remember, I believe, my little *supple Jack*, that pretty cane my father gave me: see, 'tis all in pieces, and Robinson, the farmer's son, that lives at yonder cottage with the thatch, has broke it. And pray why, said Stephen, did he break it? I was walking peaceably along, said Philip with the greatest agitation, and was playing with my cane, by putting it quite round my body; one of the two ends, by some means or another, got out of my hand when I was opposite the gate just by the wooden bridge, and where the little black-guard had put down a pitcher full of water, which he was carrying home from the well. My cane, in springing, struck the pitcher, overset but did not break it. He came up close to me, and began to call me names. I seriously assured him I had not intended to do what I did, and was extremely sorry for the accident. He would not hear me, but got hold that moment of my *supple Jack*, and twisted it as you may see. I'll make him, notwithstanding, heartily repent it, and know how—

He is, indeed, a very wicked boy, said Stephen, but is already punished very well for being so, since every one detests and shuns him. If he wishes to enjoy a little play, he never can get hold of a companion: if he comes where any boys are met to play, they always thrust him out; but if he will not quit them, they leave him. The hatred with which he is looked upon cannot but sufficiently avenge you——

Yes; but he has broke my cane, said Philip. My papa but very lately gave it me; and 'twas quite pretty, as you know.—My father will not fail to ask me
what

what is come of it : he will imagine I have lost his present ; possibly he'll fall into a passion, and this little blackguard will have caused it. I did him no harm. I offered to fill up his pitcher, having knocked it down without designing so to do.—The villain ! I will therefore be revenged.

Believe me, my dear friend, said Stephen, 'twill be better not to mind him. Your contempt is punishment enough for such a one. You are not such as he is ; and depend upon it, he will shew himself at all times abler to do mischief than yourself. And, now I think upon it, I must tell you what but very lately happened to him.

Quite unluckily for him, he saw a bee upon a flower : he tried to catch it, and pull off its wings for pastime ; but the bee contrived to sting him, and flew off in safety to the hive. Quite mad with rage, he said, as you did, I will be revenged for this ! Accordingly he cut himself a switch, thrust it through the hole into the bee-hive, turning it about. By these means Robinson killed several of the little creatures ; but in an instant the whole swarm flew all at once upon, and stung him in a thousand different places. You may guess he uttered piercing cries, and in his agony he rolled upon the ground. His father ran up to him, and could not, without a deal of difficulty, put the bees to flight, by flinging bowls of water on him. He was ill, in consequence of this, for several days.

You see then, that his vengeance had no very great success. Revenge not therefore his insults : he will meet with some one who will punish him, without your taking any trouble in the matter. And besides, as he is wicked, would you likewise be as wicked ; for, my friend, he is much stronger than you are, and, to be sure of your revenge, you must be much more wicked than he is.

I think, said Philip, you are in the right : so come along with me. I'll tell my father every thing, and he will not be angry with me ; as I hope ; for look you, I can easily take comfort for my broken cane, but not,
I should

should he imagine I neglected to take care of what he gave me. After this, they went together. Philip told his father what had happened. The good gentleman consoled his son, and thanked the little Stephen for the advice he had imparted.

On the day succeeding, Philip had another cane, exactly like the first. He passed the farmer's house: his son was at the door, and hung his head while Philip went along.

However Philip, some days after, saw this little peasant fall as he was carrying home a heavy log of wood, and which prevented him from getting up again. Philip ran up to him, took the log from off his shoulder, helped him to get up, and take his load once more upon his shoulders. Robinson was now quite overwhelmed with shame at the idea of receiving aid from him whom he had served so ill, and heartily repented his behaviour. Philip afterwards went home quite satisfied. At first, he had assisted one he did not love, and for no other reason than because he could not see a fellow-creature suffer without aiding him; but afterwards he was rejoiced to think of his behaviour.—

“ This (said Philip) is the noblest vengeance. It is impossible I should repent thereof.”

THE PARENTAL STEP-MOTHER.

A DRAMA, in TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. and MRS. MARKHAM.

STEPHEN,

MIRA,

MARGARET,

GRATIAN,

MICHAEL,

TIPPLE,

}
}
}

Mr. Markham's Children.

Mrs. Markham's Children.

A Domestic Servant.

The SCENE is in Mr. Markham's Garden.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Stephen,
(*alone.*) **O**NCE more then I am got into my garden, where I have not been these six months ! What a pleasure every object gives me ! Here's the little summer-house, where I was used so frequently to breakfast with my dear mamma. If she were living still, what happiness for both of us ! she would receive me now with open arms ; she would embrace me ; and, on my side, I should have to tell her many little secrets : but, alas ! (*beginning to cry*) I have for ever lost her ; and if still we are to love each other, we can only do so in another world. My dear mamma ! if you could only hear me, though you can't come back to see your Stephen. In your stead, I have indeed, a mother ; but a mother, as they say, in-law : and that, as I am told, is just as much as if one were to say, a cruel mother. What then am

B b

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I now to do? I never shall dare look upon her. If at least I might have lived with grand-mamma! but no; papa will have me here, though poor mamma is dead. Alas! I never shall be able to live here. I know so. I will therefore only see my dear papa and sisters, and go back. Yes, yes; I will go back, and must.

Tipple, (entering.) What, Master Stephen! is it you come back again? How goes it with you then?

Stephen. In health, not much amiss, dear Tipple. And how, pray, are you?

Tipple. Quite well; and not a penny for the apothecary out of me! My draughts are made up for me at the *George*. But what's the matter? I can see you have been crying.

Stephen, (wiping his eyes.) Crying?

Tipple. Yes, yes, crying! O, you can't conceal it, have you met with any accident?

Stephen. None, Tipple, since I left my grand-mamma's.

Tipple. Oh, oh! I understand: you weep for your mamma; but then you have another?

Stephen. One in-law you mean? if I could only shun her! but how fare my poor dear sisters?

Tipple. How? ah! bad enough. At six they must be up. I would not have them lay a minute after.

Stephen. But, so early, what have they to do?

Tipple. O, let their new mother find them work! She rules us all like slaves! and I myself must get up with the rest! I rose at seven this morning; and behold ye, both your sisters were hard at it in the garden.

Stephen. But I ask you, what about?

Tipple. Why, working at the what-d'ye-call-it?---for their brothers.

Stephen. Yes, I am told that second mothers never spare their husband's children while they love their own: and I imagine I must go to work as well. But what's become of all my pinks and tulips?

Tipple. O, they're taken all away.

Stephen. By whom?

Tipple. By Gratian and his brother.

Stephen.

Stephen. So then I have lost my pretty flowers ; and those two wicked little fellows have destroyed them.--- They have nothing now to do but take the garden from me likewise. Look ye, here they come.

S C E N E II.

Stephen, Tipple, Gratian, Michael.

Gratian (whispering Michael.) Michael, who is that young gentleman with Tipple ? if it were but Master Stephen !

Michael (whispering Tipple.) Is it he ?

Tipple (answering drily.) Yes, gentlemen.

Gratian. O, my dear, dear brother, welcome !— We have wished to see you !

Stephen (shrinking back.) Have we been acquainted with each other long enough, that you should thus embrace me ?

Gratian. We are not acquainted with you, I acknowledge ; but are all three brothers.

Stephen. Yes, half brothers, sir.

Gratian. Why half ? If your papa loves our mamma, and she loves him, why should not we love one another ? They are man and wife, and we are therefore brothers.

Stephen. If we are, have you a greater right to this garden than I have ?

Michael, (aside.) How quarrelsome he is !

Gratian. Why, your papa has let us work these three weeks in it.

Stephen. I was in it first ; and surely you won't drive me out.

Michael. Come, Gratian ; let's be gone, and leave him in his peevish humour.

Gratian. No, no, Michael : we must stay and be good friends with one another.

Michael. Do you like the fulky fellow, then, so much ?

Stephen. The fulky fellow ! do you call me fulky ?

Michael. Yes, and envious, and—

Stephen. You dare insult me then ? and even in my garden, here ?

Michael. 'Tis you began ; but I'm your match ; you understand me ?

Gratian. Hear me, Michael ; would you strike your brother ? Come along, and let us not, for heaven's sake, vex our new papa ; and more particularly so, the very day he is to see his son. (*He draws him away.*)

Michael. Well, I'll go tell mamma. (*He and Gratian both go out.*)

Stephen. See now if my anxieties are not beginning. They will tell their mother I've insulted them, and she will get me anger from papa. Unhappy as I am.--- Don't you think so too, Tipple ?

Tipple. Yes, indeed ; but notwithstanding that, take heart. I'll be your friend ; and we shall then, I think, be able to make head against them.

Stephen. Yes ; but my papa ?

Tipple. Let me alone with him. I have something in my head, and know a thousand tricks of these new comers, which I'll tell him ; adding, they have spoilt your garden, killed your flowers, and called you names. I warrant you they'll be but badly off.

Stephen. So then, my dearest friend, you'll stand up for me ?

Tipple. Yes, as sure as I am Tipple.

Stephen. Thank you ! thank you ! I am not without a friend, I see then, though I've lost mamma : but did you notice their fine cloaths ? what handsome waistcoats they had on ! Who worked them ? can you tell ?

Tipple. Their mother.

Stephen. Yes, yes, I was thinking so : she'll always be employed upon her favourites ; but who, pray, will work me such a waistcoat ?

Tipple. Why indeed, if you should want one, you must work it all yourself.

Stephen. And had not they new cloaths on likewise ?

Tipple.

Tipple. Yes: they had them, as a gift from your papa, the day he married.

Stephen. O, he did not make me such a present. I was sent with these bad cloaths into the country. 'Tis too much! I can't support the thought! my poor mamma is dead, and my papa forgets me! I have only you now left me.

Tipple. Be of comfort: matters may turn out much better than you think: but in the first place, you must see your new mamma. So follow me, and think of putting on a chearful face, as if you were rejoiced to see her.

Stephen. I can never do so.

Tipple. But you *must*, however it may go against you. I do so, though I detest her. Would you think it? she begins to tell me I must be less frequent in my visits at the ale-house; I that was accustomed to spend half the day there, in the lifetime of my last dear mistress! she indeed was quite a lady. Things are marvellously altered now, and we must alter with them. Patience! when we're once alone, I'll tell you what must still be done. At present, therefore, follow me.

Stephen. But will she see I have been crying, by my eyes?

Tipple. Why, you are crying still.

Stephen. Then I'll not go at present: she would ask the reason of my tears. What answer should I give her?

Tipple. You might say, that coming home, you had been thinking of your dear mamma, and therefore fell a crying.

Stephen. But, provided she should speak about my quarrel with her children?

Tipple. Tell her they began it; and call me to witness what you say. But here she comes. Go and salute her boldly.

S C E N E III.

Mrs. Markham, Stephen.

Mrs. Markham. Where, where is he ? (*Perceiving him.*) Is it you, my dearest Stephen ? I have now then got together all my family. (*She embraces him with tenderness.*) How sweet a countenance ! and what a happiness, that I can look on such an interesting child as mine !

Stephen. I likewise should be happy, could I but rejoice ; and yet—(*sighing*)

Mrs. Markham. My dearest, what's the matter then ? You seem quite sad, my charming little man ! (*Stephen cries afresh, and cannot speak a word.*) You turn away and cry. What causes you these tears ? Won't you inform me what afflicts you ?

Stephen. Nothing, nothing.

Mrs. Markham. 'Tis enough, however, to distress me. Say, what gives you all this sorrow, and I'll comfort you, if possible. If your papa or sisters were to see you, they might fancy you had met with some misfortune coming home ; and they are pleased in thinking they're so soon to see you. Would it grieve you to embrace them ?

Stephen. Believe me, I can have no greater pleasure ! But shall I embrace mamma ? 'Tis for her I cry.

Mrs. Markham. She died six months ago, and do you still cry for her ?

Stephen. Yes, yes ; all my life ! Oh, my mamma ! my dear mamma !

Mrs. Markham. Be calm, my little dear ! Endeavour to divert your thoughts, and let us speak of her no longer, since it gives you so much sorrow.

Stephen. No, no : on the other hand, let me be always speaking of her, if you mean I should feel any comfort. Would you have your children willing to forget you after you were dead, so soon ?

Mrs. Markham. Dear little fellow ! (*embracing him.*) You then loved her very much ?

Stephen.

Stephen. I find so ; much more now than when she lived. She was so good !

Mrs. Markham. I wish I were but able to restore her to you ; which I cannot do, and therefore I will take her place, poor little fellow, in your bosom. I will love you as she did, and will be a mother to you.

Stephen. But it never can be you that bore me, fed me with your milk, and brought me up. She was my real mother, and you only half so.

Mrs. Markham. But why give me such a name ? I have not called you my half-son.

Stephen. Pray pardon me ! I did not so to displease you. I begin to think you very kind ; at least you seem so. But then you have children of your own, and must, of course, love them much more than me.

Mrs. Markham. You shall not find it so. Some few day's hence we shall be more acquainted with each other than we can be now, and you shall see if my affection will not make you think yourself my son.

Stephen. If that indeed could be, without forgetting my mamma ?

Mrs. Markham. I would not wish you to forget her : on the other hand, we will speak often of her, and your tenderness shall be a pattern for my children. Come, I long to introduce you to them.

Stephen. Oh ! I have already seen them. Have they not complained of my behaviour ?

Mrs. Markham. No, my little man. Have you had any quarrel then ? I should be very sorry in that case, as all my wish is to behold you tenderly united to each other, just like real brothers.

Stephen. I wish nothing more than that. But where is my papa, and sisters ? Let me see them.

Mrs. Markham. Your papa will very soon be home. He went this morning to dispatch some business out of doors, that he might have the afternoon entirely to himself : but, in the interim, I can take you to your sisters, who will tell you what you are to think of me.

Stephen.

Stephen. I wish them to speak of you; but not first. I have a deal to say of my mamma.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Gratian, Michael.

Michael. Why keep me from complaining to mamma? What I, that good-for-nothing fellow's friend! No, never. When his father once comes home, I'll tell him what a waspish son he has, that he may teach him to behave a little better.

Gratian. Do you think, then, our papa will not be vexed, when told of this same difference between you both? and would it please you to afflict him?

Michael. Certainly I should be sorry for it. What, however, can I do? since, if this little chap is not corrected for his rudeness the first day of coming home, there will be nothing but disputes in future. He will constantly insult us, but I shall not be very patient under it. I shall certainly be warm, and tell him what he ought to know; and if hereafter he should think of taking on him, as just now—

Gratian. I hope then, Michael, you don't mean to beat him?

Michael. But you don't suppose I'll let myself be beat by him?

Gratian. No, certainly.

Michael. What then ought I to do?

Gratian. To-morrow, very likely, we shall see; but now it would be wrong to struggle for the mastery with each other.

Michael. Be it now, to-morrow, or the following day, 'tis all the same to Michael; but the sooner, in my thoughts, the better.

Gratian. Brother, I beseech you wait a little longer. Stephen cannot be so sulky as you think.

Michael.

Michael. And yet I know him, sure, as well as you !

Gratian. His father and his sisters say he's very condescending and good-natured.

Michael. Yes, indeed, he shewed his condescension and good-nature, when he turned his back upon me in reply to my civility.

Gratian. That was not well ; but then he does not know us even yet.

Michael. He might have tried to know us.

Gratian. How you talk ! 'Tis very likely something grieved him.

Michael. And are we to suffer for it ?

Gratian. No ; but brothers must pass over many things that others have a right to be displeased with.

Michael. It appears to me he scorns us in the light of brothers.

Gratian. No : I can't persuade myself of that.

Michael. Well, let him look a little to himself : I shan't put up with any insult from him. But he's coming with his sisters : I'll withdraw. I can't endure the thoughts of such a snappish gentleman.

Gratian. For heaven's sake, brother, let us stay and share in their amusement.

Michael. No, no : I might possibly disturb them, and will go.

Gratian. If you're resolved, I'll follow you.—(*Aside, going out.*) I must do every thing I can to soften him.

S C E N E II.

Mira, Margaret, Stephen.

Mira (*holding Stephen by the hand.*) But why afflict yourself, dear brother, any longer ? Our afflictions cannot bring mamma to life again.

Stephen. But will you promise me, at least, that we shall think a little of her every time we meet ?

Mira. Yes, brother, I shall always think I see her
with

with us, just as when she was alive.

Stephen. (*affectionately looking at them.*) My dearest sisters! this idea doubles the delight I have in seeing you.

Mira. And I and Margaret have been wishing, this long while, to see you likewise.

Margaret. Yes, yes; Mira's in the right, and we may now all play with Gratian and his brother: And what pleasure will not that afford us?

Stephen. O, no more about your Gratian and his brother, if you love me.

Mira. How?

Stephen. They would but interrupt our pastime: they are good for nothing but to go complaining of us to their mother, and convey away our things.

Mira. They, brother? Can you think so badly of them?

Margaret. Look ye, Stephen; (*showing an etwée.*)

Stephen. And who gave you that?

Margaret. Why Michael: he went out and bought it for me, with a crown his mother gave him.

Mira. See, too, this morocco pocket-book. It was a present made to Gratian? and he gave it me.

Stephen. Ay, ay! I see you understand each other's meaning, and will all four be against me.

Mira and Margaret. Be against you!

Stephen. Certainly. I know they hate me, having taken all my flowers away, and spoiled my garden.

Mira. Who has taken all your flowers away, and spoiled your garden?

Stephen. Those two little chaps you seem so fond of.

Mira. We don't understand you. Have you seen your garden?

Stephen. Have I seen it? What a question! Only look yourself. Where are my pinks and tulips?

Mira. Where? you have not then been at the terrace, under my mamma's bow window?

Stephen. Is there any garden there?

Margaret. Ay, surely; and a very pretty one.

Mira.

Mira. Your garden here was far too little; so mamma got one marked out for all us, behind the terrace, six times larger.

Stephen. And whose is it? Doubtless your two favourites!

Mira. No, no; it belongs to all of us, without distinction: we have, notwithstanding, each a portion.

Margaret. Ay, just like the rest.

Stephen. And is there one for me?

Mira. Undoubtedly: and you are luckier by a deal than we. You have not taken any labour in the cultivation of your part, which, notwithstanding, you will find quite full of flowers.

Margaret. Red, yellow, blue and white in plenty, as you'll see.

Stephen. Who got them for me?

Margaret. Why, your brothers. They have been a month employing all their recreation-time upon the work. They have selected all the prettiest flowers *their* beds supplied, and put them into yours, that at the time of your return, you might be more surprised.

Stephen. And have they done all this for me, then? Tipple told me they had taken all my flowers away, but did not tell me why.

Mira. If you give ear to Tipple, you'll be worse off for it, I can tell you. Why he wished to make us quarrel with your brothers likewise. How ungrateful!—Their mamma consents to have him for no other reason than because ours begged papa, upon her death-bed, not to turn him off; and all he studies, is to make her children as unhappy as he can.

Margaret. And all because mamma will have him work, instead of spending half the day with idle fellows at the alehouse.

Stephen. Is it so? Then I begin to see he wanted to deceive me, when he promised he would be my friend.

Mira. However, we must not tell any thing about it
to

to papa ; he would dismiss him : we must therefore carefully keep silence, and not ruin Tipple.

Stephen. Oh no, no, indeed ; since poor mamma had such a value for him.

Mira. He will soon go further with you ; but don't listen to him.

Margaret. Notwithstanding any thing he may pretend to tell you ; but come now, and pay a visit to your garden, brother.

Stephen. Yes, with all my heart : I long to see it.—
(*Margaret and Mira take him by the hand, and go out on one side, without perceiving Gratian, who comes in with Michael on another side.*)

S C E N E III.

Gratian and Michael.

(*They enter with two plates of cake and fruits, which they put down upon a table in the summer-house.*)

Gratian. But where is he ?

Michael, (looking every way.) Look ye, there he is.—
There, brother, with his sisters, going to our garden.

Gratian. Truly, I am glad of that ; for only think what pleasure he will have, when he discerns how busy we have been to ornament his portion of it !

Michael. Do you think so ? I, for my part, would lay any wager he'll find fault with every thing about him, he's so queer ! The flowers, he'll say, are badly chosen, or the box not planted as it should be, or the ground too moist, or dry, and twenty other circumstances.

Gratian. Yes ; but do you know I am beginning to consider you as touchy as you fancy him ? I never saw you so before.

Michael. 'Tis he that caused it. Have his sisters ever had occasion to complain of my behaviour ? and I only wish to live upon good terms with him. You know with what impatience I expected his arrival here, and how I ran with open arms to meet him.

Gratian.

Gratian. True indeed ; but, as I said before, 'tis very likely something grieves him. He's afraid perhaps his father will no longer love him, or our mother shew *him* less affection than he fancies she does *us*. If so, 'tis surely then our duty to make much of him in his uneasiness, and win him to be friends with us, by every gentle method in our power.

Michael. You're in the right ; I did not duly think of that.

Gratian. If he's as good as every body says, think, brother, how a little kindness on our part will, in the end, affect him ; how his father will be fonder of us for it ; and what pleasure we shall give mamma !

Michael. 'Tis I was in the wrong, I own. Let him but come, and I'll be so attentive to him, he must unavoidably forget the past.

Gratian. What hinders us from running to him where he is ? The flowers we planted for him, will make peace between us.

Michael. That's well said ; we'll therefore go immediately.—But here he comes himself.

Gratian. And see how pleased he seems besides.

S C E N E the last.

Gratian, Michael, Mira, Margaret, Stephen.

Stephen, (running to embrace his brothers.) My dear good friends, my brothers, you must certainly be very much displeased with my behaviour.

Gratian. We ! why so ?

Michael. 'Tis over, my dear Stephen, and I love you.

Stephen. What a pretty garden you have made me ! You have given me all your finest flowers, without my having done any thing to give you pleasure.

Gratian. 'Tis enough for us, if you are pleased with our endeavours.

Stephen. If I am ! Forgive me, pray, dear brothers. I insulted you : I turned away, when you came running to embrace me. I will never do so for the future. We

will always be good friends; and every thing I have, you shall partake of with me.

Gratian. Yes, yes, that we will; and every thing shall be in common to us; not our pleasures only, but our sorrows also.

Michael. Let us then embrace each other, and begin this friendship. *(They embrace.)*

Gratian. This is as it should be; and now, Stephen, we must go and have a little banquet that has been prepared us by mamma: we've brought and put it in the summer-house, as you may see. Let's enter. Enter you too sisters with us, and sit down. *(Here Mr. and Mrs. Markham passing by, observe the children talking to each other, stop a little, and then get into a corner, where unnoticed they may hear their conversation.)*

Michael. It is your privilege, dear brother, now to do the honours of the feast. Mamma will have it so; as you, she says, by your arrival, are the founder of it.

Stephen. O, I'm sure I never shall have eaten any thing with so much appetite as at this feast of friendship. *(He presents them with the cake and fruit, and they begin to eat.)*

Michael. Well; and is not this much better than to quarrel with each other?

Margaret. I believe so, truly! for what quarrel can be worth these pears?

Gratian. How glad mamma will be to find we are such friends with one another!

Mira. She desires we should afford her all the joy we can. When you shall know—But I remember you have seen her.

Stephen. Yes, yes, Mira; she received me with the greatest kindness, and has so agreeable a countenance, she cannot be ill-temper'd. I perceived even by her tone of voice, I should be easily induced to love her.

Mira. And how good she is to us!

Margaret. We need but please ourselves, to give her pleasure.

Mira. We were greatly to be pitied at the death of our mamma. Papa, who is employed all day in business,

ness, could not look to us. There was for ever something to find fault with in our garments, and our education was much more neglected.

Margaret. We should very probably have sunk from habit into indolence.

Mira. But since our new mamma is come, we are both set to rights. She gives us every entertainment suited to our age, and is a party with us in our little pleasures. One would think her much more interested in the preservation of our health, than of her own. I have not yet had time sufficient to remark I stand in need of any thing; she makes beforehand such provision for our wants!

Margaret. But lately I was ill; oh, very ill indeed! and 'twas herself that waited on me. She was always by my bed, and doing every thing she could to comfort me. She made up all manner of nice things; and I believe I should have died but for her great attention to me.

Stephen. Oh, my dear, dear sisters! is it possible?

Mira. You know too, brother, that before you left us, we had not been any ways accustomed to employ our needle. Well; mamma was kind enough to teach us. So that now we know—not only plain, but every sort of fine work too.

Gratian, (to Stephen.) See here the neck and wristbands of this shirt. Mamma extols it very much.—Well, Mira did it all herself, and 'twas a present from her to me.

Mira. Which you merited beforehand; for who made me such a garden, or presented me with such fine nosegays? Brother Stephen, you must know, mamma will not have us oblige our brothers, but they likewise must oblige us too; and they do more to please us, than we could have thought to ask for.

Margaret. Yes, indeed; and as a proof, I'll shew you a cork boat of Michael's making with his penknife. You shall see its nice silk rigging, fatten sails, and ribband streamers. It swims charmingly, as you'll acknowledge, in the fish-pond.

Michael. Since you made me such a handsome pair of garters—

Margaret.

Margaret. Garters! I can make much better things than garters now. Ah, Stephen, were you but to see a certain green and lilac strip'd silk purse! The green at least is all of my own fancying; or ask Mira. Oh, I'm sure you'll be delighted when you have it.

Stephen. How! and have you made me, then, a purse?

(*Mira makes a sign that Margaret should hold her peace.*)

Margaret. (*embarrassed.*) No, Stephen; not for you:—(*in a whisper,*) and yet it is; but you must know mamma enjoined me not to tell you.—And besides, she means surprizing you herself with nothing less than such a nice worked waistcoat as my brothers now have on—O, you'll soon see!

Mira. This little giddy-brains can keep no secret.

Margaret. No, because there was such pleasure in revealing it. We have been always thinking of you, brother.

Stephen. Oh, I thank you: but pray tell me, are you happy?

Mira. Are we happy? What is wanting in our situation? our mamma is really so good! I don't know how it is, but she has got the secret of converting every thing into a sort of pleasure. I have no amusement half so great as chattering with her: While she's joking, she instructs us.

Margaret. You shall see us, Stephen, when we're reading certain little tales, a friend of ours composes for us.

Mira. Ay, indeed; you make me recollect he has not sent us any now this long, long while. Why sure he can't be ill?

Margaret. I should be very sorry, were he so. He's my good friend. He knows what every little boy and girl does in the world; and 'twould be comical should we be ever mentioned in his book.

Mira. I wish he would put us in it, on account of our mamma; that all the world might know the goodness of her heart, and how we love her.

Gratian. Yes, and I, too, for the sake of our papa, who treats us just as if we were even his real children.

Mr.

Mr. Markham, (appearing.) Yes, and so you are within my heart. I make it all my happiness to think I am your father. But where's Stephen?

Stephen. (embracing Mr. Markham.) Here, papa.—O, how rejoiced I am to see you, dear papa.

Mr. Markham. Embrace me, then, once more.—And now let me enquire if you are pleased with your new brothers?

Stephen. O, I never could have chosen better. I will love them, and do every thing I can that they may love me likewise.

Gratian. There will be no difficulty in that matter, since we also are determined to do just the same.

Michael. We shall but need to recollect the pleasure we have had this day.

Mira. That you may keep your promise, I'll be sure to put you frequently in mind thereof.

Margaret. Oh, sister, as to that, I'm sure I shall remember it without a monitor.

Mr. Markham. I verily believe you will do so, from what I've heard you say; for you must know, dear children, I was planted here hard by in secret, during all your conversation; and I'm sure I never shall forget it: nor I only, but another! for another has heard every thing as well as I. Come then, dear spouse, from your concealment, and enjoy a pleasure so adapted to your goodness. (*He goes aside, and bringing Mrs. Markham forth, presents her to the children.*) Here she is, my little ones; the partner I have chosen to promote your happiness; and not yours only, but my own. The fortune providence has blessed me with already, and I hope will still continue to bestow upon me, all of which I scarce need mention I shall leave you, would be nothing, in comparison of that more valuable gift, a good and proper education. We have therefore made these second nuptials to procure you every possible advantage.—Three among you wanted very much a mother, who might take the care upon her of your childhood: and the other two, a father to advance you in the world.—Your interests were the same then, in these second nup-

tials; and for the benefit of us all have they been framed. Do you then promise me, dear spouse, as I on my side do, that you will never think of treating either of these children with the least degree of partiality, except indeed what their superior good behaviour may appear to merit?

Mrs. Markham. My reply to you, dear husband, is these tears; I cannot possibly repress them; and to you, my children, these embraces (*she holds out her arms, and all the children strive with one another to get closest to her.*)

Mr. Markham. And do you, dear little ones, on your part, promise to keep up a constant union with each other, to avoid all jealousy and quarrels, and like children of one parent, love each other? (*They take each other by the hand, and kneeling, answer,*) Yes, papa; we do, we do.

Mr. Markham, (raising them.) Continue then to live in such a state of friendship. You will find its charms encrease continually, and the tie between you every day grow closer. You will be as happy from the services you do each other, as from those little sacrifices that may frequently be needful for the sake of peace among you.—Every one enjoying his own happiness, will not the less enjoy his brother's; which, in fact, he may attribute to himself. There will not be an individual round about you, but will interest himself in your prosperity, if his solicitude be worth the acquisition; and your future children will reward you by *their* tenderness, for having so well merited the affection of your parents.

THE LITTLE GAMBLERS.

A DRAMA, in two ACTS.

C H A R A C T E R S.

Mr. GRANDISON.

JULIANA, - - His Daughter.

VICTOR, - - His Son.

RUPERT, - Victor's Neighbour.

BERNARD, - - His Friend.

RICH, }
BOYD, } - - Gamblers.
CRIB, }

The SCENE is in the garden of Mr. Grandison; during the first act, in one part, after which it changes to another part.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Rupert and Bernard.

Bernard. **W**HAT have you to do at Victor's, then?

Rupert. I want to have a little conversation with him, Bernard; and you know him likewise.

Bernard. Yes, by sight. You have not always been so intimate, I fancy, as you are at present.

Rupert. Not before my father took a lodging here, adjoining his apartments. We see one another often now; and last night were together for an hour or two, at cards.

Bernard. I think, of late, you talk of nothing else but cards;

cards; and I have seen you frequently with Rich and Boyd, of whom I can't say any good.

Rupert. You know them but too well; and would to heaven that I had never seen them!

Bernard. Is it so? But you may break off their acquaintance when you please.

Rupert. 'Tis not, at present, in my power. Would you betray me, if I told you something?

Bernard. We have long been friends; and would you fear to trust me, Rupert?

Rupert. O my dear good Bernard! they have made me miserable, and engaged me to do things for which my father would renounce me if he knew them. I have not a moment's peace.

Bernard. Alas! what are they?

Rupert. Yesterday they got me to go with them to a place where one *Crib* waited for them. We sat down to play, and I lost all I had.

Bernard. They cheated you, no doubt. But still there's no great mischief done; for never play again, and then your loss will be a gain.

Rupert. But this is not the whole. As I had no more money, and wanted to win back my loss, I still play'd on, and in the end they got possession of my watch, my coat and waistcoat buttons, buckles, and, in short, of every thing I had worth selling. I owe *Crib* a guinea likewise, and he'll tell my father, if to-day I can't find means to pay him.

Bernard. There's but one thing you can do. Confess the whole directly to your father. I am sure he'll pardon you on your repentance.

Rupert. Never! never!

Bernard. What then will you do?

Rupert. I dare not tell you.

Bernard. Let me know it.

Rupert. I communicated my distress to Rich and Boyd, and they advised a scheme, to extricate me.

Bernard. A fine scheme, no doubt!

Rupert. It is not certainly the fairest, as you'll say;
but

but what am I at liberty to do? I have already introduced them to young Victor. He has money.

Bernard. Well; you don't intend to rob him surely?

Rupert. Heaven forbid! They only mean to serve him just as Crib served me; and then we are to share the winnings, so that I may pay my debt.

Bernard. And so, because you have yourself been pilaged, you would aid them to defraud your friend too? But how know you Victor will not win?

Rupert. Oh! no: he plays quite fair.

Bernard. And you then like a sharper?

Rupert. Like a sharper?

Bernard. No: I'm sensible you play as fair as Victor, and on that account you lost. Now, as I hope you always mean to play so, how can you be sure of winning then?

Rupert. I don't know how it is; but they inform me they have certain ways by which they're sure of winning.

Bernard. Ways! They're knavish tricks, and would you use them? I'm not rich, and yet I would not mend my fortune by your certain ways. I'm even sorry you have told me your intention.

Rupert. My dear Bernard, have compassion on me, and I promise——

Bernard. Promise! What can bring me to assist in deception?

Rupert. No; I mean to say, that if I'm but so lucky as to pay this odious Crib, I'll break off all connection with him and his friends, and never touch a card again. If I should break this promise, you shall be at liberty to tell my father every thing. (*Bernard shakes his head.*) Yes, every thing.—And then, it will not rest with me to cheat: I cannot if I would, and Crib has taken that upon himself. I shall but play my cards: they've promised I shall be no loser, but divide the profit with them.

Bernard. Well; I'll make a party with you.

Rupert. I desire no better, and will instantly invite young

young Victor for the afternoon. His father is at present in the country, and will not come back perhaps these three weeks.

Bernard. Quite convenient! But take notice, if yourself should cheat him——

Rupert. Don't talk so. I wish I had not told you the affair.

Bernard. And so do I. I should not then be answerable for it.

Rupert. Answerable?

Bernard. To my conscience, surely. I can see a worthy youth is on the point of being cheated.

Rupert. But it is not you will cheat him.

Bernard. Rupert, if you saw a thief even pick a stranger's pocket, ought you to keep silence?

Rupert. Victor will lose two, three, or possibly four guineas, and be cured of playing.

Bernard. Just as you are cured.——But here comes Victor, I observe.

SCENE II.

Rupert, Bernard, Victor.

Victor. Good morrow to you both.

Bernard. Good morrow, Victor.

Rupert. What, you have not yet been down into the garden, when 'tis such fine weather?

Bernard. Mr. Victor does not like to run about as you do, and can entertain himself in his apartment.

Victor. Yes; but I have been already walking in the garden, and even breakfasted with Juliana and my father in the grove.

Rupert (surprised.) Is he returned so soon? I fancy you are not satisfied at that.

Victor. Not satisfied! when he has been three weeks away?

Rupert. I love my parents well enough; and yet, if they

they should take it in their heads to travel, t'would not vex me.

Victor. And, for my part, I could wish my father never out of my sight, he's so extremely kind!

Rupert. And mine so harsh, I must not think of pleasure when he's near me.

Bernard. Who can tell what pleasures you expect?

Victor. I thought you were in want of nothing on that head. Since we have lodged together, I have almost every day observed you at the door; and when I've met you in the garden, never could I see you under any thing appearing like restraint.

—*Rupert.* No, no; I've always met you on the days my father dined abroad, and that's the only time I have to use as I think proper; therefore I do turn it to account. But now your father is come home, I take it we shan't see you quite so often in an evening?

Victor. Why not, Rupert? He refuses me no pleasure I can ask. However, I must say I find no company like his; and he, too, frequently has said he thinks my company and Juliana's quite delightful.

Rupert. What a charming father! So then he permits you to go out both when and where you like?

Victor. He does, because I always tell him where I'm going.

Bernard. And because he knows you never go but where you tell him?

Rupert. What do you then for entertainment, when you're both together?

Victor. In the summer evenings, frequently we take a walk.

Rupert. In winter?

Victor. We sit down before the fire, and talk of fifty curious matters; or I study geography, and take a lesson in the mathematics. Sometimes too, with Juliana and a friend or two, we act a little drama of some kind or other. You can't think how that amuses us.

Rupert. But sure such different studies are enough to crack your brain!

Victor.

Victor. Upon the other hand, they come of course, as if they were a game.

Rupert. A game at cards I should suppose much more delightful. Do you ever play at them?

Victor. Yes, truly; and my father frequently makes one.

Rupert. And do you play for money?

Victor. Doubtless; but a trifle notwithstanding, just enough to interest one; and particularly, as by that my father says one learns to lose with temper.

Bernard. That's quite right; one ought to husband, as they say, one's purse.

Victor. Oh! don't imagine I want money. I have more than I can use.

Rupert. How much?

Victor. A crown a week.

Rupert. A good allowance, truly! And all that to purchase trifles?

Victor. Yes, such trifles as my father would not like to have me trouble him about; and that, I must acknowledge, makes me much more careful.

Bernard. I believe so.—One can hardly chuse but know the worth of things, when one must pay for them one's self.

Victor. True, Bernard. And besides, one naturally saves in that case, as myself have found it; so that what with presents and some other matters, I have now five guineas in my pocket, without reckoning silver.

Rupert. Such a deal! And how can you employ it?

Victor. Have I nothing then to buy? However, I can otherwise dispose thereof. I pay to have our footman's daughter put to school; and every Monday morning send a trifle to a writing-master I had once, and who is now grown blind: these, both together, make up something; and I keep the rest for ordinary uses, and among them, play.

Rupert. At which you're tolerably lucky. You remember you won half a crown of me the other night, at *One-and-thirty*.

Victor.

Victor. I was sorry, as I always am, to win of friends.

Rupert. Then you shall have an opportunity at night of losing, if you think but fit. Are you engaged?

Victor. No; I shall stay at home. My father is to draw out a petition for a widow woman, who would get into an alms-house.

Rupert. That's quite well: and mine goes out at five. Come then to me, and I'll endeavour to amuse you.—We shall have Rich, Boyd, and Crib.

Victor. I'll run and ask my father's leave. Will you be here when I return?

Rupert. No, I must go and give them notice of the party; but your answer Mr. Bernard will bring to me.

SCENE III.

Bernard, Victor.

Victor. Will you go in with me, Mr. Bernard? I am sure my father will be very glad to see you: he has often told me what a great esteem he has conceived this long while for you.

Bernard. I am very happy in his partiality. The esteem of such a gentleman is highly honourable; but at present I am rather indisposed, and shall remain, with your permission, in the garden.

Victor. Do; a turn or two will settle you, and I shall not be absent long. *(He goes out.)*

Bernard (alone.) I don't know what to do in this affair! Poor Rupert is afflicted! I should like to extricate him; but to let the worthy Victor fall a victim! No, the accomplice is not better than the robber; and to favour roguery is just as bad as doing it. I'll therefore go and tell the whole. But, softly! here comes Juliana. Let me first of all do every thing I can to aid her in preserving Victor from the danger, and yet not betray my friend.

SCENE IV.

Bernard, Juliana.

Juliana. What, you here, Mr. Bernard, and alone? I thought I saw my brother talking with you.

Bernard. He has just now left me.

Juliana. I should like he never were to leave you, if his company were but agreeable to you: I should not be uneasy then.

Bernard. You do me honour, miss; but surely Mr. Victor is too sensible to give you any pain.

Juliana. I have no pain while he keeps company with such as you: but shall I come directly to the point? I don't think any good of those frequenting Rupert's company; and he, by all means, wants to mix with them.

Bernard. I have not yet perceived their company has hurt him.

Juliana. True; but my poor brother, I must say, is innocent, and somewhat credulous: he judges every one is like himself.—What would become of him, if those he thinks his friends were what they should not be? I have remarked you do not much approve of Rupert's intimates.

Bernard. To say the truth, my dear young lady, I should rather wish that Rupert would be satisfied with Mr. Victor's friendship. There is one advantage, notwithstanding, that his father watches over him, as yours does over Victor, and instructs him what to do.

Juliana. The mischief often is remarked too late; 'tis easier to prevent than cure it.

Bernard. I am sure you love your brother tenderly, and therefore hear me; but tell no one it was I that mentioned what I'm going now to say. Young Rupert has prevailed upon him, just before you entered, to make one with him and his three intimates. They mean to play, no doubt; but do your utmost to divert your brother from partaking with them. I designed to wait
here

here for his answer, but don't think 'tis proper I should carry it. I make no doubt but he will quickly bring it. Pray don't judge amiss of me that I retire; and think of the advice my duty as a friend to Mr. Victor, bade me give you.

SCENE V.

Juliana (alone.)

As a friend! This looks a little serious! Ah, my poor dear brother! should it chance that you, who are at present all the joy and consolation of my father, were to change, and be the cause of his affliction for the time to come!

Victor (re-entering.) My father's friends are willing, I can see, to take the earliest opportunity of paying him their compliments on his arrival, just as if he had been absent for a twelvemonth. I could no how thrust a word in.

Juliana. You had something then of consequence to tell him?

Victor. Of the greatest consequence to me. I want to pass the evening with my friends.

Juliana. With Mr. Rupert, doubtless?

Victor. Yes.

Juliana. I thought so. You might easily have guessed, however, such a friend as Rupert does not please me.

Victor. Truly, Rupert's greatly to be pitied, being so unfortunate as not to have a place in your good graces! And what should he be, to merit such an honour?

Juliana. He should be—just such a one as you are.

Victor. Do you mean to joke?

Juliana. No: I am very serious, I assure you; and consider you a very amiable young man without a fault, unless indeed it be the want of due politeness to your sister.

Victor. And why so? because that sister is a little critic,

tic, and pretends to greater understanding than her brother.

Juliana Truly, I had quite forgot to mention modesty, when I was drawing up your panegyric.

Victor. But what means this prating? and pray tell me, why these intimations with regard to Rupert? Do you know him?

Juliana. I would know him by his actions.

Victor. Are you always by him, to remark them?

Juliana. I can guess them from the company he keeps.

Victor. I understand you perfectly: his company displeases you, because I'm one that is acquainted with him.

Juliana. Surely, brother, he must have acquaintances of longer standing than yourself; and them I speak of, as I would of good-for-nothing fellows.

Victor. Good-for-nothing fellows?

Juliana. Yes, that play, and practise each dishonourable trick to win their adversary's money, and then spend it more dishonourably still.

Victor. O, what two great crimes! they play when they are got together; and they spend their winnings as they please. We do the same, I fancy. And besides, you say they play to win; but they have often lost to me.

Juliana. Yes, yes; they've lost their copper, and have won your silver.

Victor. Well, and if they have, the loss was mine, not yours. But this is just like what my sister is. She would be sorry if she could not vex me in my pleasures, notwithstanding I do every thing to heighten her's.

Juliana. (*taking him by the hand.*) No, brother; every pleasure you can have, is also mine; but for the world, I would not have your pleasures hurt you, and deprive me of the satisfaction I receive from loving you.

Victor I know indeed you love me; but am hurt to find you fancy I'm incapable to guide myself.

Juliana. And yet you would not be the first that—but here comes my father.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Juliana, Victor, and Mr. Grandison.

Mr. Grandison. My dear children, I have just now been enjoying a delightful satisfaction !

Juliana. That of being visited on your return by your acquaintances, I suppose you mean ? But certainly your friends must cherish you, when we who are restrained by your authority, rejoice as much as they can do.

Victor. Yes, truly ; for without you we can find no pleasure.

Mr. Grandison. You must notwithstanding learn to do without me ; since, according to the ordinary course of nature, I shall certainly go first.

Juliana. O, sir, would you afflict us at a time we thought of nothing but rejoicing ?

Victor. Yes, sir, you will live, and long we hope, for our advantage. But let's talk no more on such a gloomy subject.—I've a little favour to request.

Mr. Grandison. Well, come, let's hear it.

Victor. Mr. Rupert—you're acquainted with his father—Well, he has invited me to spend the evening with him.

Mr. Grandison. You have then a new acquaintance. I am glad you pick up such good company so near you.

Juliana. You hear that ? good company !

Victor. I think him so ; I have already sat down with him several times, and he has introduced me also to some friends of his.

Juliana. Good company, I fancy, likewise.

Victor. Yes, for I must know them better sure than you.

Mr. Grandison. When I employed the words *good company*, I meant discreet and well brought up.

Victor. Yes, sir, extremely so.

Juliana. And how are you to know they're such, as you have only seen them once or twice ?

Victor. But have I not been hours together with them?

Mr. Grandison. How did your acquaintance begin?

Juliana. At play.

Victor. And why not so? My father lets me play.

Mr. Grandison. 'Tis true for recreation, and for such a sum as being gained, will not induce the immoderate love of money; or if lost, not put one out of temper; and this likewise, at a time, when nothing can be done more profitable.

Juliana. But I thought, sir, something might be always done more profitable?

Victor. Yes, if, as for instance, speaking for myself, I could but nail my thoughts continually to some book or other.

Mr. Grandison. The remark of Juliana is not amiss. One may employ a leisure evening better than at play, no doubt, if people would be always rational, or even innocently mirthful; but as scandal sometimes will go round, or folly, in such case, you know, I bid you play, and often take a part myself.

Juliana. And these I doubt not, brother, are the reasons why you play?

Victor. I don't see any right you have to catechize me.

Mr. Grandison. But why take offence at what she says through friendship?

Victor. Rather, sir, from a desire to hurt me in your thoughts.

Mr. Grandison. Can you conceive such notions of your sister?

Juliana (with a tone of tenderness.) Brother!

Victor (with the same tone.) Juliana, pardon me: I'm in the wrong to tax you thus: but grant, however, your insinuations unavoidably must hurt me.

Mr. Grandison. Her suspicions may have some foundation, that reflect not upon you: we need not fear, I think, our dispositions towards each other, so united as we are. (*Juliana and Victor take their father by the hand.*)

Juliana. O sir, how good you are!

Victor.

Victor. You lay by all a father's rights, and are our friend.

Mr. Grandison. If I were any other than your friend, I should not be compleatly qualified to bring you up. I might perhaps connive at your neglecting outward ceremonies of respect; but not your failure in that confidence I look for from your tenderness. You should not have a secret you would keep hid from me, as whenever you may chance to be in danger, my experience may preserve you from it. Let me therefore ask you, Juliana, what are the objections you have formed against your brother's new connections?

Juliana. They are always taken up with cards.

Victor. Who told you so?

Juliana. No matter from whom I have my information: the thing is, whether it be true?

Mr. Grandison. I have already told you what I think of playing: every thing depends upon the game you play at.

Victor. O! it needs no great attention; 'tis the game of *one and thirty*.

Mr. Grandison. I confess I don't approve it much.

Victor. Why not? There can be nothing in the world so innocent. Whoever's *one and thirty*, or the nearest to it, wins.

Mr. Grandison. And do you know 'tis what we call a game of chance?

Victor. Because one has a chance to win or lose?—and must not this be said of every game?

Mr. Grandison. With this material difference, that at *one and thirty*, chance alone decides; whereas, in many others, skill is to be shown. In short, one wants but fingers, and no head for games of chance: and in my thought, such games are utterly unworthy of a thinking man.

Juliana. They cannot even amuse one.

Victor. Don't say so, dear sister. There's a deal of pleasure in expecting such or such a card as one may want.

Mr Grandison. Because the love of money makes
it

it so. And as this love of money operates very powerfully, 'tis a strong temptation for ten thousand rogues to follow gaming as a trade; and therefore unsuspecting people generally are their dupes.

Victor. Do you believe so, sir? but how?

Juliana. I fancy they must have some art or other, to arrange the pack in such a way, as to obtain what cards they want.

Mr. Grandison. Yes, that is in reality their secret. I can't tell their method; but am certain they employ some method, and have seen deplorable examples of it in my travels.

Victor. O pray tell us what examples?

Mr. Grandison. With a deal of pleasure. When at Bath, I was acquainted with a young gentleman, who lost one night above twelve thousand pounds, which was his all.

Juliana. His all! poor youth! and what then did he do to live?

Victor. He must have been beside himself.

Mr. Grandison. Despair obtained possession of his features, when he saw his fortune thus irretrievably lost. He looked so frightful, I was forced to turn away my sight; he gnashed his teeth, plucked up his hair by handfuls, and beat violently on his breast: he gasped and panted like a dying man, and left the room quite mad.

Victor. And pray, sir, among those who won his money, was there no one who would give it back, as I should certainly have done?

Mr. Grandison. They kept their seats; and still continued playing on: or if they turned off their attention from the cards, it was to look upon him with contempt.

Juliana. The wicked wretches!

Mr. Grandison. But the worst part of the story is as follows: That this poor young man destroyed himself before morning.

Juliana. O how shocking!

Victor. Dreadful! and from henceforth, sir, I'll never touch

touch a card, I promise you. I'll run and tell this Rupert—

Mr. Grandison. Softly, softly : you are always much too hasty in your resolutions. One should never wholly give a pleasure up, because, when carried to excess, it may be hurtful. I have often told you, that a game at cards, when friends are met together, is amusing, innocent, and even useful.

Juliana. Useful, sir?

Mr. Grandison. Yes, useful ; as it teaches us to bear our fortune ; and not triumph when we win, or be dejected at our little losses.

Victor. Heaven be praised, I'm not so fond of money as to hurt another by my insults in good fortune : or evince I'm hurt myself, by being vexed when I'm unlucky ; but to shun what possibly might happen, 'twill be better for me not to visit either Rupert or his friends.

Mr. Grandison. You would be only weak, if this should be your final resolution : For at least you have it in your power, when with them, to refrain from playing.

Victor. O, I know them : they would absolutely make me play.

Mr. Grandison. Well, play as much as they would have you, as by that means you will gain a better knowledge of them. But instead of going to this Rupert, or his friends, invite him hither. You may also tell them, Juliana very likely will make one.

Juliana. But, sir—

Mr. Grandison. Yes, yes ; I have a reason.

Juliana. But suppose they win my money?

Mr. Grandison. You shall have it all from me again. And tell them, Victor, you expect a friend, whom you'll prevail on to sit down and play amongst them.

Victor. But you know, sir, I expect no friend?

Mr. Grandison. When I inform you of a friend you have at home, who will be with you, can't you guess what friend I glance at?

Juliana.

Juliana. Sly! why sure you understand papa? he glances at himself.

Mr. Grandison. Yes, Victor; for you recollect just now you said I *was* your friend.

Victor. O, yes; they'll play indeed, if you are of the party!

Mr. Grandison. Therefore you shall not inform them who that friend is you expect. As soon as I have finished my petition, I'll return and join you.—I shall see what's proper to be done. 'Till then, play with them, and at any game they chuse.

Victor. So then you'd have me run to Rupert and his friends?

Mr. Grandison. Yes, yes: and don't forget desiring Bernard's company. I shall be glad to see him. All his masters praise him wonderfully, and yourself have frequently been lavish in his commendations.

Juliana. But he merits every tittle of it.

Victor. One word more, sir; shall we meet here in the garden?

Mr. Grandison. As you please. The weather is so fine, you may appoint them in the summer-house. (*Victor goes out.*) He's gone: let's follow him, and take our station near the summer-house: as we are walking, I'll inform you of my reason.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Mr. Grandison, and Juliana.

Mr. Grandison. We are here: and now I need not fear they'll be before me, and do any thing I shall not notice.

Juliana. You are in the right, sir, to take this precaution, as I fear your presence will be much more necessary here than mine.

Mr. Grandison. You fear?

Juliana. Yes, sir; for I have told you Mr. Bernard

was

was not long since with me. From some words he dropped, I've reason to believe my brother's company have laid a plot to cheat him of his money.

Mr. Grandison. All the better, if he finds himself their victim. I will hide myself behind the summer-house there, just by that partition, and hear every word they say. They'll enter here, and cannot possibly discover me: but in the interim take you care; and if you see their roguery, seem as if you did not.

Juliana. I shall find it hard, sir, to dissemble. 'Twill be painful to me, should I see my brother prove the object of their ridicule, and fall a victim to his open nature.

Mr. Grandison. By himself alone can he be fully undeceived; as with the greater ease I shall in that case get him to be more attentive for the future in the choice of his connections, and secure him likewise of his love for gaming, which, I must acknowledge, he seems ready to give into.

Juliana. How, sir, can he have a thought of going thus to cards? He ought to know himself. He is too credulous, that every sharper must suppose him proper for his purpose! and so warm, that at the first ill luck he falls into a passion!

Mr. Grandison. Yes, that's just his character. I did not think you so observant, Juliana.

Juliana. One should be in truth observant of another's conduct, if one means to serve him. And---

Mr. Grandison. A knock! it must be Rupert's friends; they don't desire to lose a moment. I now leave you. I'll go round about, and gain my station. *(He goes out.)*

Juliana. (alone.) How I long to know the issue of all this! alas! dear brother! who can tell but your future happiness in life depends on the decision of the present afternoon.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Juliana, Victor, Rupert, Bernard, Rich, Boyd, and Crib.

Rupert, (to Juliana.) I was afraid, Miss Juliana, as your brother knows, our company might incommode you : but he would not—

Victor. Incommode her ! I'm in hopes she'll keep us company.

Juliana. With all my heart, if you think proper, gentlemen.

Boyd, (with constraint.) You do us honour, madam.

Crib (whispering Robert.) This is quite unlucky ! in politeness we must play the game she likes. You should not have consented to come here.

Victor. Perhaps I shall be able, gentlemen, to introduce a friend of mine to your acquaintance likewise.

Rich. Shall you ?

Victor. Yes, and not without a pocket-full of gold.

Rupert, (aside.) That's well.

Juliana. We'll stay here in the garden, if you please.

Bernard. We can't do better. We'll have the pleasure of a charming walk.

Rich. Do you design to walk ?

Bernard. What else ?

Boyd. Why play ?

Bernard. But I don't understand your play ; and if I did, I shall not wish to lose my money.

Crib. Wish to lose it ! just as if 'twere certain you would lose it !

Bernard. Sir, with you particularly. You're too skilful by a deal for me.

Victor. If I should win, I promise I'll return you every farthing.

Rupert. And I too.

Rich and Boyd. And we.

Bernard. You'd make a fool of me. To lose my money, and receive it back, or on the other hand, win yours, and keep it, is not what I do : so don't concern yourselves

yourself on my account. I'll see you play, or else walk up and down the garden hereabouts.

Juliana. My father, gentlemen, can't have the honour to receive you, (*Rich and his company seem rejoiced.*) but has bid me entertain you. Victor will get ready some refreshments, and I'll run and fetch the cards.

Crib. That's needless : I've a pack about me.

Victor. How ! about you ?

Crib. Yes : I study them.

Juliana. And have you fish too ?

Crib. I shall beg you'll get us them, unless we are to stake our money.

Rupert, (aside to Crib.) You remember I've no money ?---(*aloud*) No, no ; we shall hardly know what we're about. And so, miss, if you'll be so kind—

Juliana. Enough, I'll bring the bag. Come, brother.

SCENE III.

Rupert, Bernard, Rich, Boyd, and Crib.

Boyd, (going into the summer-house with Rupert, Rich and Crib, while Bernard walks about.) I am sorry we are here.

Rich. What matters, since the father is not here ?

Crib. You should not have consented to the place of meeting, Rupert.

Rupert. Here, or in my room ; what difference does that make ?

Rich. And then, when Victor has lost every thing, we'll carry off his money, and go play where we think proper.

Boyd. We shall empty, very likely, the young lady's pocket also.

Crib. Yes ; that's what I look for : let's take care, however. We'll put in our fish at two-pence each, for half-a-dozen deals or so ; and when the game grows warm, and they have won a little, we'll then make them double.

Rupert. You remember, Crib, your promise ?

E c

Crib.

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Crib. Don't you be uneasy. We know one another. All our loss shall be in counters, and we'll have no reckoning when the game is over. I'll dispose the cards in such a way, that we must lose at first, and that will draw them on.

Rupert. But *Crib*, you know you fleeced me quite the other day; and I have now but six-pence in my pocket. How am I to pay my loss?

Crib. Your loss! we shall be sure to win, if we attend to what we do.

Boyd. I should be glad if *Victor's* friend would come: he'll be another pigeon we shall pluck.

Rich. Yes, yes! I know of none so easy to be dup'd, as these same bookish fellows.

Crib. We had best begin, that they may find us busy when they come. (*He takes his cards out.*) Stay; I'll put them so that you may lose. (*He shuffles them.*)—Now you shall see. (*He gives three cards to Rupert, Rich, and Boyd; lays down as many for himself, and then addresses Rupert.*) Do you stand?

Rupert. No: beg.

Crib. There.

Rupert, (*looking at the cards.*) Out.

Crib. (*to Boyd.*) And you?

Boyd. One Card, but not a high one.

Crib. Much good may it do you!—there.

Boyd. Out too!

Crib. (*to Rich.*) Now you are to be out. You beg, I fancy?

Rich. No; as *Boyd* and *Rupert* are both out, I stand.

Crib. And so will I. How many are you?

Boyd. Twenty-five.

Crib. And I just thirty. I have won: And yet I might have lost by doing the reverse of what I did; as you shall see the two first games we play, when *Victor* and the *Lady* comes, who having won, will then have no objection to play higher.

Rupert. But how can you be sure of winning when you please?

Crib.

Crib. You have already paid for your instruction, and I'll let you know the secret. I tell every thing to friends, when I have pocketed their money. With my art you'll win of others what you've lost to me, and so be quits.

Rupert. Well, let me know.

Crib. You see, (*shewing the cards.*) the ten and court cards are a very little longer than the rest, and all the smaller ones, as high as five, not reckoning in the aces, somewhat broader; by which means I can at pleasure bring the picture cards, &c. to the top in shuffling, and the five, and those below it, to the bottom. I contrive to give you two of those on the top; and afterward, the other from the bottom: so that at the most you have but five and twenty, and will therefore generally beg. Well then, you have it from the top, and must infallibly be out.

Rupert. I understand you.

Crib. This is all my lesson, and you have it upon easy terms; ask Rich and Boyd else, who so profitably follow my instructions. But I see the lady coming in, so push about the deal.

S C E N E IV.

Rupert, Rich, Boyd, Crib, and Juliana.

Juliana, (*putting down a box upon the table, with a pack of cards, and fish and counters in it.*) You don't lose any time, I see.

Crib. I was but shewing Mr. Rupert a new game.

Rupert. You'll sit down with us? We shall have that honour?

Juliana. If I knew the game you play at—

Boyd. 'Tis a very easy game. 'Tis only *One and Thirty*.

Rich. Had you never seen it play'd, you'll know enough to beat us at it by the second deal.

Juliana. I know a little of it. 'Twould be, very likely, better for me not to play with those that know it

so completely as you gentlemen; however, if it gives you pleasure——

Rupert. O yes, miss, the greatest in the world.

Boyd. And even should you win, too, all our money.

Juliana, (with a smile.) Yes, that's my intention.

Rich. You'll be scarce the richer for it at the end; we play but for a trifle.

Rupert, (with impatience.) Well! and what are we about? We pass away the time in talking.

Crib. We must wait for Mr. Victor: 'tis but just we should amuse him; we're his guests.

S C E N E V.

Rupert, Rich, Boyd, Crib, Juliana, and Victor.

Victor. Here, here I am. The servant will be with us very shortly. I have ordered some refreshment.

Rupert. Come, sir, we are waiting for you.

Victor. Thank you.

Boyd. Let's give out the fish.

Rich. We're six: to every one two dozen, and ten counters: that's ten dozen more.

Rupert. But how much every fish?

Crib. Just what the lady pleases.

Juliana. O, 'tis rather as you like.

Victor. Our fish were two-pence each, when last we played together; ; five staked every deal by each, and half-a-dozen the bon-ace.

Juliana. Well, be it so.

Crib. Here's therefore to begin. (*Crib takes the cards and deals. The lady and her brother win by Crib's contrivance three times running.*)

Juliana. Hey! hey! if we go on in this way, I shall soon fulfill my prophecy, I fancy.

Crib. While we play so low as two-pence, we shall never ruin one another.

Boyd. Well then, shall we make it four-pence?

Victor. O, with all my heart. I've so much money,

ney, you can't break me easily. (*He shakes his purse, which Crib and his companions look at with pleasure.*)

Juliana. And I can risque as much, I fancy, as my brother.

Crib. We must first then pay our debts, that we may have our full account of fish and counters.—Let me see, (*after having counted.*) I've lost one counter, and six fish; that's eighteen fish; and eighteen twice is six and thirty,—just three shillings: there they are.

Rich. I've all my counters, but am master of no more than two poor fish; that's two and twenty lost, or three and eight-pence. There.

Boyd. I'm come off much the worst. Two counters gone, and twice as many fish; which come to four and eight-pence.—I put down a crown, and take up four-pence.

Victor. Well, and you too, Mr. Rupert?

Rupert. I've lost least. No more than fifteen fish, or half-a-crown. I'll change a guinea, when we rise, to pay it.

Juliana. Good! so now I'll see my winnings. One, two, three—Three counters, and three fish. That's six and six-pence just: of which I take four shillings, and the two and six-pence, Mr. Rupert, you shall owe me.

Victor. So that all the rest is to pay my four and forty fish.—'Tis comical enough, however, we should be the only winners!

Rich. O, I always lose, for my part.

Rupert. So that now the fish are four-pence?

Victor. Yes, that's settled.

Crib (*shuffling the cards.*) Come, I'll deal.

SCENE the last.

Rupert, Rich, Boyd, Crib, Juliana Victor, Bernard, (who came in a little while before,) and Mr. Grandison.

Mr. Grandison, (to Rupert and his friends, who seem confounded.)

confounded.) Pray don't disturb yourselves.

Victor. Sit down : my father does not come to interrupt us. I informed you I might have a friend to introduce, and he'll play with us. Won't you, sir?

Juliana. O yes : pray play ; we shall be very glad to get your money, and these gentlemen, I know, will like to share it too.

Mr. Grandison. With all my heart. So every one sit down. (*To Rupert and his friends, who seem quite overwhelmed.*) But what's the matter, gentlemen? Are you afraid to play with me? I can assure you I'm no sharper. (*They sit down at last.*) You (*to Crib*) were dealing when I entered ; so continue pray ; but first let's see, have you a pack complete? (*Crib wants to drop the cards, but Mr. Grandison secures, and looks them over.*) 'Tis droll enough to have the court-cards all together thus ! but Juliana, why not give us cleaner cards? Pray hand me over those—

Juliana. 'Twas not my fault, sir, as this gentleman (*showing Crib*) had brought them in his pocket ; and the play was going on when I came in with ours.

Mr. Grandison, (to Bernard.) What you here, Mr. Bernard ! I am very glad to see you ; but pray don't you play then?

Bernard. I'd rather be a looker on : you know I've nothing, sir, to throw away.

Mr. Grandison. You're in the right to think so, and your prudence merits praise. (*to Crib.*) But come, sir, here are better cards, (*Crib takes them with a trembling hand,*) at least a little cleaner : what's your game? Pray tell me.

Victor. One and thirty.

Mr. Grandison. And for what?

Juliana. No more than four-pence every fifth. I've won all this ! four shillings ; and a two and six-pence owing me by Mr. Rupert, who wants change.

Mr. Grandison, (aside.) Wants change ! I smell a rat ! (*to Juliana.*) So much as four-pence ! that's too much a little ; but no matter, if we've all of us enough to pay our losings. So let's see your money. Mr. Rupert, I begin

begin with you; (*Rupert is confused.*) What ails you? Are you taken ill?

Rupert. Ye-e-es, sir—Let me—

Mr. Grandison. What's all this? one stammers, and the other seems confounded! (*to Crib.*) You sir, too, are disconcerted!

Victor. What's the matter with them?

Mr. Grandison. 'Tis high time I should explain the reason of this strange behaviour. Victor, you observe the consequences of a guilty conscience. Happily they are not yet so totally abandoned, as to hide their villainy beneath a brazen frontispiece, and bully in their own defence.

Victor. What say you, sir? You're sure mistaken: 'tis my sister, as she told you, and myself, that are the only winners.

Crib, (taking courage.) Has any of us failed to pay our losings, but Mr. Rupert?

Rupert. No: but why? because you've cheated me already out of all my money.

Mr. Grandison. I was right in thinking they'd unmask themselves; And Victor, you may see what villains you were got with.

Victor. O, I can't think so, sir.

Mr. Grandison. Well then, Mr. Rupert, do you speak; you seem least hardened. Tell me, was there not a plot among you to defraud my children?

Rupert. Yes indeed, sir; but for my part, I assure you I was forced into it. All my wish was to get back a part of what I had beforehand lost.—If you but knew how much this wicked fellow has squeezed from me, for the other two are nothing to him, you would say he should be sent to prison.

Mr. Grandison. You have well deserved your loss, by mixing with such company: but tell me how much you have lost?

Rupert. Two guineas, and a few odd shillings with them all together; and my watch, coat-buttons, buckles, and a guinea more in money afterwards, in private with the tallest: but the guinea I still owe him; and he

he threatened if I got not Mr. Victor to sit down and play this evening, he would tell my father.

Bernard. This, sir, I can say in Rupert's favour, that he gave me just the same account this morning, and was grieved at what he thought himself compelled to. The grand criminal is Crib, the tallest; the two others in comparison—

Mr. Grandison. I comprehend what you would say; and therefore (*to Rich and Boyd,*) little rascals, get you gone this instant. Possibly 'tis not as yet too late that I should think of rescuing you from infamy; and therefore I'll inform your parents of your conduct.

Rich and Boyd, (dropping on their knees. Pardon us this once, sir, we beseech you; and we'll never come again within your doors.

Mr. Grandison. That's what I mean; but then 'tis not enough my children should be safe in future from your roguery, I owe the same good service to all fathers. What depravity! at such an age not only to be gamblers, but vile cheats! the most hatefull of men! However, out of pity to your youth, and from the hope I have of your amendment, I will do no more than tell your parents; but if ever I am told you still continue your detestable employment, I'll make known your infamy to every one about us. So be gone, and never let me see you here again. Be gone, I say. *Rich and Boyd withdraw in silence and confusion.*) And you, sir, is it true that you have got these things from Rupert?

Crib, (with hesitation.) Yes, sir.

Mr. Grandison. You have cheated him, but that's no matter. Rupert lost them, and has merited his fortune. We will put a value on them.

Rupert. I could wish, indeed, I had sufficient to redeem my loss.

Victor. Oh, sir, if all I'm master of suffices, Rupert may command it. I have full five guineas, take them for the service of my friend.

Mr. Grandison. You have a generous nature, Victor!

Rupert. What, to me such friendship!

Victor.

Victor. We are neighbours both, and you may pay me weekly, or in any way you please. (*Crib gives Rupert his things.*)

Mr. Grandison, (to Rupert.) Is every thing returned you?

Rupert. Yes, sir; and I am saved by your and Victor's generosity, from the resentment of my father.— Oh, I'll never risque his gifts again in such a manner.

Mr. Grandison, (offering Crib the money.) Here's the value of your theft, for such it must be called; and you shall have it to subsist upon in prison till you're called to answer for your crime, as possibly you may not have the means without it. Nay, expect not by sollicitation to divert the rigor of my justice. Your seduction of two youths, your felony upon the property of this young man, and your attempt to make him instrumental in the robbery of another, well that deserve that rigour.— This must be your sentence; so withdraw a little for the present. (*Crib withdraws, and weeps for very rage.*)

Rupert, (falling on his knees to Mr. Grandison.) Oh, dear sir! from what a gulph of ruin you preserve me! And without you what would not have been my evil fortune, when thrust out from home, and very likely stigmatized in public for my vices? I am then indebted to your pity for my reputation, my repose, and my existence. (*He rises, and embraces Victor.*) And my generous Victor, you that I was going——

Victor. Utterly forget it, as I do; and for the time to come be happy.

Mr. Grandison. Mr. Bernard's testimony of your grief at being forced into this plot, alleviates your offence; and therefore you may still continue visiting my son; but after what he has just done in your behalf, I shall account you the most profligate of youths, unless you study to deserve his friendship.

Rupert. Oh, I will do so. Rely upon me, sir.

Mr. Grandison. And as for you, dear Bernard, I have reason to be charmed with what so many tongues have

have told me of your modesty and virtue.---By your laudable example, you may very much contribute to the happiness of Victor.---I request you to be often with him; and if I can shew my gratitude by being serviceable to your happiness, I shall promote it with as much affection as your parents would do.

Bernard. Your esteem, dear sir, is happiness sufficient for me.

Mr. Grandison. You observe, dear children, the unhappy consequences that result from gaming?

Victor. Yes, sir, and shall shudder all my life at the idea of them.

Mr. Grandison. You observe too, Victor, with what care and circumspection one should chuse a friend?

Victor. Yes, that too, sir; and am convinced how happy 'tis for me to have a friend, as I have said already, in my father.

T H E

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

LORD BEVIL.

MARCELLUS, - - *his Son,*
HARRIET, - - *his Daughter.*

MRS. JENNINGS.

EMILY, - - - *her Daughter.*HARDY, - - *Bailiff to Lord Bevil.*

SCENE, *A new reaped field on which remain still several sheaves of corn. On one side appears a nobleman's seat ; on the other several cottages, and other objects that adorn a rural prospect.*

SCENE I.

(The stage represents a field of corn covered with sheaves.)

Emily. *(Holding with both hands a basket full of ears of corn. She sits down near a sheaf.)*

COME, this is not a bad beginning ! what joy will this be for my poor mother ! *(She lays her basket on the ground, and looks at it with an air of satisfaction.)* That old reaper ! how good-natured he was to fill my basket ! I might have run about here and there all the day, and never have picked up so much as half of this. God reward him for it ! but here are still some ears upon the ground : if I could only glean a handful or two—*(She presses down the corn ears in her basket with both hands.)* I can make it hold them by pressing down a little, and besides, I have my apron. *(She rises, takes*

takes the two corners of her apron in one hand, and prepares to put into it with the other the ears of corn that she gathers, when a noise is heard.) O dear! yonder is a man coming towards me, who seems to be angry. Yet I do not think that I have done any harm.

SCENE II.

Emily, Hardy.

Hardy, (seizing her by the arm.) Ah! little thief! have I caught you at it?

Emily. What do you say, sir? I am not a thief. I am an honest little girl, I can tell you that.

Hardy. An honest little girl! you an honest little girl! (*Snatches the basket out of her hands.*) What have you got in this then my honest little girl?

Emily. Ears of corn, as you see.

Hardy. And did these ears of corn grow in your basket?

Emily. Ah! if they grew there, I should not have occasion to take so much trouble in gathering them up and down the fields.

Hardy. Then they are stolen?

Emily. Pray, sir, do not treat me so ill. I would rather die of hunger, and my mother too, than do what you say.

Hardy. 'Blood! why they did not throw themselves into your basket of their own accord, did they?

Emily. Oh dear! you terrify me with your swearing. But only hear me. I went to glean down in yonder field, and there was a good-natured old man who saw me at work. Poor child! said he, how she labours! I will assist her. There were some sheaves lying in the field, and he pulled out of them whole handfuls of ears, which he threw into my basket.—What is given to the poor, said he, God repays; and—

Hardy. Aha! I understand you. The old man in that field below filled your basket with ears that you have been pulling here out of our sheaves. Heh!

Emily.

Emily. Nay, then you may go and ask himself. He can tell you.

Hardy. I go and ask him! yes, you may wait for that. I have caught you here; that is enough.

Emily. But when I tell you that I have not touched a single sheaf! the few ears that I have in my apron, I picked up from the ground, because I thought that was allowed. However, if you do not choose that I should, I am ready to return them. There, these are yours.

Hardy. No, no; these shall remain with the others and you shall remain with the basket, wherever it goes. Come, follow me to the house of correction.

Emily, (Frightened.) How! You don't say so, my dear sir!

Hardy. Oh! yes, your dear sir! but I should be much dearer if I let you escape, should I not? To the house of correction I say, come, come, along!

Emily. Ah! pray, for God's sake!—I have picked up nothing here but the handful of ears that I returned to you. What would my poor mother say, if I should not go home the whole day, and if she heard that I had been put in prison? it would be enough to kill her.

Hardy. A great loss! The parish would be well rid of her.

Emily, (Begins to cry.) Ah! if you knew what a good mother she is, and how poor we are! you would pity us.

Hardy. I am not here to pity people. I am here to take them up, when they enter upon my lord's ground's, and to clap them in prison.

Emily. But when one has done nothing, when one is innocent as I am?—

Hardy. Oh! yes, tell me of your innocence! what, come here and steal a whole basket full of corn, and then tell me a thousand lies! come, come, walk along!

Emily. Ah! my dear sir, have compassion on me.—Take my basket if you will; alas! my little store will hardly make you much richer. But let me go, I entreat you; if not on my own account, at least for the

fake of my poor mother. I am all the comfort and help that she has.

Hardy. If I let you go, it is not on account of your mother at least, that I can tell you; I could wish her a hundred miles off: it is only on your own, because your whimpering has moved me a little. But do not expect to have your basket too; the law seizes on it as forfeit. Then at sessions, their worships will lay on a swinging fine, and if that is not paid, off to prison, and turn out of the village. (*Takes the basket upon his shoulder. Emily weeps bitterly, and kneels to him.*) Go, do not tease me, or you will see what is to be got by that! (*goes off muttering.*) Only see, if one were not always to be on the watch after them, little as they are, they would run away, I do believe, with the fields themselves.

SCENE III.

Emily (alone.)

(*She sits down on the ground and rests her head upon a sheaf. For some moments, she weeps in silence, at last she rises and looks about her.*) Ah! he is gone; the ill-natured man! he has carried away what was all my satisfaction. I have lost every thing, my ears of corn, my pretty basket and all; and besides, who knows what they will do to my poor mother and me? (*After a short pause.*) How happy those little birds are. They at least are permitted to come and take some grains for their food, and I—but who knows whether some ill-natured man, like this, be not watching them now, to kill them with his gun. I will frighten them all away, and then I will go myself; for, perhaps, they would punish me for having rested my head on this sheaf.—But what two children are those coming this way?

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Marcellus, Harriet, Emily (wiping her eyes.)

Marc. Aha! was it you then, little girl, that the bailiff surprized just now, stealing the ears of of corn from our sheaves? (*Emily sobs, but cannot answer.*)

Harriet (*looking at her attentively and taking her brother aside.*) She seems to be a very good little girl, Marcellus.—See how she cries! Do not reproach her any more! that will afflict her worse; and it is not worth while, for a few ears of corn that she has picked up—(*Goes to her.*) My poor child, what makes you cry?

Emily. Why, they accuse me unjustly; and perhaps you think me in fault.

Marc. Then you are not in fault?

Emily. No, indeed, you may believe me. I went into that field down there to glean. An old reaper took pity on my fatigue, and filled my basket with ears of corn. I then came here, to pick up a few others that I saw scattered about. Your ill-natured bailiff found me near this sheaf, and accused me of stealing. He took away my basket, and would have carried me to prison, if my entreaties, and tears for my mother, had not at length prevailed on him to let me go.

Harriet. Ah! I should be glad to see him dare to molest you! We have a good papa, who does not suffer any ill to be done to the poor, and who would soon have released you.

Marc. Ay, and who will very soon make him give you back your basket. I promise you that.

Emily (*joyfully.*) O dear! do you think so, my sweet little master?

Harriet. Marcellus and I will go, and will so beg of him---Do not be uneasy. He is never so well pleased with us as when we speak to him in favour of poor people. And besides, we could get you your basket again without speaking to him.

Emily. Ah! how happy you are, my pretty little

mifs, not to want help from any body, and even to be able to help others !

Marc. Are you very poor then, my litle girl !

Emily. One must needs be poor, that comes here gleaning, with so much trouble, what is to make a little bread.

Harriet. What ! is it for bread that you come gathering the ears of corn ? I thought that you intended to toast the grains on a hot fire-shovel, and so to eat them, as my brother and I do sometimes, when no body sees us.

Emily. O dear ! no. My mother and I intended to beat the corn out of those ears, and to give it to the miller, that we might have flour to make bread.

Harriet. But, my poor child, you could not have much out of that, and it would not last you very long.

Emily. Why, suppose we had only enough for a day or two, my mother and I should have a day or two the more to live.

Marc. Well ! that you may have another day certain, I will give you this shilling, which I have kept the last of all my money, because it is quite new.

Emily. Ah ! my good little master ! So much money ! No, no, I dare not take it.

Harriet. (*smiling.*) So much money ! Take it, never fear ! if I had my purse about me, I would give you much more ; but I will keep it for you, and you shall not be a loser.

Marcellus (*still holding out the money.*) Come, take it ! (*Emily blushes, receives the money, and curtsies to him without speaking.*)

Marc. This is doing only half. I will run as fast as I can after our Bailiff, and make him give me back the basket, or else——

Emily. Oh ! sir, do not give yourself that trouble. You have promised to assist me, that is enough for me.

Harriet. Tell me, where do you live ?

Emily. Just by, in the village.

Marc. We never saw you before ; and yet we come here along with papa every year, about harvest-time.

Emily.

Emily. We have been here only a week, and live with a good old woman called Margaret, who has shewed much friendship to my mother. Oh! a great deal of friendship indeed.

Harriet. What! old Margaret.

Marc. Why, we know her. She is the widow of a poor weaver who was out of work. My papa makes her come sometimes to weed in the garden.

Harriet. Will you take me to your mother's?

Emily. It would be too great an honour for her. A young lady of quality, like you,——

Harriet. No, no; our papa will not let us think ourselves to be any better than other people, and if you have no other reason——

Emily. None at all; so far from it, you may help me to comfort her for the loss of my basket and my corn. And then, that naughty man that threatened us——

Marc. Fear none of his threats! While my sister is going with you to your mother's, I will run after him, and I think——You will come back here again?

Emily. If you chuse it, my good young master.

Marc. Your basket shall be here before you return.

Emily. Perhaps I shall bring my mother with me, to thank you.

Harriet. Come along, let us hasten to find her.
(*Takes Emily by the hand, and goes out with her.*)

SCENE V.

Marcellus (alone.)

How happy are my sister and I, not to be obliged, like this poor child, to go about picking up ears of corn for our food. Really, this little girl speaks as if she was born to something better. She has not that dirty vulgar appearance of other cottage girls. Oh! certainly papa will oblige me so far.---But here he comes along with Hardy. That is clever! here comes the basket too.

F f 3

SCENE.

SCENE VI.

Marcellus, Lord Bevil, and Hardy.

Marc. (running up to his father.) Ah! dear papa, how glad I am to meet you!—(*To Hardy.*) Give me this basket!

Hardy. Softly! softly, sir! you will pull my arm off!

Lord Bevil. What do you want with that basket, Marcellus?

Marc. It belongs to a poor little girl, from whom this wicked Hardy took it, as well as the ears of corn that had been given her. You shall hear the whole, papa.

Hardy. So, so, one is wicked then for doing ones duty, and for not assisting rogues in their dishonesty! why does my lord give me wages?

Lord Bevil. I have often told you, Hardy, it is for hindering vagrants from haunting my grounds, and incommoding my labourers, but not for seizing poor people and dragging them to prison: far less, if they be honest persons, reduced by necessity to seek a mite of nourishment from my superfluity, and who meddle with nothing but a few ears of corn that lie scattered after a rich harvest.

Hardy. In the first place, I do not hinder them to glean as much as they will, after the corn is in; but while there is one sheaf on the ground——

Marc. (ironically.) Why do not you say too, after the fields are fallow, or covered with snow? There is a great deal to pick up, indeed, after the harvest is got home!

Hardy. You do not understand these affairs, master. ---In the next place, who can answer to us that these are not thieves?

Marc. Thieves! bless me, thieves! the little girl told me that she had not taken a single ear of corn here, and that it was an old reaper in the next field who filled her basket for her.

Hardy.

Hardy. That is good ! she told you : as if there was a word of truth in what those gentry say ! I caught her here close by a sheaf.

Lord Bevil. Pulling out the ears of corn ?

Hardy. I won't say so much as that. But how do I know what she had been doing before I came up ? and then, is not all that story false of an old reaper who filled her basket for her ? Oh ! it is very like the country people here ; those folks are so charitable !

Marc. Now I'll maintain that those ears of corn were given her, for she told me so : and so good a little girl I am sure would not tell a story.

Hardy. And pray, master, have you never told a story ? yet we all look upon you to be an excellent young gentleman.

Marc. Do you hear, papa, how this fellow Hardy treats me ? (*to Hardy, angrily.*) No, if I told stories, I should be a wicked boy ; but I do not, nor this good little girl neither. And it is you that are a——

Lord Bevil. Softly, Marcellus ; I am thus far satisfied with your defence. We should believe all men honest, until we are convinced of the contrary. But we should never be in a passion with those who are of a different opinion : we should rather endeavour to bring them by gentleness to a more satisfactory and just way of thinking.

Hardy. No, no, my lord, it is much better to believe all men wicked, until we see beyond a possibility of doubting that they are honest ; that is much the wisest maxim. Whenever I meet an ox in my road, I always suppose him to be mischievous, and get out of his way. It may happen that he is not dangerous, but I run no risque in being cautious. The surest way is always the best.

Lord Bevil. If all men had your manner of thinking, with whom could we live ? And what dealings could ever have subsisted between you and me, if instead of putting you into an honest service upon my estate, in order to afford a livelihood to an old disbanded soldier,

I had given you up to the magistrate as a vagrant, having neither discharge nor certificate?

Hardy. Yes, that is very true; but it is also true that I am an honest man.

Lord Bevil. I do not keep you in my service, but because I am persuaded of that: but I had no foundation for believing it first, except your word and your countenance.

Marc. My dear papa, if you depend upon one's word and countenance, you will much sooner believe our little girl than Hardy.

Hardy. Ay, Master! look at my face. Your papa will certainly be well satisfied with the countenance of your little girl, if it conveys so favourable an impression as mine does.

Marc. Oh! yes, it becomes you very well with that bear's face, to—

Lord Bevil. Fie, Marcellus!—Hardy, do you know this little girl?

Hardy. Yes, my Lord; I know her and I do not know her. I know that she has been here about ten days with her mother; but how or why they came here, the overseers can best inform you. And to speak my mind freely, it is ill done of them to receive such folks into the parish to increase the expence of the poor's rate.

Marc. Well then, I'll take that expence upon me; yes I.

Hardy. Why, have you any thing of your own, Sir?

Marc. If I have nothing, my papa has enough.

Hardy. In the mean time, all the parish murmurs; but when once you grease the fist of people in office, (*imitates the action of counting money*) for I am pretty sure the overseers——

Marc. Look ye there, if he is not speaking ill of the overseers! it would be well done to tell them.

Lord Bevil. Softly, child. I see Hardy, it is impossible to cure your suspicious temper; so that I am inclined to suspect too, in my turn, you judge that this
little

little girl has filled her basket here, because you found her in my field near a sheaf. You judge that the overseers would receive a bribe, because they have admitted a poor family into the village. Well then, I judge that you only kept this child's basket, because she had no money or tobacco to give you; and that in such case you would have freely released her.

Hardy How, my Lord! can you imagine!—

Lord Bevil. Why may not I think of you, as you allow yourself to think of others?

Hardy. Well, my Lord, I had better hold my tongue. And were I to see those beggars carry away your fields, your groves and your meadows—Shall I take this basket to the steward?

Marc. Oh no, no, dear papa, I beg it as a favour.

Lord Bevil. Hardy, you will carry it to the poor woman's house, and make an apology to the little girl.

Hardy. An apology! my Lord, an apology! can you think of such a thing! I go and make her an apology! for what?

Marc. For what? for having given her so much uneasiness without cause, and for having affronted her by accusing her of a base action.

Hardy. If they have not an apology nor basket until I——

Lord Bevil. Hardy, if I had been guilty of injustice to you, I should never hesitate to make amends. And to convince you of it, I will go myself: I will carry back the basket, and make an apology in your name.

Hardy. Or, rather do you Master Marcellus take that charge upon you.

Marc. Oh! with all my heart. Papa, the little girl is to come back presently with Harriet, who is gone to comfort her mother. I must wait for her.

Hardy. In that case, I have no business here. (*He goes off muttering.*) I see we shall have so many beggars in this village, that we must soon go begging ourselves.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Lord Bevil, Marcellus.

Marc. Papa, do you hear what he says ?

Lord Bevil. Yes, my dear : I am willing to excuse his humours.

Marc. But how can you keep so ill-natured a man ?

Lord Bevil. He is not ill-natured, my dear ; but his overmuch zeal to serve us leads him astray. He is most faithfully attached to me, and fulfils his duty punctually.

Marc. But then, if he is unjust ?

Lord Bevil. You heard him say, that he did not think he was. His only fault is, that he follows his orders too literally, and that he has not discernment enough to make the proper distinctions between persons and circumstances.

Marc. Pray, papa, explain that to me.

Lord Bevil. With pleasure, my dear. When I fixed him in his employment, I gave him in charge to rid my grounds of vagrants, and to carry all such, when found upon them, before a justice. This order could only regard those wretches who live by thefts and robberies, or such as should come to defraud or molest my tenants.

Marc. Ah ! I understand. Whereas he looks upon all those as rogues who subsist upon the charity of others, and never informs himself whether old age, sickness, or inevitable misfortunes, have reduced them to that condition.

Lord Bevil. Very right, my dear boy ! for circumstances alter things exceedingly. For instance, you did not shew sufficient reflection in your dispute with him. Can you tell whether the mother of this girl is not a dishonest person ? whether the little girl herself has not told you an untruth, and actually stolen those ears of corn out of my sheaves ?

Marc. No, my dear papa, that is impossible !

Lord Bevil. Why impossible ? are you clearly informed

formed of every thing? Do you know who she is, who her mother is, and with what view they have come here?

Marc. Ah! if you had only seen her! if you had only heard her speak! her language, her countenance, her tears! Then she is so poor as to have occasion for a handful of corn-ears to make her bread. Need one know more than this? Should I let a poor person perish with hunger, because I do not know as yet whether he merits my assistance?

Lord Bevil. Let me kiss thee, my dear boy! preserve always these generous dispositions towards the poor, and God will bless thee, as he has blessed me, for the same sentiments, by giving birth to them in thy young heart. Mercy is always preferable to severity. A want of feeling can only lead to injustice; and if he who solicits our compassion does not merit it, the fault is his, not ours.

Marc. But, my dear papa, it is not prudent to commit to such men as Hardy, an office which puts it in one's power to be unjust.

Lord Bevil. You would be right, my son, if I had left to him alone the power of condemning or acquitting. He can at most commit but a slight injury, which it is easy to remedy; and this inconvenience is unavoidable. To judge of things according to the principles of equity. I have in my steward a man of good understanding, upright and noble in his sentiments.--- He gave me a favourable account of the little girl and her mother, as soon as they were first received into the village, and informed me that they live with old Margaret, who is a very honest woman.

Marc. But, what if Hardy had beat the little girl, as he threatened her?

Lord Bevil. Nothing could have carried him so far. I have forbidden him, on pain of losing his place, to strike any person whatsoever, even those whom he should surprize in doing any thing amiss; and he rigorously pursues the orders that I give him.

Marc.

Marc. Ah ! papa, here is my sister returning with the little girl.

S C E N E VIII.

Lord Bevil, Marcellus Harriet, Emily.

Marc. (*running with the basket to Emily.*) Here, my little girl, here is your basket. There has not been a single ear of it touched.

Emily. O my dear basket ! how much am I obliged to you, my good little master ! (*perceiving Lord Bevil.*) Who is that gentleman !

Harriet. (*running towards her father, and jumping up to embrace him.*) This is our good papa.

Marc. Oh ! he is a good papa, indeed, that I can assure you : so that you have nothing to fear. Come, I'll introduce you to him. (*Coming forward.*) He has scolded old Hardy well, for treating you as he did.

Emily (*advances fearfully towards Lord Bevil and curtsies to him.*) I beg pardon, my Lord, for the liberty—but your Lordship's children are so good !

Lord Bevil. (*aside.*) Marcellus was right. Whoever looks on her, cannot doubt her innocence. That graceful air, her manner of speaking, are proofs of no vulgar education.

Emily. (*in a low voice to Marcellus and Harriet.*)—Have I made your papa angry ? He is talking to himself.

Lord Bevil. (*overhearing her.*) No, my dear. If my children have behaved well to you, they have done no more than you appear to merit.

Harriet. Not than she does really merit, papa. Ah ! if you had seen her mother !

Lord Bevil. Who is your mother, my dear ? By what means did you come to these parts ? and how do you live ?

Emily. We live—indeed I can scarce tell how. We live upon little or nothing. We spend the day, and sometimes the night, in spinning and working at the needle,

needle, to get us bread. Old Madge affords my mother lodging ; and they sent me to-day into the fields to glean, but, indeed, my first attempt has not turned out well.

Marc. (in a whisper to Emily.) Better than you think ! my sister will get papa's leave, that you shall have ears of corn without gleaning.

Lord Bevil. But where did you live before ?

Emily. At Richmond, which is a few miles off. Living was too dear there. So old Margaret persuaded my mother to come to her, and offered her house-room for nothing.

Lord Bevil, (aside.) If people who are so poor, exercise humanity to each other, what duties have not we to fulfil ? *(to Emily.)* Is your father living ? what is his profession ?

Marc. I will lay a wager he is no working man.

Harriet. And so will I, especially since I have seen her mother.

Emily, (confused.) My father ?--I have none. Indeed I never saw him. He died before I was born. Ah ! if he were living now--

Lord Bevil. And do not you know who he was ? what was his name ?

Emily. My mother will inform you better than I.

Lord Bevil. Could I speak with her ?

Harriet. Oh yes, papa, she is coming herself. She only begged a moment's time to settle herself.

Lord Bevil. And who brought you up ?

Emily. My mother entirely my lord. She taught me to read and write. She instructs me in my religion, and gives me some lessons in drawing.

Lord Bevil. In drawing ! I have not a doubt remaining. This is a branch of some good family reduced by misfortunes to necessity.

Harriet. Ah ! here she comes.

Marc. Is this she ?

Lord Bevil, (aside.) I am impatient to clear up this mystery. This child recalls to my mind features that are well known to me, but whose I cannot recollect.

SCENE IX.

Lord Bevil, Mrs Jennings, Marcellus, Harriet, Emily.

Emily, (running to meet her mother, who appears confused on seeing Lord Bevil.) Come, mamma, do not be afraid! this is the papa of those two amiable children that shewed us so much good-nature; and he is very kind too, as kind as his children. *(Mrs Jennings advances modestly. Harriet eagerly takes her hand, and draws her on towards her father.)*

Harriet. Oh! my papa knows all.

Mrs. Jenn. May I flatter myself that your lordship has not suspected my little Emily?

Lord Bevil. The sight alone, madam, of you and your daughter, is sufficient to convey the most favourable opinion of you both.

Marc. Is her name Emily? Oh! papa, it is easy to see that she was not born to be a gleaner.

Mrs. Jenn. The laws of necessity are sometimes severe, and as long as we do nothing dishonourable---

Lord Bevil. Nobody should blush for poverty; it may be found united to every virtue. But may I take the liberty madam, to ask your name?

Harriet. Her name is Mrs. Lambert.

Mrs. Jenn. I should not disguise my real name from your lordship. I find myself, indeed, under the necessity of disclosing it to you, in order to justify myself in your lordship's opinion, for the state to which you see me reduced. Yet I should wish *(looking at the children.)* to make this avowal to you without witnesses; not that I blush for my humble situation, but if my name was known, I should fear to meet among the lower class, some ungenerous souls, who would perhaps take a pleasure in mortifying me, because they sometimes see those who are in prosperity behave with the same want of generosity to themselves.

Marc. Well, I shall not listen.

Harriet. And I shall never mention a word of it, I assure

assure you. Whoever you are, Emily shall always be my friend.

Lord Bevil. Be assured, Madam, I should not enquire these particulars without being strongly interested in them; and unless I were resolved to make amends for the injustice of fortune.

Mrs. Jenn. I was born of a good family, though little favoured by fortune. I passed my youth in London, as companion to a Lady of the first rank. Eight years ago I became acquainted with Mr. Jennings, a lieutenant colonel in the army, who had come to spend some months in town.

Lord Bevil. (eagerly.) Jennings! Jennings!

Mrs. Jenn. He conceived an affection for me, and his good qualities prejudiced me in his favour. I gave him my hand, and a few days after our marriage we retired to a small estate which he had in Dorsetshire.

Lord Bevil. 'Tis the same! I can trace his features in the face of this child.

Mrs. Fenn. How! my Lord.

Lord Bevil: Go on, Madam, I conjure you.

Mrs. Jenn. I will be as brief as possible. We were beginning to enjoy, in a peaceful retirement, the happiness of a most tender union. But alas! the fatigues of the service had impaired my husband's health, and a severe illness seizing him, put an end to his life in a few days. (*weeps.*)

Harriet (to Emily.) Poor child! you became an orphan very soon.

Emily. Ah, me ! before I was even born.

Mrs. Jenn. He left me pregnant of this child whom you see. She was born in sorrow. As soon as my husband's brothers, who were hard-hearted worldly men, saw that there was no male heir, they took possession of his property; and as we had delayed from day to day the formal attestations requisite to put our marriage articles in force, I was obliged to be satisfied with whatever they thought proper to allow for the subsistence of me and my daughter.

Lord Bevil. Their ungenerous avarice gives room to
G g 2 suppose

suppose that the sum was small, and could not last you long.

Mrs. Jenn. It sufficed to maintain me for a few years in Dorsetshire, during which time I continued to flatter myself with the expectation of obtaining a small jointure. But at length seeing all my hopes frustrated, I took the resolution of returning to London to my former benefactress. On my arrival, I learned that she had died a short time before. Having then no other resource than to sell what remained of my clothes and jewels, and to work with my own hands for a subsistence, I retired to Richmond, to live private and unknown. And there I met some time ago a woman whom I had formerly known, and who lives in this village.

Harriet. That is old Margaret, papa.

Mrs. Jenn. She had been servant to the Lady whom I mentioned. My attention to her during a severe illness attached her strongly to me. I explained my situation to her, and she proposed to me to come and live here, where I might enjoy a still more obscure retreat. I am indebted much to her hospitality, and as she has no relation to perform the last offices for her, she has given me to understand, that I shall succeed to the possession of her little cottage. You see, my Lord—

Lord Bevil. 'Tis enough, madam. This generous woman shall not surpass me in gratitude. It gives me inexpressible joy to be able to repay a debt which I have contracted to your worthy husband!

Mrs. Jenn. How, my lord, have you known my husband!

Marc. The father of this good little Emily?

Harriet. O my dear Emily, I see we shall keep you with us. But what is the matter? do you cry?

Emily. It is only for joy.

Lord Bevil. To your husband I owe my life. How happy am I then, in being able to repay that kindness to his wife and his child! I served under him last war. In a dangerous engagement, one of the enemy's horsemen had his sword lifted over me, at a time when I was quite

quite spent with fatigue ; so that I must have perished, if my brave lieutenant-colonel had not saved my life, by rushing upon him at the very moment.

Mrs. Jenn. I know him well by this description. He was as brave as he was generous.

Lord Bevil. Some days after, I was sent with a detachment upon a very dangerous expedition. We were surrounded, and forced to yield, after a long resistance. My baggage had been plundered, so that I was stripped of both clothes and money. Colonel Jennings being informed of my situation, procured me a recommendation to the enemy's general, Through his exertions, I obtained every assistance requisite, whilst under cure for a deep wound that I received. I was more than two years in recovering ; and when we were ordered home, had barely time to pay him a visit of acknowledgment, before I was obliged to go on board immediately for the West-Indies. I married there to my advantage ; and in consequence of that circumstance, returned to England about six years ago. I was preparing to fly to him, when I heard that he was no more. I little thought that his wife and daughter experienced that reverse of fortune in which I am grieved to find you at present.

Mrs. Jenn. Good God ! by what wonderful ways hast thou conducted me hither !

Marc. What, your father saved papa's life ?

Harriet. How dearly we ought to love you !

Lord Bevil. Come hither, Emily ; thou shalt find in me the father whom thou hast lost. My children, too, have occasion for a second mother to replace her whom death has taken from them. The education that you have given your amiable child, (*Emily goes close up to him, and takes his hand*) shews me, Madam, how worthy you are to fill so delicate an employ. I shall take every necessary precaution that you may not have to dread a second time, the unforeseen strokes of adversity. (*To Emily, who still holds his hand.*) Yes, my little dear, I will make no difference between you and my own children. You are the living image of your gene-

rous father, and are as worthy of my affection as he was of my gratitude.

Mrs. Jenn. (with emotion.) How shall I answer, my Lord, to so much kindness! I have only tears to express what I feel.

Harriet (embracing her.) My dear new mamma! will you always be with us then, as well as Emily? You shall see how glad we will be to obey you.

Marc. Yes, and Emily shall be my other sister. She will certainly not go any more to glean. Ah! ill-natured Hardy, how I shall laugh at you now!

Mrs. Jenn. My dear little lambs! with what joy you fill my heart! instead of one child then, I have now three; and no mother shall equal me in attention and tenderness to them. *(To Lord Bevil)* Will your Lordship permit me to go and impart these happy tidings to my good friend Margaret? I almost fear that she will die with joy.

Lord Bevil. Nothing is more just, Madam; She shall not be forgot, and from this day forward shall be assured of bread for her whole life.

Mrs. Jenn. May heaven reward you in your children for these acts of generosity.

F I N I S.

